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BY

A. GOODRICH-FREER, F.R.S.G.S.

(Mrs H. H. SPOER)

Author of
"Things Seen in Palestine," "Inner Jerusalem"
"In a Syrian Saddle," &c. &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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Transferred

To

My Comrade H.H.S

and all others who know and therefore love

el Kuds es Shereef.

As Adam lay a-dreaming, beneath the Apple Tree,
The Angel of the Earth came down and offered Earth in fee.
But Adam did not need it,
Nor the plough he would not speed it—
Singing : " Earth and Water, Air and Fire,
What more can mortal man desire ? "
(The Apple Tree's in bud.)

As Adam was a-working outside of Eden-wall,
He used the Earth, he used the Seas, he used the Air and all :
And out of black disaster
He arose to be the master
Of Earth and Water, Air and Fire,
But never reached his heart's desire !
(The Apple Tree's cut down !)

—*Kipling.*

FOREWORD

THIS book is the outcome of first-hand observation and of copious notes made in the course of the last twenty-four years, during frequent periods of residence in Palestine, of never less than two years' duration.

It has been thought worth while to give them a permanent form, partly because they record conditions which, under present circumstances, must shortly cease to exist; and partly, because few of those who might have found opportunity to observe and record primitive customs have been at any pains to do so.

We owe an immense debt to the Pilgrims of early times and of the Middle Ages. Doughty's matchless work must forever remain the unique classic upon Desert life. Consul Finn, and Mary Rogers, and various travellers, mainly German, have given us interesting glimpses of the fellaheen during the latter half of last century. Later, we have the works of the Scottish missionary Mackie, of the German missionary Hanauer belonging to the London Jews Society, of Frau Einsler, daughter of the well-known architect Schick, of the Baldensperger brothers (Alsatians), as well as many useful articles in the Journals of the Fathers of the Lazarist and Franciscan Orders, not to speak of those by Haddad and Canaan, Arab writers of high culture, to whom, Haddad more especially, partly because he writes in English as well as in German, many recent publications emanating from Jerusalem have been much indebted. I gladly acknowledge, on the part of my husband as well as myself, the advantage of Haddad's companionship in some of our travels in the country of which he has absorbed the spirit of the Past as no others may now hope to do. There are valuable papers also in the pages of the Palestine Exploration Fund, especially those of the late Dr Post of Beirut, though they refer to Syria rather than to Palestine.

I have drawn somewhat from my own addresses to the Folk Lore Society, but have avoided subjects upon which I have written elsewhere. Without the help of my Husband and his companionship in travel, I should have seen little and recorded less, and the " We " so frequently used in these pages, is not

merely editorial. I owe much to his articles in various Scientific Journals, American, English, and German, and have drawn also from the collections of proverbs, sayings and verses, which appear in the *Manual of Palestinean Arabic, Spoer and Haddad.* The *Poems of Nimr ibn Adwan* collected and translated by Dr. H. H. Spoer contain in extensive notes, intimate pictures of Desert life. (*Journal of the American Oriental Society* Vol 43 also *Zeitschrift der Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, 66).

The transliteration of Arabic phrases has been made, when possible, according to accepted rules, but in a work essentially popular in form, the general reader has been the one considered. He may realise, for example, that the *sh* in " Shech " is pronounced as in " shawl," and the *ch* as in " loch," whereas the correct transliteration šēḫ would be merely a perplexity. Moreover, the phrases quoted are mainly in the fellah or bedawy dialect, and not to be judged by the standards of literary language.

The phrase " Syrian Arab " is not used as a racial but as a geographical distinction, which moreover is not limited to the post-War significance of that part of the country now in the hands of the French. My personal observations have extended little to the country south of the Dead Sea. However, in cases in which I have quoted travellers in the Arabian Peninsula in support of my own observations, it has always been with the recognition of the fact that, in the case of the nomadic peoples, folklore and tradition know no limitation of place.

The work of putting this book together has been the occasional recreation of ten strenuous years; an alleviation to the strain of serious work for the relief of prisoners of many nationalities, largely British; of work for the Red Cross and the Red Crescent; and above all for the relief of many thousands of refugees, Armenian, Turkish and Russian. It has moreover been a solace under imprisonment by Turks, and Germans, and Bolsheviks, always upon the charge of furthering British interests brought against my husband, a citizen of the United States, even before the entrance of America into the War. Our note-books and manuscripts were among the little property we were able to save during two adventurous flights, the one across Asia Minor in a cattle-truck, the other, under conditions far more painful, from the shores of the Caspian Sea to the shelter of Constantinople, when escaping from the Bolsheviks of Azerbeijan.

On the eve of leaving the Old World in which certain charac-

teristics, dear to " the fanatic in things of the Past " are dying or dead, for the New in which they are powerless to be born, I count it a special privilege to take my small share in the duty of recording thoughts, customs and feelings which, in the main regarded as unproductive and therefore useless, are dear to the few who still have idle tears to shed for the days that are no more.

A. M. Spoer.

Jerusalem 1924.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The photographs in this book were for the most part taken by Dr. Spoer. If I have unwittingly included any kindly given by friends or bought from Raad, the Arab photographer, or Vester, the German photographer, in Jerusalem, I beg to express my acknowledgements.

A.M.S.

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CHAPTER I

About Husbands and Wives

> Verily the resigned men and the resigned women, The believing men and the believing women: The devout men and the devout women: The truthful men and the truthful women: The patient men and the patient women: The charitable men and the charitable women: The fasting men and the fasting women: The chaste men and the chaste women: And the men and women who often remember God,
> For them hath God prepared forgiveness and a mighty recompense.
>
> Koran.

On a certain occasion when my husband had preceded me to England, leaving me to the amenities of an oriental winter, the first condolences I received were from two women, both in our employment, who awaited my return from the railway station enjoying a gossip together the while. The one was an Arab brought up in a Protestant Institution, the other the wife of the Haj. A Haj is, in the first place, one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and in the second is, or was, the equivalent of an army pensioner and often serves as a door-keeper. His reputation for piety entitles him to abjure work for the rest of his life. When one paid a visit to a public institution, or to a house of the better class, it was generally more useful to call out *Haj!* than to ring the door-bell. This would elicit a Soudanese, or an Arab, or a Berber—clean, smiling, and well-dressed in a cotton *kumbaz*, woollen jacket, and white turban. They were commonly respectful, orderly, and faithful, but inconveniently religious. They might go errands, or do light jobs about the house, when not reading the Koran or saying their prayers, the hour for which generally occurred when they were needed. Moreover, on Fridays and festivals and feasts, which are numerous, they absented themselves the whole day. Nevertheless they were a pleasant element in the population, and far more picturesque than a slovenly maid unwillingly forced into cap and apron.

Mrs. Haj is black as night. She has no children and devotes herself to cats, two facts which did much to strengthen our friendship. She came hugging a kitten as black as herself, with blue beads to avert the evil eye. "Has the *howajah* gone?" she

cried. " Wallah ! O my lady, my dear one, may evil be far from you. The house without the husband is as the morning without the dew. There is no more gladness. I will speak to all the ladies of the effendis that they shall take you to smell the air, to make fantasìas. Sadly art thou forsaken, O lady, O beloved ! "

Then came the other in untidy, ill-fitting European clothes, her skirts trailing—it was before the War shortened our petticoats—her blouse trimmed with lace, but unbelted and awry. She is a good soul and has done her best for a growing family of girls and an idle husband, a Greek from Cyprus, who calls himself a British subject, and, if not precisely a Levantine, behaves like one.

" Is the *howajah* gone ? " was her opening remark also. " What matter ? Surely the good God will now visit the house."

" But I should like to have the good God and the Howajah too," I protested. " May not one have God and a husband as well ? "

" Ah, but surely. But they are not often in the house at the same time ! "

I have heard missionary ladies seriously maintain that they had never seen a Muslim wife that was not miserable. My own experience in Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and Turkey, is so precisely the contrary that I am at times inclined to feel with Dr. Johnson that marriages would turn out just as well if they were made by the Lord Chancellor. It is, on the one hand, however, fair to say that I have known a great number of Christian marriages, even among the better classes, arranged with as little reference to the persons concerned as among the Muslims (and which have often turned out well) and on the other, that the tradition that a Muslim bridegroom has no acquaintance with his wife before marriage, was always greatly exaggerated, and of late years has had very little foundation, though it is possible that in cases in which they are not nearly related, they may not have met since the girl was old enough to be veiled, that is for three or four years.

A native woman of good family, brought up in a mission school and for many years employed as what is called an " evangelist," told me that never had there been so much discontent among the young married people, and so much quarrelling and jealousy among the unmarried, as now, when, as she said, in a shocked undertone, " they meet and flirt, and sit on the same divan, and even embrace before they are married ! "

Clay Trumbull, an American writer on Palestine, who has observed carefully, maintains that the home of romantic love and marriage is to be found in the East. Although I take it he

refers also to recent times, he unfortunately takes his examples from the stories of Jacob and Rachael, of Shechem and Dinah, of David and Abigail, of Adonijah and Abishag, all of them Jews. Still, like the Arabs, they are Semites. We have, too, the Assyrian legend of Ishtar seeking her loved one in the realms of the dead; we have Izdubar, the Epic of the Chaldeans, where the wisdom of Ea-bani's heart vanishes in the presence of Harimtu; we have in an Egyptian papyrus of the time of Moses, the story of a princess who was so enamoured of an unknown hero that she cried, "By the Sun if he is slain—I will die too!" Above all, we have the Thousand and One Arabian Nights!

"The heart knows no boundary lines," said a young effendi to me after we had been discussing a common friend married to a European wife, though he is a strong nationalist. I suggested that patriotism or chauvinism, or whatever that often mis-directed emotion may be called, might oblige him, under present circumstances, to supplement her with a lady of his own faith. "Madame," said my friend very seriously, "we say Everything is in the shop of the drug-merchant, but Love-me-by-force is not there."

It is, of course, orthodox to believe that every Muslim has a handsome selection of wives, whom he divorces at will for an ill-cooked dinner, or for the misfortune of having no sons. I have scarcely met a Muslim, except in the poorest agricultural classes, with more than one wife, nor have I met one among the Arabs who was divorced. The existence of a higher moral sense, such as would make the cases which appear daily in our own law courts impossible, may be perhaps enforced by the religious law against alcoholic drink.

I have seen much divorce among the less conservative and more Europeanised Turks, but, in Palestine, divorce and polygamy were confined mainly to the Jews. I have seen a Rabbi, holding a high position, tottering into his grave, like David under the same circumstances, add a young girl to his three existing wives, perhaps to be passed on to his brother by the still active law of levirate at his death, which occurred very shortly.

I am concerned only with the Arab population, as that which for thirteen hundred years has occupied Jerusalem, but in seeking an illustration of certain conditions under which a second wife may be taken, I shall not wander far from my path in telling the story of a Yemenite Jew. As their name indicates, the Yemenite Jews have inhabited Arabia so long that their origin is practically unknown, but they claim to belong to the

tribe of Gad, one of the mysterious lost Ten, and are specially friendly both to the Muslims and Christians, the former from reasons of long and intimate association, the latter because, as they maintain, they have not been, till a few years ago, in Palestine since they were driven out seven hundred years before Christ, and were not concerned in the crucifixion of our Lord.

Obadiah dealt in antiquities, and often came to us to ask the value of those which he had acquired. He was honest and industrious, and devoted to his wife Rachel, and his one child, Reuben, who, large-headed and decrepit, caused much anxiety to his parents. There had been other children, but all had died, and as the father said, with tears in his eyes, "If Reuben should follow, another *must* be had." The wife, a pious orthodox Jewess, loved the child almost fiercely. She had been brought up by the London Jews' Society, and still clung to a few words of English. "He is my once!" she used to say, always adding in a sort of self-defence, "but I have had muchness." The child died, the mother sank into ill-health, and the little household became very sad. One day we met Obadiah in the street. He was bringing me, as a farewell offering, an amulet against snake-bites. "I am going to America," he said. "I shall stay a year; my wife will go to her mother; perhaps she will recover her health, and God will give us a son. If I die who shall pray for me?"

This is a point upon which the feeling is very strong among the Semites. The son keeps up the continuity of the father's prayers. There are indeed—or there were when Jerusalem was still the Holy City—Jewish lads endowed by men in distant lands, and regarded as adopted children, whose function was to offer prayers on behalf of their patrons in the holy places. About a year later Obadiah re-appeared, in a hideous unbecoming coat and trousers, in place of the picturesque blue *kumbaz* in which we had always known him, leading by the hand a shame-faced child of about fourteen, wearing a green dress and a red hat with a gilt buckle and a violet feather.

"I have brought something to show you," he began, as he always did when he brought his purchases to be appraised. "See! she will do for my wife. Rachel will not bring me a son. God has not been pleased to heal her. Does this one please you?"

"But you are not going to send Rachel away?" I cried, horrified.

"O, my God! indeed, no; but this one will be the mother of my son, and will serve Rachel, who is still feeble. Rachel can

nurse the child when it is born, and this one will do the work of the house. All will be happy."

The child listened to this arrangement of her destiny with a satisfied air, and Obadiah continued his assurances as to Rachel's endorsement of the situation; much, I thought, as Sarah endorsed the position of Hagar and Abraham, or Rachel that of Bilhah and Jacob. Obadiah had made money in America, and he improved his house. One day I was invited to tea, and as a climax to the situation he produced two gold watches with chains, exactly, so I was assured, of the same value, one for each of his wives, Rachel to have first choice.

He was but treading in the steps of the Bible saints, and there was nothing to be said; the wedding took place, and every time I visited the household I found a happy party; the new wife taking the place rather of a daughter. Rachel remained mistress of the house, and seemed in no way to lose her prestige even after the birth of the longed-for son. We were present at two important ceremonies, the redemption of the first-born, and the circumcision, which, being Jewish, have no place here. I may mention that Obadiah's prosperity later brought about his undoing, and he was brutally murdered by one of his own people.

Having told a story of an Arab Jew I may add one of an Arab Muslim. It was related to us one starry night upon the Mount of Olives by one of the actors in the little drama. Within a hundred yards of where we sat we could see the twinkling lights of the house of a Muslim Shech. Indeed, the friendly occupants had furnished us with boiling-water for the meal we had just finished, and which their cats and dogs had shared.

The owner held an hereditary religious office in the Mosque. He had a good wife, whom he loved much, but, alas! she had no son. Allah had seen fit to withhold the greatest of his gifts. It was a sorrow which he would have borne with patience, as having been decreed, had not one, a relative to whom, as such, he owed a duty, a woman not young, not beautiful, earnestly desired him. Out of respect to his wife, he resisted her, but she laid spells upon him, and the wish for a son became strengthened within him, for woman, when she desires a man, is strong and can overcome all difficulties. He took counsel with a neighbour, who assured him that to bring sorrow upon so good a wife as his would not bring him the blessing of God. As this did not wholly suffice, the friend brought a wise priest from a neighbouring convent, who knew the land and spoke its language and who, greatly daring, forbade the marriage. "Seek the blessing of

God," he said, " and He will give you a son." The spells of the Nazarenes are also strong, above all of those who do well and say after God's word. The son was born. Praise be to God.

God had blessed the path of the upright, and for a time all went well; but the strange woman was not to be discouraged, and she continued to cast spells, and in the end the Shech married her. Allah, as the priest predicted, turned away His face. She bore a son, but misfortune followed, and both mother and child died. The first wife also died, the first son did not prosper in a house accursed, and he turned out badly. Truly, one should yield only to such spells as are good, and a vow should never be broken.

A friend, an effendi of high birth, in answer to the question " Then, on the whole, the general feeling is against polygamy? " answered, " Certainly, we appreciate peace in our households as much as you do."

Naturally, all do not think alike. I remember once, during one of the long conversations for which there is so much time and opportunity at a Muslim wedding, one of the matrons present remarked that she thought there was an undue amount of rejoicing about weddings. The advantages of matrimony were greatly over-rated; the English way was good, that it was no shame to a woman if she were not married. A woman should not marry unless she wishes. " Yes, but you do wish till you are married, and then it is too late! " cried a young bride with a merry countenance, amid the laughter of the rest. The complainant was not to be silenced, though some present pointed warningly at the bride who, silent and invisible beneath a thick veil, was sitting in our midst.

" No matter. Let her take warning by me. I have had eight sons (murmurs of admiration. *Mashallah!*) I have done all that is needful. I want no more. Why will not my husband take another wife? Truly I would be to her as a mother. The old days were better."

" The old days," so it was explained, referred to the time of slavery, when like Sarah or Rachel, a wife handed over her maid-servant to her husband upon occasion. Now there were no more slaves; decent girls brought up in a good home, and who cost nothing and saved the wife much. In Egypt, it was said, there are still slaves who come every year in a boat from France, and other *frenjy*, frankish countries, but—be it far from us—they were not good, they spent all the money there was and went away again. They did not stay to be useful in the house.

There were whispers as to certain Jewish and Greek females who had lately begun to practise shameless things in the Holy City itself—such things never used to be heard of. The days of slavery were best.

The pretty bride of a year took up the question. She would be glad if her husband would bring home another wife, young, cheerful, with a taste for dress-making, for instance. They could have each her own ménage, and so keep the command of the Prophet. It would be great fun!

"Peace, child! What will the frankish ladies think of thee?"

We explained that we could not understand how such things had ever been endured.

"The frankish wives want to have all the children to themselves," she said. "They have not so many as we. It is easy to understand that one woman should envy another in such a case."

We submitted that it was the presence of another woman in the house that we could not welcome. As to the children, European ladies kept them in the nursery; they were not for ever present as in the hareem. But think of two mistresses in an orderly house!

"The *sittat* (ladies) do not understand. If there should be two wives there would be two establishments. The occasional companionship is pleasant. As to the children, they would have all one father, they played and studied together. As to one being first, if there were two sisters was not one the elder? The English ladies had not large families, not eight sons like Jameeli. The fingers of your hand (they will never say "five") that is a family for the frenjy."

These were city ladies with wide notions. In the country, the "bachelor girl" is a being wholly beyond comprehension. We visited such a house once, the daughter of a British peer being with us. Her father's name was known to the men who read politics, and the hareem concluded that she was a near relative of the King, so that even if her father lacked flocks or land the King could certainly give to the daughter such camels and horses as were necessary. She was not like the unmarried ladies who came out to teach religion and find husbands; she was a great lady.

It is etiquette in the East for your neighbours to come in to help to entertain your visitors, and as we sat drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes our party increased. As each new comer entered the position was briefly explained.

Hatha bint! "That one is a maiden!" was the statement

made every time, and the shortcomings of the King of England were discussed. Her blue eyes, her little ears, her dainty waist, her pleasant friendly manners, were all remarked upon, and each time there was but one remark possible, *wallah!* " In God's name ! "

An explanation was finally forthcoming; and we were reproached that we had not furnished it ourselves. There had been a great war and men in the *bilad inglese* (the land of England) were scarce. Among the Arabs, too, many had fallen, fighting for their country. When the frenjy should make peace many a maiden would come into her rights, and many sons would be born.

Professor Ramsay remarks in one of his books of travel, " It is true that legally the Muhammedan wife is her husband's chattel to do with as it seems to him good. I understand that till very recently the British wife occupied much the same position, in the eye of the law, . . . the ordinary Turkish husband does not appear to avail himself oftener of his legal right to tyrannise over his better half than the British husband does ; less so in fact. Cases of brutality on the part of a man towards his wife are a hundred times commoner among the lower classes of this country than they are in Turkey. I once, but once only, saw such a case during my travels in the country"

This was written in the old days when Turkey included Palestine, but the statement applies equally to the Arabs, among whom I have never seen a single case of " Saturday-night " treatment of wife or child during twenty years of intimate association.

In any case, among the Muslims, the wife has always a second protector in the person of her father, or, still more, her brother, for a woman never passes so entirely out of her own family as among us. Her dowry, *dot* or *mitgift* as it is called in Europe—her " purchase money " as ill-informed writers on the East prefer to call it—is paid into the hands of her nearest male relative, who becomes, therefore, her natural protector, when she becomes a widow. The husband's family is, however, responsible for the children, and she may be required to leave them. Among the fellaheen especially, if it is thought desirable that she should remain with them, the following procedure is often observed.

The widow stands in the newly-made grave when the funeral procession is approaching. The brother of the dead man requests her to leave, which she refuses to do, and when the request becomes a command, she replies that she has sworn to remain

beside her dead husband until her brother shall swear that he has no intention of marrying her to another. The question then lies between the two male relatives, let us say the brother and the brother-in-law. If the latter decide to keep her in the family he will bring forth some costly present, such as a camel's-hair *abai*, or a silk *kumbaz*, and offer it to the brother for acceptance. If the latter be inclined to view the matter favourably he puts it on, if not, he refuses to notice it. Should the brother-in-law desire her continued care for his brother's children he may go still further, and—if the family require it—may pay something towards the amount of the dowry which her own brother would have received on her behalf for a second marriage.

Before proceedings terminate, however, another matter has to be enquired into. If she has prospects of becoming a mother she must state the probable date of the birth of the child, and in such a case she will remain with the family of her husband until her care be no longer necessary.

If she has no such knowledge she will say, "If I am with child it is the child of my husband; if I am not it will soon be known." If all prove satisfactory, her brother proclaims, "I give you to yourself free of all claims from your family. I will not take you from the children of your husband. Go in peace." My informant told me that she knew of several men who had done this and they were much respected for it.

In illustration of the position of the brother I may mention that during the war some men who came to recruit soldiers in a certain village, said to a woman of our acquaintance, "Now the Turkish Government does not permit us to take from any woman against her will her only protector, but you have three: your husband, your son, and your brother. Which one of the three shall remain with you?" She answered at once. "If my husband should not return from the war I can always get another. If my son should be killed I can always bear another. But if they take my brother and he should not return how shall I replace him? He is more to me than husband or son. We came from the same womb, we were children together. *El walad maulood el joz maujood, wa el akh el aziz min wain ya'ood?*" (A child can be born, the husband is there, and the brother, the dear one, from whence shall he come?)

The people say that Eve was created from Adam; had it been otherwise the power of divorce would have been in the hands of women. She was created from an internal portion; had she been made of an external portion of the man they would have their

faces uncovered like the men, and not veil themselves. She came from the left side, for had she been from the right she would have inherited equally with man, and her testimony would have been of equal value with his. The saying is attributed to the Prophet. "It has not very much sense," said the lady who quoted it to me, "but it was an answer to Abdullah ibn Salaam who put over a thousand questions. Shall all the answers to so many questions be good?"

Among the fellaheen a second, and even a third or fourth, wife may be found. The fellah is an agriculturist, and it is the cheapest and most convenient form of labour. I have known few such cases in Palestine, though in Egypt it was not uncommon. I remember a donkey boy at Cairo to whom some American had unfortunately given an unwisely liberal sum of money. "I shall get three donkeys, and a wife to tend them," he said.

Although my town friends chattered gaily of second wives, secure in the improbability of their existence, the subject is often a sore one among the fellaheen, where the women live in close proximity. "The second wife is bitter even if she be but the handle of a jar," they say. "Even if it were honey in the jar I would pour it out." The saying originated in the experience of a fellaha who was so obstinate and tiresome that her husband, who had long threatened her with a *doora*—a second wife—decided one day to give her a fright. So he took the great jar which stands filled with water in every fellah household, and dressed it up to look like a woman in a blue dress and a white veil. He then placed his creation in a dark corner with her back to the door of entrance. Presently the wife came in, and asked, "Who is the strange woman standing there? Where does she come from?"

"She is the *doora* I have long promised you. At last I have found one to suit me, who will never dispute my wishes. She is just the wife for me, and with such a one I can always live in peace." The woman was so furious that she threw down the *batia*—food tray—she was carrying, and broke everything near her, and then, seizing a stick, she began to beat the jar, and broke off the handle. "Hold," cried the husband, "are you so mad that you will beat even an earthen jar?" Then she saw what she had done, and cried, "Ah, but the rival is bitter even if she be but the handle of a jar!"

The women of the villages are, for the most part, strong and independent, but for obvious reasons are more dependent upon

masculine support than some of the women of the west, be the man in question brother or husband or son. The Prophet made it very clear that the man was to be regarded as the bread-winner, and responsible for the family. I am bound to own that I have never met an Arab Muslim woman in the position of having to earn her own living, though among the Turks the war drove the women into banks, and post offices, and telephone offices, and even railway offices. The war had its effect naturally upon the relations of men and women, even among the Arabs. I remember an incident which came under our notice in 1916. A friend of ours owned two adjoining houses in a certain village, the one being let to a man who was away fighting, leaving behind a very handsome wife, the other to a man who acted as watchman of the property, and whose wife was somewhat unattractive.

The villagers, in general less censorious than Christians would have been under the same circumstances, were nevertheless much alive to all questions of female morality, and were ill pleased to remark that the grass-widow was frequently in her neighbour's house and often talking with him. The husband being away they considered that she should have shown special reticence, and finally spoke of the matter to the *muchtar*, the chief of the village affairs, and he promised to pay a professional visit, as one charged with the morals of the community.

He approached the subject as best he might, and in oriental fashion, with the utterance of a parable. "A man," he said, "is like a horse, when the mare is at hand he runs after her; but he is also like a dog. If you say 'whisht' he runs away, but if you say 'ps ps' (it is thus animals are called in the East) and beckon to him, he runs back again. Why can't women let a man alone?"

The woman was angry and said, "What has a man got a beard and strength for if not to help a woman? If I want the *taboon* (oven) heated, whom shall I go to if not my neighbour, and if I want advice, why not to the man who is nearest at hand?" The *muchtar* properly felt ashamed and went off, but when the husband returned he carried the matter to him, for the people had blamed the *muchtar* for want of courage, and called him a poor creature. The husband, he argued, was the proper person to reprove her. This, however, he declined to do, seeing there was no evidence of any misconduct. "What shall I say to her? Blame the beards and moustaches and leave the woman in peace."

The honour of the Muslim woman is so highly esteemed that

the scandal was not quieted so easily. The people appealed to the owner of the houses, and said that one tenant or the other ought to be turned out, to put an end to a bad example. " Shall I send away my watchman in times such as these? " was the answer, " just when extra care is needed, or shall I cast a woman adrift whose husband is fighting the enemies of his country? Which? "

I asked Alia, of whom more later, what she thought about it. I wanted to hear the fellaha point of view. " When tongues begin to be busy with a woman's name," she said, " it is time that they who have wings should go. It is told that when Tekoah, which is now desolate, began to fall into ruins, the Shech advised the people to go, before the danger should become greater, but they would not listen to him. So when he had said enough he ceased from talking, and one night went off quietly with his family, and left his house shut up. When, in the morning, no one opened, the village was perplexed, and at length someone climbed on to the roof, and looked down to the court from above. ' It is empty,' he said. ' All has been removed except a *batia* which stands in the middle of the floor, covered with a *tabak* ' (straw tray). They then broke in the door and entered, and uncovered the *batia*. A dove immediately flew out, escaped by the door, and was no more seen; but there was another dove which remained, for its wings were clipped, and it was caught and killed. So, for the last time, the Shech delivered his message. ' There is a time when those who have wings should fly away.' I have spoken," said Alia.

The women have their gathering places in the village where they meet in the evening to discuss events, just as do the men, and this evening hour is very dear to them. They rise at earliest dawn and do not like to work after sunset. They say *shoogl el nasr ibtikharr il insa*, the work of the evening annoys the women. They do not like even to receive orders for work late in the day, they like to have the mind free. They say that work seems harder at night; *shoogl el lail maswaret il nehar*, the work of night is the play of the morning, that is, it seems as nothing.

They say, however, that much is said in the evening talk which cannot be depended upon. They talk and talk and promise all kinds of things which are never accomplished. Hence the saying : *kallam el massa machloutan el zibde*. They say of those who make promises which are not fulfilled : *biwan el ward ou bachtouna il defla*. They promise the rose and they give the

oleander, which resembles the rose at a distance, but is poisonous and has little scent.

The men and their ways come much under discussion. The women have a story of a sparrow and his wife who lived in a hole in the wall, which was very snug at night but a little narrow in the day time. Therefore, when the cock-sparrow wished to remain in shelter in the winter, he used to say, " My dear, I am afraid that some scorpion or insect should sting you, you had better step outside," and in the summer, when he wished for fresh air, " My dear, I fear that some passing bird should peck at you, pray let me sit at the door."

It is not true, though often alleged, that marriage has no religious signification. It is true, however, that guests are seldom invited to witness the ceremony, which is conducted in private and even, in many cases, by proxy. The bride appoints her nearest relative to act on her behalf, and he and the bridegroom, prompted by the village *khatib*, religious teacher, repeat the legal formulæ, three times over. This done, the ceremony is complete, and the marriage contract has next to be written, giving the name and parentage of both parties. The sum settled upon the bride is also written, as that reverts to her in case of divorce. The reason for secrecy in this case is the same as that for the hour when the two actually become man and wife—the fear that an enemy may do them a mischief by the working of spells or the utterance of maledictions. The most dangerous are those which are accompanied by the strewing of flour on the ground, or the throwing of a knotted string into a well, as the first cannot be gathered up, nor the second recovered. The fantasìa, bridal - procession, and reception of guests may take place at any date subsequent to the religious ceremony.

A woman who is a good manager is always respected. The girls of certain villages, which I refrain from mentioning, are lightly spoken of as " bad managers," and but small dowries are offered for them, whereas, before the war, the women of the village of *Silwan* Siloam, for example, who grew vegetables and salads in the old gardens of Solomon where the soil is still rich, and water in those days was abundant, were so much valued that they were much sought after. One, whom we knew well, divorced her husband but was later persuaded to take him back, which she refused to do until a second dowry was paid for her. When Adam was sent out of Paradise he asked Allah what he was to do next. The Almighty replied that most of His best

gifts had been already bestowed upon the animals, and that only three were left, Patience, Contentment, and Management, and Adam could choose which he preferred. After consultation with Eve, it was decided that under the present trying conditions, nothing would be of so much value as Patience, and this accordingly was the gift demanded. Unfortunately it had meanwhile been bestowed upon the dog, and to this day, in all the East, he patiently waits for whatever his master may think fit to bestow, and often receives more stripes than meat. The next best appeared to be Contentment. If the unhappy pair could not have what they liked, at least it would be good to feel content with what it should be their fortune to possess. Again they were too late. This blessing had been given to the birds, who hop cheerfully from twig to twig, and bless God for all His goodness. Management only, was left, and they took it thankfully and went out into the world, resolved to make the best of things, and to seek to put all things to use. So to this day Man has dominion over the animal and vegetable world.

It is man's business to acquire the means of living; it is woman's concern to administer it.

The story is told of a certain Sultan who went for a walk with his Wazir, and came to a lonely spot, distant from the town, where they found a man and woman living in a little *areeshi* (hut) made of boughs. They had for clothing only a strip of cloth which served also as door to their house and which was worn by either of them according to necessity.

When the Sultan returned home he related the incident to his daughter, who said at once that for such a condition of poverty the woman must be the one to blame. Her father laughed at her, and said that could not be, for it was always the man who was responsible for the affairs of the household, and all that a woman could do was to obey and to make the best of what was dealt out to her.

" Nevertheless," said the princess, " poverty and wealth come from the woman. What a man makes has little worth for comfort or convenience. It is what the woman makes out of it that makes the difference in a home."

" Then is your mother the cause that I hold the position of Sultan? " her father asked angrily.

" I do not exactly say that, but she is the cause that your position is a comfortable one, and that it is worth the keeping."

" We shall soon see that. This very day your mother shall

go back to her father's house, and you shall put on a single garment, and go and live with these people in the wilderness, and we will all see how we get on without each other."

That same afternoon the Princess was conducted by a Eunuch to the door of the *areeshi*, dressed in her night-gown and there she was left.

The man and his wife had no idea who she was, but they gave her shelter and shared with her such food as they had. The next morning she said she would like to pay them for their kindness, but she had nothing but her hands and could offer nothing, except to share their labours. What did they do for a living? They said they collected wood, and carried it into the town to sell and so each day they earned a piaster. She helped them to get wood, and when the three had worked till mid-day she said, "Now you have quite enough to make up two bundles instead of one. You will sell this for two piasters and will bring home bread and oranges and radishes." So that night they ate well, and felt strong next day to do their work, and they got enough wood to make four bundles. "Take this to town," said the Princess, "but spend only as much as yesterday, and we will put the rest aside to buy clothes." Next day she said, "The bundles yesterday were too large, divide them, and we shall be able to put aside four."

While the man was gone to the town she and the woman spent their time in collecting boughs and weeds, and using them to improve the areeshi, and when that was done they took the hoe and dug up some ground in which they planted herbs and roots useful to them, and which before they had to waste time in seeking. On other days they filled up their time with collecting extra wood, so as to have more to sell, and by degrees they were all clothed—the man first, for he had to go to town, and after that the women. Then they bought grain and planted it, and grew wheat and barley and did not need to buy bread any more, but had money to spare for cooking-pots, and by-and-by for laying in stores of olives and rice and coffee.

When they had got the house filled with all they needed, the Princess said to the man, "To-morrow is Friday, the day of the cattle-market, take this money and buy a donkey so that we may send more wood to market, and you can bring home *lehafs* (wadded quilts) to cover us at night, now that the weather is colder."

All this was done, and they lived quite comfortably, when one day two Moghrabis—Moors, black men, often sorcerers, from

Morocco—came past their house, and the princess heard one of them say to the other :

" We must be near to the cave we are seeking, but it will not open without the blood of a donkey. Where shall we find a donkey for sacrifice? "

" As we came along," said the other, " I saw one grazing. Most likely it belongs to the people who live in the hut. We must try to buy it from them. They will be only too glad to take a piece of gold for it."

" You go and try," said the first. " But remember that we must have a donkey, and that when we have one we shall soon have money enough, so do not grudge the price. Offer five liras (pounds) if necessary, or even let them go shares in our enterprise. There will be far more gold than we can carry away."

When the Moghrabi began to talk to the peasant, he was quite ready to sell the donkey for a lira, for the sight of a piece of gold took away his senses, and he forgot that the donkey earned far more than that. But the Princess came forward and said, " A lira or even five liras are quickly eaten up, but the donkey remains and is always a source of money. Indeed you must not sell him for he suits us well."

When the Moghrabi saw that nothing was to be done he remembered what his companion had told him, and that a donkey must be had at any price, so he told the story of a cave of treasures near by, and offered to share with the owner of the donkey. So the poor little beast was sacrificed, his blood was sprinkled on the entrance to the cave, and they all entered, to find the gold lying upon the floor in heaps. The Moghrabis filled the *beeoot musari* (the " money houses ") in the lining of their waist-bands, and then seeing that evening was coming on, and they had still far to go, they left the rest to their partners.

Early the next morning the Princess sent the wood-cutter to town to buy baskets, in which to transport the gold from the cave to the areeshi. They were busy all that day and the next, and hardly stopped in their work until the cave was emptied. When they had rested, the wood-cutter proposed that as the following day was Friday he should go to the cattle-market and replace the lost donkey. But the Princess said, " No; that story is finished. We must begin a new one. Go you to the town and buy an *asseli* (a horse of race), and then go to the shops, and dress yourself as grand as you can. You must buy clothes like an officer, and a sword and a pistol, and good shoes, and you



A Fellaha Carrying a Chest.

Possibly it is that of a bride and is being taken to her new home.

"Plucking" The Ripe Corn.

Note the trailing skirts of the bedawieh superintending the fellaha.

Circassian Farmers and Cart.

Note the primitive character of the vehicle.

must ride back on the horse. But first you must go to the coffee-house in the street of spices, which is the one my father always goes to, and you must sit there and drink coffee until he comes, and when the time comes to pay, just throw a piece of gold to the *kahweji* (coffee-seller), and come away."

The wood-cutter did everything just as she told him, and when he threw down the piece of gold the Sultan said, "Who is this man who pays for his coffee with gold? I am the Sultan, but I cannot do like that. Where does he come from?"

"*Ma laish*, no matter," said the owner of the shop, "let him pay. He has never been here before, and does not know differently. Let him be."

When the wood-cutter went home, dressed as an officer, he looked so smart that the next day the Princess borrowed his fine clothes and his *kuffeeyeh* (head-cloth), and herself rode to town on the fine new horse. She found an architect and, giving him a large bag of gold, she said, "I want you to build me a house exactly like the *saraya* (the palace) here. If it is one stone less or one stone more you will lose your head. It must resemble it exactly, and you must come at once, and begin work to-morrow. In three months it must be finished."

So the next day he came, and brought three hundred stone-cutters, and one hundred stone-polishers, and three hundred masons, and one hundred carpenters. When the men had all got to work she sent the wood-cutter again to the town with orders to buy another suit exactly like that she had borrowed from him, and which was for herself this time, and also another horse. After this she rode to the town every day, and spent a great deal of time buying furniture and everything necessary for a house, exactly like what was to be found in her father's palace, and when the new house was finished she arranged everything just as it was in her old home. The carpets were the same, and the cushions, and the hangings, and then she put the same dishes and cups into the kitchen, and the same silver and the same *seneeyeh* (trays to eat off).

When all was ready she invited the Sultan and the Wazir to *el asher* (the evening meal). And the Sultan said, "When did I fall asleep and dream? Have we not been travelling for two hours and here I find myself in my own house? What does it mean?"

"Certainly you are still dreaming," said the Wazir. "How can it be your house. Wake up and eat the good things which have been prepared for us." So the Sultan began to eat, but

soon the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he could not restrain his grief.

"What is wrong?" asked the Princess, who was there in her officer's dress, serving the guests. "Why do you weep? Is there something lacking?"

"My heart is heavy," said the Sultan. "Since my daughter left me I have not sat down to such a meal, nor to so many comforts. Here are all my favourite dishes. Nothing has been forgotten. It brings back the old happy days when we were all together, and every wish I had was fulfilled."

His daughter smiled into his face, but he saw only the slender young officer, and he made no answer.

When they could eat no more, she made him comfortable upon his cushions, and brought him his long pipe and filled it for him, and they all sat down for the *ba'ad el asher* (the after-supper talk). "Supposing someone tells a story," she said. "The Sultan will begin."

"Alas!" said he, "my heart is closed with a lock and a key, and I have lost the key, and I have no story to tell you."

Then she turned to the Wazir, but he answered, "My spirit is melted within me and my mind is away; I have no story to tell."

Then said she, "If no one else has any story, I will tell the story of this house." So then she related all that had happened to her, and all that she had done since she was sent away from her father's house, in a single garment, to meet the world as she could. Then the king wept and then he laughed, for he said, "I am sad to think of what befell you, and of your hard work, but I laugh to think that all is now past, and that you will go home with me to-night, and we will all be happy together as in the old days."

But the Princess said, "No, those days are past, but I will stay here with those who welcomed me when I was poor, and who did not turn me out for words that were spoken. I will stay here and will marry the wood-cutter, and when the Sultan will honour us with his presence he will be welcome. He has learnt that the ruin and the building-up come from the woman, it is she who makes wealth and poverty. *Bait illi rabbani ma harab.* The house that built me up did not leave me. That is, I have here something of my own upon which I can depend."

CHAPTER II

About Women, and the Point of View

> Christians and Jews had then the upper hand in Jerusalem. The Holy Land is truly a mine of profit for this world and the next!—Mukaddasi (who visited Jerusalem over a century before the first Crusade).

It is quite impossible to understand the Oriental woman unless we accept a point of view wide enough to include the women of the East as such, without supposing that differences between the Hareem woman and her Occidental sister are questions of religion only. History, climate, education, surroundings, have been at work as well as religion, and we may never forget that the people with whom we are dealing in these pages, be they Christian, Jewish or Muslim, are mainly Semitic, and are not to be judged as if they were of the race of their co-religionist Turks on the one hand, or European and Aryan on the other.

There is no use disguising the fact that the Semite woman—we are talking for the moment about Palestine, and do not draw analogies further west—is obtrusively female. However attractive her countenance, she has, as a rule, a loose mouth, or will have it by the time she is, say, five-and-twenty. She has often a loose, ill-knit figure, especially noticeable after she has become a mother, little pains being taken to improve it. Her *démarche* is of the kind described by George Moore as "Here's my back and there's my back." Samuel Butler has the same expression, but I think George Moore said it first. This is never so noticeable as in the case of the Levantines, the mixture of European and Oriental, and is seen in perfection among the belles of Pera. It is partly a mental habit, due to the point of view, partly it is hereditary habit, especially among the lower classes of the towns, and in some degree the villages. The *bedawiye* in her free, outdoor life, knows nothing of it. Generations of squatting on the floor, or on divans, have developed the hips, prolonged the suckling of infants, and certain dietary habits have developed the pendulous bosom, and the climax and object of her existence is maternity. Motherhood, as we shall see, counts for more than wifehood.

A native missionary, belonging to an English society, was lamenting the recent death of his wife. She was a woman of rare excellence, he said. Where should he hope to find such another? "She brought forth sixteen children and she suckled them all, generally two at a time, and when she ceased from bearing she died." The occasion of the conversation was the marriage of one of the sixteen, number six I believe. She was about fifteen years old, and I think may have resembled her mother. Her trousseau contained seven brocaded silk dresses of pale colours, and she expected to spend the rest of her life where she had spent the beginning, on the east side of Jordan. She had not been able to go to Jerusalem to get them fitted, and the perplexed modiste said the only directions offered by her messenger had been "About as wide as you, and about as tall as that lady." One fancies her wearing them at other people's weddings while she is producing another sixteen.

I could point out dozens of girls, brought up in Christian schools, who having risen superior to the graceful loose dresses of their mothers—home-spun, embroidered, dyed—are to be found with slippers down-at-heel, squatting on the floor to work a sewing-machine; knowing nothing of the beautiful handiwork of their grandmothers; unable to darn, to mend, to put on a patch; marrying, a little later perhaps than formerly, but early surrounded by children; these looking all the more forlorn and unpleasing that they wear immense ribbon bows in their unkempt hair, and European frocks of trumpery material. Unhappily the bows, and the frocks, and the sewing-machine, and the perambulator, and the type of English with which they offend one's ears, all stand to them for culture, and they are, still more unhappily, content. Their grandmothers were, often enough, "captives void of noble rage," but these are free to show their equality with Europe and to believe that there is nothing left for them to learn. The charming courtesy and respect, the gentle breeding of a few years ago has gone, as it has gone in other countries, except for the little which is relegated to remote villages and to the old-fashioned hareem.

Theoretically the answer to the problem lies in education. Europeans and Americans, who give so liberally to educational purposes, incur a very grave responsibility; they are promoting a blessing or a curse. The people are immensely keen as to instruction, and there is no school, whatever the quality of its teachers, which cannot obtain pupils.

In Beirut, a town which has not suffered from religious

pauperisation as has Jerusalem, and which therefore was always more independent and original, there were formerly excellent schools of local origin, including industrial schools and those of a higher class, known as *Rushdeyah*, for the Turks have always imposed a heavy education tax. Jerusalem, however, has had the disadvantage of being a show-place, where money was too easily acquired, especially by Christians, without honest work; and any form of education given away for nothing, or next to nothing, was eagerly accepted and even regarded as a right. Schools had all a religious, or, as is so common in the East, a political colouring. As the Minister of Education in Egypt remarked shortly before the War, the children lost their religion, or their nationality, or both. He it was who deprecated the sending of the young people to Europe as so many were doing in Egypt. "The majority have become entirely useless to their homes and country," he wrote. "They are ignorant of the management of the Oriental home, but very well up in English literature and fiction. We have sent them to Europe, where only the shell was given them, not the kernel. Would we had kept them with us, and brought them up in the paths of true education and virtue." The Maharani of Baroda, in her book on the position of women, points out the same difficulty, and adds, "The ideal education is that which will prepare its pupils for human duties, those of the household as mother, wife, daughter—it must be practical as well as theoretical, physiological as well as psychological. The education that unfits an Oriental girl for the practical duties of the home is a preparation on totally wrong lines, since the majority of women will always be called upon to direct household tasks." No Arab woman in Jerusalem, though many a one in Egypt, has been found to give public utterance to this, but many have felt it deeply, and the men have felt it more than the women. Many a young man has told me he did not know where to look for a wife in Jerusalem. If they had not been to school the girls were unfitted to be wives at all, but were only cows, bearing, and giving milk. If they had been to school they were—very many of them—unfit to become the wives of Arabs of whatever creed. The only schools which produced servants, the evidence of household duties properly inculcated, were those of the Kaiserswerth deaconesses and of the Sisters of Carlo Boromeo. The servants next best were Armenians, who for the most part could neither read nor write.

To return to our first proposition—that because she is of the Semitic race the Arab woman, if left to herself, is unduly female;

what I have said was not intended to deprecate the educating of the Arab woman, but, as we cannot change her racial characteristics, to suggest that our crying duty is to train, direct, and modify the tendencies natural to her. Surely a genuine Arab is a more useful member of society than an imitation European! They need physical training and regular exercise to modify their physical peculiarities, and mental training to fit them to become the wives, mothers, housekeepers, home-makers, for which Nature has intended them. No one can discuss any subject with even the most intelligent Arab—one might say Oriental—for ten minutes, without remarking the difference between our mental processes and theirs. An example I have quoted elsewhere was of the answer of a boy in an examination paper. The teacher had set some useful and intelligent question to the following effect, "For what was the reign of Henry VIII. remarkable?" probably intending to extract information from a native Christian of the Greek or Armenian Church as to the Reformation. The boy answered, "Henry VIII. had a great many wives. Some he killed, some he executed, and some he gave to his Generals." This fact, and not the history of the Reformation, was of interest to an Oriental Christian, reasonably enough. He knew about matrimonial difficulties, but was not interested in the development of Protestantism.

There is another aspect of the point of view, which is commonly hushed up, but which has to be considered if we are to understand the people, their customs, their stories, their attitude towards life, which I can designate only as the question of reserve. The private life has more privacy than with us. There is plenty of affection, but it is not exhibited in public, especially among the Muslims. I have seen a devoted father gently but firmly put aside his little girl when she ran up to him in public. My donkey-boy in Egypt asked me whether my husband were my father or my son? If not, then my uncle or my brother? (They have no idea of the age of Europeans, they say we all look alike.) "Why not my husband?" I asked. "Because he loves you so," was the surprising answer. This was not a reflection upon the married state, but expressed surprise that he himself had seated me with care, shortened my stirrups, and was carrying a sunshade which was in my way in riding.

There are certain sentiments which an Oriental does not exhibit in public. I have heard a young married couple criticised because they sat together in church shortly after their wedding. It was considered slightly improper. There are, however, subjects of

which Orientals speak as freely as Adam and Eve may have spoken in Paradise, but which have been banished from polite society in the western world in consequence of the new light thrown upon them after the eating of the Tree of Knowledge. What is more, they think that we must have very nasty minds if we cannot treat things as frankly as themselves, and it follows that a certain type of objectionable joke does not exist among such Orientals as have not come into contact with the West. The subject is discussed or the story is told which might provide us with matter for such a joke, but without the self-consciousness which turns frankness into indecency. Compare, for example, each in its native language, the Arabian Nights with the Decameron, and the difference between Oriental frankness and Western indecency is at once evident.

Madame Ruchdi Bey relates (*Au Cœur du Hareem*, p. 81) that one great surprise was to find that women who covered the face before the porter or the water-carrier would make no difficulty about sharing the bed of a brother or cousin, and that sons would sleep with their mothers up to the time of their marriage. She adds, " My astonishment appeared scandalous. The looks about me seemed to say, ' What evil minds these Europeans have ! ' " Her explanation contains another illustration of the Point of View.

" I believe, as a matter of fact, that their intentions are pure. Flirting, caresses, the thousand follies that love-making inspires, remaining perfectly unknown among Oriental races; they are at a loss to see any danger from the neighbourhood of two beings under the same mosquito-curtain, those two beings, moreover, being entirely clothed."

I drew upon myself the same suspicion of impropriety of thought, when I expressed something of the same surprise to a young mother belonging to a well-known wealthy Christian family when—on board ship—I found that she shared her cabin with a son but thirteen years younger than herself, and whom I had supposed to be her husband. " He is nearer my age than my husband is," she said. " The first present my husband gave me was a doll, and my little girls played with it together only a few years later."

On one occasion, my husband and I, with a single servant, arrived in the course of a long journey—we had been three nights out of bed—at a remote village, where the head-man, the Shech, was most kindly ready to show us hospitality. His family, we were told, were, strange to say, bedu, who, being rich, had built themselves a house and furnished it regardless of expense. We

were assigned an immense room, tiled and painted. Besides marble-topped chiffoniers, brass bedsteads, oval-topped tables with a centre leg, and what-nots, there were at least three " suites " of furniture, mostly covered in striped reps—yellow, green, and magenta. They were set against the wall, wedged so tightly together that to remove one piece gave a shock to all upon that side of the room. They appeared to be there mainly for ornament. Four soft mattresses, brought from elsewhere, were piled on the floor for me to rest on, with delicious sheets of thick, soft, yellow silk, and silk-covered wadded quilts. I enjoyed a hot bath followed by coffee, and though it was but four o'clock, decided to have a sleep before the evening meal, which would be served at sunset, for it was during Ramadan, the month of fasting. Meanwhile my husband, who had had his bath, went for a stroll with the men of the house, four magnificent specimens of humanity, all in *bedawi* dress. It grieves me to remember that they were killed during the War, fighting for their country. Their departure was the signal for a dozen of the more important women of the neighbourhood to pay me a visit, and bid me welcome. I lay in my delicious bed, longing for sleep, and was utterly dismayed when in they trooped, each with at least two children. They examined the clothes I had taken off, took an interest in such as I was wearing, and asked endless questions of a highly personal nature, such as they in turn would have readily answered. It was at least half an hour before it occurred to my kind hostess that repose might be more welcome than conversation. The Semites are, to our notion, excessively inquisitive, but I am sure my friends were doing as they would be done by. It was merely a difference in the point of view.

Among my visitors was a girl, of perhaps fifteen, who had been brought up at a well-known Jerusalem school, but who was differentiated from the others mainly by the possession of English phrases, some of which were of a surprising nature. I remember she asked me if I should like " a snack," and at my look of surprise added, " a cup of tea." Later I heard her outside, singing a ditty which remains in my memory.

> My mother said I never shud,
> Play with the gipsies in the wud.
> My mother said that if I did,
> She'd break my head with the tea-pot lid.

The Psalmist had said that Moab was his wash-pot. Tea had not then been introduced. I don't doubt that she had learnt

verses from the mission hymn-book and poems from the *Golden Treasury*, but this apparently was what had interested her most.

I was, I admit, pleased when she was seized with the supreme idea that I might like to see "the book"! I grasped at so unexpected an offer in the wilds of Moab. What could it be? It was an exciting moment. Something religious, certainly—a rejected Koran, an equally rejected Liturgy of S. James or S. Crysostom, or even a Missionary tract telling of the conversion of someone who saw profit in renouncing the faith of his fathers. East of the Jordan a book's a book, and it turned out to be an old favourite, Mrs. Molesworth's "Tapestried Room," a prize for progress in English. I welcomed it with the more zest on account of the piquant discrepancy of its surroundings. It was evidently, like the magenta suites, an ornament of the household, equally removed from purposes of real life, a tribute to a distant civilisation, as we might cherish a photograph of the mountains in the moon. Neither the story, nor the language, nor even the pictures, could have any meaning whatever for those into whose hands it had fallen.

I have known even Christian Arabs who have lived long in European homes who cannot reconcile themselves to our ways of dancing, even of the old-fashioned type. The close proximity of men and women, the unknown man putting his arm round the waist of a decent wife and mother, to say nothing of the familiarities of the shimmy and fox-trot, are improprieties not to be passed over. The appearing with head uncovered, a sign with them of deep mourning and humiliation, and in former days before the War the baring of neck and arms, were all deprecated by the good old Muslim and Christian families as improprieties when introduced into the towns by the Europeans, and imitated from them by the Levantines and the class of native Christians who are employed in Consulates.

Travellers among the bedu are often asked whether it can be true that there are in Europe recognised houses of ill-fame, and whether a woman who has lost her character is really allowed to live, and to remain among other people.

Since the occidental races have been distributed not only in Egypt but in Jerusalem and Beirut, the "social evil" has become as common as in other towns. In 1901 I was able to write (*Inner Jerusalem*, p. 272) "And thus while we sing 'They call us to deliver their land from error's chain,' here in Muslim cities we may send out our youngest maid with no further

caution than not to get her pocket picked. We have no fear that our lads will take to racing or gambling unless it be among Christian tourists in places such as Cairo. We may take a stroll on moonlight nights, certain that our eyes will not be offended by such sights as the most carefully protected of our daughters is familiar with in the Strand or Piccadilly. To be as drunk as a lord is no part of the ambition of even the most idle and the most unworthy." "The comparison of Christian with Muslim ethics is not altogether free from difficulty," wrote Sir William Muir. It does not become easier as time goes on. It is we who have altered the Point of View.

There is nothing, however, of which the native, whatever his creed, has heard of with so much abhorrence, and for long with such absolute incredulity, as the fact that among Europeans, Societies have been formed, and police employed to protect children from their parents. I have never seen, and have never heard in Palestine of cruelty to children. Even the gipsies, the "forty times accursed," seem to be on the best terms with their parents. Out-door life with its spaciousness, the absence (before the Occupation) of public-houses, and the general facilities for easily satisfying hunger and thirst, added to the oriental love of off-spring, suffice for explanation.

A Muslim and many Christians, when looking for a wife, will ask if a girl is in the habit of "naming," that is, of using the name of God in connection with various domestic acts and customs, whether she is likely to bring a blessing or curse upon his home. There are various stories current of misfortunes which have befallen those brought up in institutions where such customs are discouraged. Like the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland they have prayers on getting up, opening the door, taking out the first food, pouring out water, and so on. (A. Goodrich-Freer. *Outer Isles.*) The name of God is introduced or implied in a large proportion of the ordinary forms of speech. You greet your neighbour with "May your day be blessed." You thank him with, "May God increase your goods." If asked how you are, you say, "As God wills," and so on through the day. It would be absurd to suppose that such phrases necessarily express religious feeling any more than our "Good bye, God be wi' ye," and, of course, it may be said that the frequent recollection of the presence of God is mere superstition. Even a tourist knows, or is soon informed, that he must not admire a child or an animal without invoking the name of God—he must say *Mashallah!*

The last point I would touch on concerns the formal courtesies

of language which to some are mere oriental decorativeness, but which the oriental misses in our more abrupt speech. If a schoolgirl passes the bread and butter to another, she says, "May it do you good," and if it be not accepted, she says, "Take a piece for my sake." When the nargheeli is handed round it is with the words, "May it give you pleasure." You pass an acquaintance on the road and say, "May your path be broad," and he answers, "And yours twice broad"—and so on.

There is one tendency one would gladly see changed among the town Arabs which is that of regarding work as degrading. Burton compares it with the same tendency among the Castilians, and says, "This is not surprising, since it was as a punishment that man was compelled to work." It may be suggested, on the other hand, that not only was he a worker in Paradise before the Fall, but that in one account of his creation (Gen. II. 5) he was produced on purpose to work, because there "was not a man to till the ground!" The Castilian allusion explains little, though the Arabs were long in Spain; the Moors of Spain, however, were Muslims, and the Christian Arabs are more idle than the others as any employer of labour, whatever may be his personal prejudices, will testify. I have heard it alleged that the long period in which slaves were kept has something to do with it, but one has to remember that the position of slaves in Islam had no resemblance to that of the negro slaves of the United States. In any case, such an explanation would apply only to the women of the towns, or at least of the richer classes, and I am inclined to believe that the origin of the preference for setting other people to work is rather the imitation—for the Arabs are above all imitative—of a certain class of Europeans who have come among them.

The traditions of the country, especially of the fellaheen class, from which domestic servants are mainly drawn, are quite otherwise. The marriageable qualities in women are management and thrift. A fellah is proud to vaunt his wife's managing qualities. "My wife, my mother, my daughter are all clever women," said our gardener. "My daughter is not married yet, she is worth much money. My house is good, my mother saved the money for it, my wife she built it." A more orderly home I never saw. The father and sons were always sent to work neat and clean; clothes, stockings, shoes, well patched. The daughter had a store of home-made beautifully-embroidered fellaha dresses which it was a pleasure to see, the material bought, for the most

part, from her own earnings, for she and her mother shared the profits of the cow.

It was this man who told me the following story. The Sultan announced one day that he wished for a wife, so all the mothers took their young daughters to the Bath, and perfumed them, and put on their best clothes, and took them to the Palace.

The Sultan had his own views, and wanted a girl whom it would be a pleasure to have in the house, and who would make his home comfortable. So he prepared a test. The way to the throne-room was up a long outside staircase, such as one often finds at the entrance to the *selaamlik*, the men's quarters. Upon the stairs he threw a broom, and watched at the window to see what would happen. Some of the girls stepped over it, some gave it a kick, some pretended not to notice anything so humble, some, unobservant, stumbled over it. There came a little simple fellaha, used to work and to looking about her intelligently. She stooped, picked it up, and put it carefully out of the way.

The Sultan came to the door, and without even looking into the faces of the others, took the girl by the hand and drew her into the room. The mothers were furious. Not only had he ignored all their daughters, but had added to this injury the insult of choosing a common little fellaha. As they could not get at her, they vented their fury upon her mother, " What value had she," they asked, " this poor girl with her blue dress and her white veil, looking like every other fellaha. What was she, who was she? "

" She is nothing," said the mother, " she has nothing, but it is not to save herself that she thinks, but to help others, and that is why our lord has honoured her with his regard."

CHAPTER III

About the Hareem

> . . . The shock of impact with a life that is not carefully clothed as in the north, nor yet merely in dishabille, but frankly naked and unashamed . . . the sudden surprising vision of the animal basis of life, upon which every civilisation starts, but which most civilisations have more or less covered up.
>
> J. S. Crawford Flitch.

The old geographers, bound to say something as to countries of which they knew nothing at all, were wont to describe them as the abode of monsters and wild beasts, and it is on much the same grounds that travellers have long persisted in giving equally authentic accounts of life in the oriental Hareem, which, by its very name—the sanctuary or enclosure—declares itself inaccessible to those who write of it so glibly. While the march of science has removed Prester John, the Houri of poetry romance and the Missionary Report is still an object of fixed belief. She is the victim of the lust and tyranny of Man, the lay-figure for the advocate of Womens' Rights, the exemplar of the consequences of all male vices of the Muslim faith. As this faith is professed by some two hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, of whom probably the majority are women, the unspeakable degradation so often described, deserves, if true, all the vituperation which has been so freely expended upon it.

Among the earliest to paint the life of the Hareem was Hariet Martineau (1838) a clever woman, capable and observant. She never but twice entered a Muslim home, she understood no word of the Arabic language, she was, of course, not accompanied into the Hareem by her dragoman, and she could hear nothing without an ear-trumpet. A later writer, Pierotti, might appear more worthy of attention, and is often quoted. He was no passing tourist like most who have written on the subject, and he knew the language of the country, being resident in Jerusalem (1864) in the capacity of engineer and architect to Suraya Pasha. "In the towns," he tells us, "and with the richer classes of

Muhammedans, the woman is regarded as a mere animal—she is an absolute slave without the slightest freedom of will, thought and action. Condemned at an early age, generally from twelve to fourteen years, to the idle and degrading life of the Hareem—their sole occupations are eating, suckling their infants, talking scandal, and plotting every minute how to elude their owners' vigilance, perhaps in the hope of stinging him by the stain which they hope to bring upon his honour. *I have never been in a Hareem.*" (*Customs and Traditions of Palestine*, Ermeti Pierotti, 1864). The last phrase is that most worthy of attention.

Later writers have shown the other side of the picture from direct personal observation, but for purposes of propaganda the old tradition is perpetuated.

It is unfortunately true that the fact that physically the oriental woman develops much earlier than with us, and, as a consequence decays much earlier, has led, in all oriental races, to earlier marriages, so that a woman is often a grandmother at little over thirty. The fact that formerly, and still in some districts, the Arab (rather than the Turkish) woman was long secluded, illiterate, narrow in purview, was the result of centuries in which the conditions were such that the protection and safety of women, especially in the towns, were of more pressing consequence than their liberty and instruction. If the condition of the oriental woman is unsatisfactory, at least it has been far worse, and what Jesus did for the Jewish woman, that the Prophet sought to do for the Pagan woman of his times. He put an end to the destruction of superfluous female infants, and in general raised the status of the women of the faith. He seems to have found, like Tennyson, that " Men differ but as heaven and earth, but women best and worst as heaven and hell." While, according to tradition, he said, on the one hand, " The world and all things in it are valuable, but more valuable than all is a virtuous woman," on the other, we read, " I have not left any calamity more detrimental to mankind, than woman."

Such a saying, however, does not stand alone, and, taken with others, it is obvious that the " calamity " does not rest upon the woman only. We have to remember that such sayings were addressed to oriental men, and those, Pagans of the seventh century, to whom the idea of female purity, sanctity, and, except for a few special cases, intelligence, was mainly new. The wife was a chattel with the Pagans, as she had been with the Jews, and when a man died was handed over to his heir like Abishag and Bathsheba, the wives of David. It is unhappily true that

the Prophet, after being faithful to one wife for twenty-five years, ended on a level little higher than that of David and Solomon, whom he regarded as his ancestors. Nevertheless, Ayesha, the favourite of the Hareem, used to say that she was more jealous of the one wife dead, than of those who were living. He groups his daughter, Fatme, with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, as one of the four perfect women. (See *The Inner Life of Syria*, 1875, Lady Burton. *Domestic Life in Palestine*, Mary Rogers, 1862. *Inner Jerusalem*, A. Goodrich-Freer, 1901.)

Among the faults of women which he specially censured was that of thriftlessness, and it is a fault still prominent in the East, as is well-known to all employers of labour. He declared that man is the bread-winner and bound to attend to the needs of his family. It is still contrary to etiquette for women to appear unprotected in the market; to chaffer, as one must, to learn the prices of goods, and thus the value of money. Still, I have known examples of families in which the woman holds the purse-strings. In the village of Siloam the women brought back the Gardens of Solomon into cultivation, and grew vegetables and salads upon the town drainage. The fellaheen women elsewhere plait straw *tabaks*—large tray-like dishes—of beautiful colour and design; in Ramallah, till lately, they wove baskets and moulded pottery of beautiful form; others reared chickens, sheep, and goats, and carried eggs and sour milk to market. The oil was always the woman's perquisite, made, for the most part, of the olives she had gleaned.

The conditions of the Married Women's Property Act were in force in Islam long before they reached England. A woman's dowry is her exclusive property. This is money which in England we call " the marriage settlement," but which in speaking of the oriental woman, we prefer to call " purchase money." Should she be divorced she takes it with her. Indeed it often remains in the father's hands in view of such a contingency. Divorces are far too frequent, but never for the reasons common in western law-courts. A woman who dishonours her marriage vow is put to death by the Islamic, as she was by the Mosaic, law at the hands of the men of her own family.

I remember a certain Governor of Jerusalem whose extortions and exactions were more or less excused on the ground that he was under the necessity of bringing his income up to that of his wife, in order to assume due authority in his household. She was an heiress, and held the purse-strings somewhat tightly—so it was reported.

In all classes—and the same is not unknown among European women—shopping was the delight of life. If you met a group of fellaheen, all in holiday attire, laughing, chattering, and breaking out at intervals into the *zaghareet*, the *lu lu lu* which is their cry of pleasure, they were going to buy a trousseau for a bride. They would buy, among other things, a chest of sweet scented cypress-wood, painted green, and artistically decorated with arabesques in colours, which one of them would bear home on her head. If you entered a shop of a superior kind and found it already occupied by bundles of human beings enveloped in black, white, or coloured silk, it was a Hareem shopping, and if you were in a hurry you would do your own shopping elsewhere, for they would choose and finger and discuss and reject like other women. Then the second Act began. They were becoming warmed to their work. If the shop-man—till the war it was always a man—were not a Muslim, they would put up their veils : he mattered nothing. Coffee was sent for, they tucked up their feet, and then the real business began and was conducted on the same lines as Abraham's purchase of the Cave of Macpelah.

I once asked a shopman if he knew any English. "Yes," he said, "I know two sentences. One has a Christian soul—Business is business—and one has an Arab soul—Hurry is of the devil."

No occupation is forbidden to woman, but in war she is only tolerated, not being allowed any share of the plunder. However, she may not be slain, and history is full of cases in which the women were present in battles, protecting the fugitves, and urging on the warriors. Mr Finn, Consul in Jerusalem for many years about the period of the Crimean War, relates (*Stirring Times*, p. 318), "One of us happening to say that probably there would be no harm that day [some local disturbance] because we had seen the women out with the men," "are the women out? " asked Shech Hamadan, "then depend on it that means fighting! " Women are not killed in war except by accident, but if this happens a heavy fine is exacted, of which about a third goes to the husband, the rest to her own relatives. If a village is looted and the women captured, if not ransomed they were married off in the victorious village, but the person of the woman used to be always respected. They often preceded the army as spies upon the enemy, and a man would stand behind his wife and shoot over her shoulders or between her feet, secure that retaliation would not be attempted. A pleasanter





WOMEN CRUSHING OLIVES.

Those seated have removed their veils and tied their long sleeves behind the neck for convenience in their heavy work.

FELLAHA SITTING AT THE ENTRANCE OF HER HOME.

The lower part of the house is used for cattle. Note the tabak (tray of plaited straw) inverted to cover the dough which she has prepared to take to the oven.

aspect of the same immunity is that food and drink, asked by the women from the enemy was never refused, and it is said that they were often employed to carry tobacco between the rival camps as a mutual friendly attention. At the time referred to in another chapter, when in 1915, the Desert Shechs offered their services to the Germans in Jerusalem on conditon of the presence of the women, some of the town Arabs, better informed as to frenjy ways, were angry at the request, as they considered it unfair to put the women into positions of danger among Europeans where the rules of the game would not be understood. They were not fighting with Arabs, and European chivalry might —who knows—regard the women as " snipers " and treat them accordingly.

A man on his way to execution was safe from punishment if he could lay hold on the skirts of a woman, and we have seen criminals led blindfolded to prevent them from exercising this privilege.

It was not required of a woman to earn her own living, though many did so as teachers, servants, needlewomen and the like, or they entered a religious Order—Christian or Muslim as the case might be. A woman having no family to support her may require it of the State, or might do so when the State was Muslim.

The fine inflicted for ordinary wrong-doing by a woman was half that exacted in the case of a man.

The question of the seclusion of women has been misunderstood in a way difficult to explain except by ignorance or intention. It is not essentially a Muslim practice at all, having been taken over from the Christians when Syria and other countries, now Muslim, were conquered by the Arabs, just as it was long after taken over from the Greeks by the Turks when they entered Constantinople in 1453. That it is not indigenous is shown by the fact that the bedu know nothing of it. Writers of but a few years ago relate that in Constantinople the Christians, the Armenians especially, were as entirely secluded as the Muslims. Within the last few years I have seen Armenian women from the Caucasus, employed as servants, fly at the entrance of a man into the living-rooms. The seclusion of women is a custom of the towns. There are, however, three families of fellaheen in the north of Palestine said to seclude their wives, whose names may be recorded as a historical curiosity. Those learned in local nomenclature may be able to deduce a reason. They are el Baraghit, el Jemain, and el Jayusah.

In the *Akhlaq-i-jalali*, a dissertation upon Muslim ethics of the year 1504 A.D., we read that " a husband is to comply with his wife, to assure her of his affection and confidence . . . and withal, he is to be particular in veiling and secluding her from all persons not of the hareem, in conversing with her in conciliatory terms, and consulting her at the outset of matters in such a manner as to ensure her consent." It is here evident that the veiling and seclusion are tokens of affection, and, indeed, I have often been asked in the old-fashioned hareems, how it is that our husbands should take so little pride in us, as to be willing to share the light of our countenance with every comer.

I have always known the women of the town, however, as at perfect liberty to carry out their own lives upon the lines they chose. They went in parties to the Bath, and were much addicted to picnics, which they called " smelling the air," to shopping, driving, and some, but not many, to riding and walking, above all, to paying visits. They were extremely hospitable. I have often had difficulty in regaining possession of my hat and gloves, withheld to induce me to remain for the next meal. Madame Ruchdi Pasha, in her account of her own Hareem life (*Au coeur du Harem*) points out that the ladies among whom she lived had in many respects more liberty than those of the same class in France (p. 86 sq.). Day and night, she relates, a Muslim lady can receive her friends without reference to the convenience of her husband. Often, on account of lady visitors in the Hareemlik, he had to remain in his own apartments, where it was customary for him to have a bed always prepared in view of such emergencies.

There is an interesting book called *Sous l'ombre du Hareem Par une Circasienne*, 1864 (about the time of Pierotti) in which the writer describes how, at eighteen, she was allowed to decide as to her own future. She had been brought up within the royal Hareem by an Armenian Christian lady, of whom she says " the cleanliness of her soul equalled the cleanliness of the surroundings, and this Christian interior was worthy of the same respect and equal to a Muslim interior."

" Thanks to you," she says to her benefactress, " I have seen the luxurious and noble existence of the great French families. I could never accustom myself to that life of perpetual movement without purpose (*agitations sans but*); nothing equals the life of the hareems. The Ottoman women have everything to lose, and nothing to gain, in not living up to the sacred principles of the Koran."

We may remember that the Begum of Bhopal, returning from her studies in England a few years ago, exhorted her countrywomen to the same effect. " The liberty granted by our religion is ample to allow of our making sufficient advancement, and enjoying suitable privileges." We find the same conclusion in an interesting book, *Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte*, by Niya Salima, of whom it is said that she is a convert from Christianity, or a Christian married to a Muslim.

Such a discussion need not be prolonged, for, as Mrs Steele has well said, " It is no use studying the position of oriental womanhood if one has already passed judgment upon its debasement." She attributed the fact that she was able to acquire a fairly intimate knowledge of things among the Indian Muslims, to her " entire independence of Societies and Associations." She was much struck with the difference made in her reception in comparison with that accorded to many of the excellent Mission ladies with whom she worked, " and who went into the highways and byways with disapproval bound up as an appendix to their Bibles and Prayer-books," a point of view which the unprejudiced student will endorse, and in Jerusalem more perhaps than elsewhere, as a place in which now, as well as in former times, few European residents have regarded life from a standpoint that was not propagandist, or at least professional —formerly religious mainly, but now diplomatic to boot.

The Hareem woman is interested, as all women are, or ought to be, in questions of dress. In-doors they wear what they choose, and as a rule seek to be in the fashion, or in such fashion as—I am speaking of the time when Jerusalem was an Arab town —they could learn from tourists and resident Europeans. Out of doors they, of late years, copied the Turkish *tcharchaff*, or the less graceful Egyptian *haberah*, but there have always been a few dowagers of the good old families who have clung to the double sheet, fastened round the waist and put hood-wise over the head, which was formerly the dress of Muslims and Christians alike. I can remember it as such up to about 1908. The orthodox follower of the Prophet did not wear silk, and the sheets were generally of cotton as were also those of the lower-class Christian, a cleanly custom, for which, in the case of the Christians, the ill-cut jacket and unbecoming hat is a poor exchange.

The climate of Jerusalem, with its hot sunshine, the glare of the white soil, the sharp winds, is very trying to the skin, and it is not surprising that a good deal of care is given to the

complexion. Butter-milk, which they call *mees* or *mase* is regarded, as it was by our grandmothers, as a valuable toilet accessory. There is a story told about the Queen of Sheba who was first introduced to the notice of Solomon by the lapwing, a bird whom he counted among his special gossips, and who, returning from a journey, related that he had seen a Queen, Bilkis, who was a sun-worshipper, and who, by means of various gifts and compliments, was induced to pay the king a visit. He was much pleased by her intelligence, and proposed to invite her to join his Hareem, which, as we all know, was very expansive in the matter of numbers. The drawback, however, was, that according to report, she had hairy legs! Wishing to be reassured upon this point, he constructed a room with a floor of transparent substance, beneath which was running water with fish, and when she saw this she drew up her skirts, uncovered her legs, supposing that the floor was wet. Solomon, seated high at the upper end of the room, perceived that the limbs in question were very handsome, but that, as is not rare in the East, a depilatory was required. For this the king sent to the jann, but they could not help him and in his eagerness he resorted to the devils at his command, who prepared a mixture of quicklime wherewith the lady removed the hair, and he married her, " and he loved her, and confirmed her in the kingdom, and she joined the Muslim faith." The Koran, referring to the marriage, says merely that " it was said unto her also, Enter the palace." The people declare that the scene of the incident was the Bath close beside the Bab Sitti Miriam—the Gate of Our Lady Mary, now known as S. Stephen's Gate—the last building on the north side of the road, and I have known women who frequented it from choice, on account of its relation to this incident. I first heard of it from a Christian woman who had visited it for the sake of her complexion, and who, in telling the story, added casually, " They say that it is the Bath in which the Blessed Virgin purified herself before going into the Temple—just opposite—to offer her humble gift of two young pigeons."

The story is told also by Mujir ed din, who adds, " people have used bathing and depilatories ever since, and the bath-house is the same, that is at the Gate of the Tribes close to the School of Salah ed din and it is the first bath-house ever built." I may add, in passing, that during the war, Jamal Pasha, when Governor of Jerusalem, revived this College of Salah ed din and instituted an excellent system of education. On account, we may suppose, of the association with the Virgin, rather than with Bilkis, the

Queen of Sheba, the Greeks have established a Chapel next door to the Bath.

This use of depilatories is a very important part of the ritual of the bath, and is carried out with great detail in Jerusalem—far more than in places further north, Beirut or Constantinople, again perhaps a question of climate. One always knows when a maid-servant has been to the Bath, by the very unbecoming shine upon her face, due to the removal of the fine down upon it. The art, as practised by the Bath-women, is quite painless, and very successful. Going to the Bath takes the greater part of the day, and is quite a social entertainment, especially in the Hareems where parties are made up for the purpose. Henna, with which women dye their nails and the palms of their hands, the older women their hair also, is made from the dried leaves of the *Lawsonia alba*, and is probably the " camphire " of the Bible. It was already associated with the women. " My Beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi," says the Bride in the Song of Solomon. The " clusters " are the panicles of dainty white flowers with their delicious scent, not unlike that of mignonette. Henna is still abundant at Engedi, and has doubtless its value as a strong astringent which checks perspiration after the extreme heat of the bath. It is the *nebk* of the Arabs, which, according to religious tradition, should be boiled in the water used in the washing of the dead. The Prophet was sensitive to smells, and may have regarded this as a sanitary precaution.

Kohol, the women aver, is not put round the eyes as a mere ornament, but because the dark shade is a protection to the sight, on the analogy of the assertion of many who wear ear-rings that they do not do so for ornament, but because the piercing of the flesh, which heals in a couple of days, is good for the sight. It is a soot made from the burning of almond shells, sometimes together with antimony.

Many of the rules which concern women were originally devised for their protection, though, in most cases, this origin has been forgotten. The use of the veil was one of these. It was, perhaps, taken over from the Jews, who now omit it altogether, or sometimes substitute the wig worn by married women, just as it was considered matronly for our own grandmothers, however young, to wear caps as soon as married.

It is a custom which will die hard among the town orientals in such places as Cairo and Jerusalem, unless the oriental man, as typified by a certain class of dragoman, learns to behave him-

self differently. Some very unpleasant stories could be told as to their familiarity—and worse—but it is only fair to add that they have been encouraged by a certain class of female tourists who walk about with them arm in arm, and admit them to their table. The face veil is used, in general, only by the women in the towns, and is unknown to the bedawiye or the fellaha, though both wear a graceful drapery falling back from the face, and hiding the hair, as was recommended by S. Paul to Christian women, and as is still worn by women of religious Orders.

The fellaha, who wears no veil under ordinary circumstances, is obliged to cover her face upon her wedding-day, just as if her husband, like a townsman, had not seen her before, whereas they probably worked side by side in the fields and chatted together on all occasions. We see exactly the same in the story of Rebekah, who never thought of veiling herself when she met Eliezer, nor do we read that her face was covered on the journey south, but as soon as they approached Hebron, where she saw Isaac, her future bridegroom, walking in the fields at eventide, " she took a veil and covered herself."

There is a town in the Lebanon of special sanctity, much visited by Syrian pilgrims, called Malula, occupied by Christians with the exception of two Muslim families, and it is said that the women of these families do not cover the face. We also find that where Christians are in the minority, the converse holds good, and the women hold to the Muslim customs. I remember some girls in Damascus, of a better class Christian family, who told me that in their home in the Lebanon mountains, they wore the veil rather than appear singular in a Muslim neighbourhood. When I first remember Jerusalem, the veils, as well as the white sheets, were much in use among the older Christian women, relics of an earlier period. This was the more remarkable that the veil in common use was of extreme ugliness, made of coloured figured muslin, and though often edged with delicate flowers, needle-made in silk, very unbecoming.

The wearing of a veil on the face was never ordered by the Prophet, but only that women should cover the bosom, which, seeing that in our own day the order has had to be repeated in certain Christian churches on pain of refusal of the Holy Communion, only shows that women are the same in all ages.

" Do not prevent your women from coming to the Mosque," said the Prophet, " but their homes are better for them." The rules for women on pilgrimage are very strict, again for their

protection, for on these occasions there is a certain added license among the men.

" Speak to the women that they refrain their eyes . . . and display not their ornaments except to their husbands, or their fathers, or their husbands' fathers, or their husbands' sons, or their brothers, or their husbands' brothers, or their sisters' sons," we read in the Koran. I said once to a young man of orthodox bringing-up in Jerusalem, that it was hard upon him that he could not go among the girls and take his choice, at which he laughed and said, " As is the kitten, so is the cat; there is not a marriageable girl in the town that I did not know and play with till she wore the veil. It is only those who have not lived in the same neighbourhood who do not know each other. Besides, it is right that I should marry one of my cousins whom, of course, I know well and see constantly." This is another of the subjects on which there has been much exaggeration.

Not only are the women of the villages and the Desert as free as the men, but in the towns the women were not without their public entertainments. The great festival of the year, the Eed Nebi Musa, the Feast of the Prophet Moses, was known as " the feast of Parasols," from the thousands of Muslim women of all classes who, till the Feast was shorn of its gaiety of late years, used to line the route for miles, turning the ceremony into one vast picnic, many hundreds setting up tents, and entertaining their friends for the entire week from the departure of the men to their return. Thousands of Christians, too, were always there, and *en revanche*, when the Christians had their great picnic a few months later on the Feast of the Assumption, also lasting several days, the western slopes of the Mount of Olives became a canvas city for Muslims as well as Christians.

Going to see the train come in—there used to be but one a day, which met the boats at Jaffa—was an endless entertainment, and on fine afternoons the walls around the station enclosures were generally adorned with rows of parasols, and I am bound to say, striped stockings, silk slippers, and clogs of inlaid woods. There was no promenade, and this was a place where friends could find each other and learn the news.

No respectable woman stays out after dark, and when a call was paid to any place a mile or two distant, especially a visit of congratulation upon a wedding, circumcision, or birth, for instance, the visitor commonly stayed the night, and in view of the likelihood of meeting, on the same occasion, other relatives and friends, often took her bedding with her, sometimes strapped

on to the saddle, she herself seated atop with a man-servant running beside her, so that she was prepared for all emergencies.

Women have been numerous among the Arab poets. In the famous collection by Hamasa of over a thousand poems, about forty-five of the authors are women. We are speaking of Arab women and not of Muslims as such, therefore the many highly educated women of Turkey, whom I count among the most refined and cultivated women of my acquaintance, do not come into consideration. Those in Constantinople have, of course, had special advantages in the admirable schools founded by Abdul Hamid, and the many French Convents and, till the Armistice, the large German school where eight hundred boys and girls received instruction, side by side, on the newest and most scientific principles. For such as desire to receive instruction in English, there is also an American College and an English High School.

The ladies of the Hareem are what would have been called in Victorian days "very domestic," and take a personal interest in their own kitchen, although, as a rule, Muslim households are much over-run with servants, the remains of the old slave days, more or less related to the family, and regarded rather as dependents than as servants. Circassian as well as dark blood betrays itself in the appearance of many of the better class families, just as the countenance of Abdul Hamid was typically Armenian, and for the same reason of inter-marriage with alien women. Cooking is very elaborate, and the dishes, many of them, take long to prepare. Though Damascus is the home of good cookery, that of Jerusalem was formerly not to be despised.

CHAPTER IV

About Children

> From the desert of nothingness to the Bazaar of Being a naked mortal has arrived in search of a shroud.

The conventional idea among Europeans is that among Muslims a girl-child is always unwelcome, and that her life is a martyrdom of contempt and neglect. It is true that before the time of the Prophet, girl babies were often buried alive, for in the wandering desert life the main idea of off-spring was the strengthening of the clan by the addition of fighting men. It is still the case, as we have seen elsewhere, that the desire for a son is inherent in the Semitic peoples, for reasons both social and religious. Nevertheless, my own experience is that the relation between the Muslim father and his little girls is peculiarly tender and intimate, while the boys receive more of the mother's attention, and are much spoilt during the early years, which they pass in the Hareem. A son inherits certain religious obligations, and in this respect is important, precisely as in our own country he is important when title or estates are in question. His coming of age is with us a time of special rejoicing, just as with the orientals it is his birth which is celebrated.

I remember once, when we were upon a journey, our groom, *mukari*, bought a handsome silk dress for his wife, in view of the fact that he expected, upon his return home, to find an addition to his family. If the newcomer should be a boy the mother would receive the dress.

"But if it should be a girl it would not be her fault? Why not give her the dress?"

"If it be a girl there will be no fantasia, and I will keep it for another occasion. She will always be able to look at it, and it will be an encouragement."

Even now we find traces of the supremacy of the mother, dating from the old days of the matriarchate, when the Tribe, and not the Family, was the unit of thought, and the son belonged to the

tribe of the mother. A boy was an addition to the fighting force, while a girl the more—after a certain number—was only an additional burden. It is curious to notice how the sentiment persists, as sentiments so often persist after the original reason for their existence has been forgotten. I remember such a case, not in the desert, but in the town. I had congratulated a certain Government official, belonging to a family descended from the Prophet, upon an important appointment which he had just received. He told me that his election had been very uncertain. "For the whole day," he said, "I had a horse standing bridled, knowing that the result might become known at any moment, so as to convey the news instantly *to my mother*." He was a man of middle age, with a wife and family, his father still living as well as many male relatives to whom the news of the family advancement, in his person, was of serious importance. This attitude was a matter of family tradition rather than affection, for he it was who said to me upon another occasion, "We grow up without enterprise, without courage, without the youthful manliness of other races, on account of the perpetual interference of the Hareem. It is a great mistake that the Muslim women have so much influence in our homes. They don't want us to go to school, to fight other boys, to take risks, to travel. It is the mother who brings about the early marriages so demoralising to the virility of the youth. It is done to keep us at home. My boys shall choose for themselves, and not marry before they are at least twenty."

He was a man such as one finds rarely in the towns, an Arab to the core. When the approach of the English to the Holy City was announced he literally died of grief.

It cannot be denied that the Arab child is often an unpleasant specimen of the race. They are constantly with grown-up persons. The theory of the nursery is unknown, as well as that —the only substitute—that children should be seen and not heard. One meets them at hotel dinner-tables, boys and girls of ten or twelve remaining with the father even when he has dinner-guests, and one wonders what will happen later when these same girls will have to accept the veil, and the retirement of the Hareem life. For obvious reasons of training and education the women have—as happens also in other countries—less self-control than the men, and any discourtesies one has ever met with in travelling have invariably come from the women, whether in town or village, and still more from the children who, unfortunately, are not always the more gentle and well-mannered for

having, as they express it, " sat down " in a *frenjy* school. But there are schools and schools, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Convent schools, with their stricter discipline and their example of humility and self-effacement, have done far more for the conduct of the children than have any others, irrespective of the country and language which they represent. I believe that there is a great future for any Anglican Order of men or women, ready to devote itself to this purpose. The people themselves hold very decided views upon the subject, especially in regard to the women. The Sisters of Charity were for many years permitted to make a thoroughfare of the Haram Area, the Court of the Mosque, when no other European could enter unattended by the Cavass of his Consulate; and when the Sister in charge died it is said that not a Muslim family in the town was unrepresented at her funeral. Even the Greeks accept them gladly, and I remember that during the troubles in the Greek Patriarchate in 1909, it was these Sisters who were called upon to cook the food of the Patriarch and the Priests who were loyal to him, on account of the trust placed in their probity. But this is a digression.

The people tell the story of a Sultan who gave to a negress slave a fine necklace which she was to put round the neck of the prettiest child in the school. Resolved to do justice she carefully examined row after row of boys as they sat at the feet of the *khatib*, the teacher. They seemed to her pale and sickly, neither their teeth nor the whites of their eyes were prominent as they should be, and they had so little to characterise them that she wondered how the parents knew them apart. With heartfelt conviction she hung the dazzling blue beads around the neck of her own child. Returning to the Sultan, she said, " I gave it to the only child there whose skin was like the night, his teeth like ivory, his lips like the rose." The Sultan, who had expected as much, said, " In the eyes of the mother of the monkey, he is a gazelle ! " In Egypt we found a characteristic variant, " The mother of the scarab-beetle thinks he has a good smell."

As we have seen, the desire for children is by no means mere philo-progenitiveness. Indeed the Muslims, having provided for an heir to their property and for the continuity of their religious duties, are content, and it is a well known fact that they have fewer children than either the Christians or the Jews. I met a certain fellaha, a fine handsome woman, married to a Ta'amry bedawee, who herself told us that she had obliged him to take a *doora*, a second wife. She had no children and he feared to

annoy her by taking a rival. "But our property?" she insisted, "Who shall inherit our land?" "It is no matter," he said, "we shall then be earth on the land ourselves. It is no matter." But she brought him a dark Ta'amra of his own tribe, who has had many children, and she and they behave respectfully to the fellaha wife, and say *Ya sitt* and *Yamma*, O, lady! and O, mother! when they speak to her.

A friend who had much influence in the village in which she lived, being herself a woman of great force of character, tried to persuade her neighbours to be more strict with the children. One little girl was throwing stones at her mother. "Why do you not punish her?" asked my friend of the mother. "It is good," was the answer. "When she is married she will have to fight her mother-in-law and she may as well get used to it." She married accordingly, but history does not relate what happened with the mother-in-law. The people said that she was a witch, for her husband died of dengue fever, which had never been seen in the village before she came into it. It is called *abu rikab*, the father of a back, by the people, on account of the nature of the pain which accompanies it. I remember the earliest cases, which occurred about 1909, and began in Jaffa and Haifa, introduced by pilgrims from India.*

There are no trained mid-wives among the villages, nor in the desert. In the towns they were mostly Jewesses and had some sort of certificate, and their numerous signs hung over the doors of their houses. In the villages a woman is commonly looked after by some experienced matron, but the fact of child-birth is very lightly regarded. A fine, well-built boy was pointed out to me as having been born when his mother was on her way to town to sell eggs. She wrapped the child in her long sleeve, and went on her way barefoot, across the mountain paths. Having sold her goods she returned home with her companions. "It is a pity it was eggs that were in the basket," said my informant, "otherwise she could have carried the child on her head, but it did quite well."

There is a ruined village named Faghur, the inhabitants of which migrated about the time of the Crimean War to Bethlehem. Many changes occurred about that time in consequence of the absence of the men; the women in lonely places often migrating

* It is, however, on record that there was a similar epidemic in Beirut in 1862, also traced to pilgrims from India. The American missionary, Jessup, in his *Fifty-three Years in Syria*, relates that on this occasion, out of a population of 60,000, 25,000 were ill at one time.

to other villages. The people who now occupy it are regarded as little better than gipsies, and earn their living by the roughest work. A young woman went out one morning to gather wood, and had wandered far from home when she realised that her hour had come, and that there was no help at hand. She dug a deep hole, as is the custom on such occasions in the desert and among those who lead an outdoor life, so as not to contaminate the house or tent, and brought forth her child. Her mother-in-law, surprised by her delay in returning, went out to meet her, and made the observation, " You went out empty-handed and come back with a living bundle ! "

The Jewish women are despised for going to bed when a child is born. It is looked upon as one of the unclean habits introduced by the frenjy. The *medaniye*, townswoman, has a special chair for such occasions, such as is referred to in Exodus I, 16, but the fellaha sits on the ground, a heap of dust or earth being put beneath her for cleanliness, and some strong woman places herself back to back with her to give support. The neighbours gather round to advise, and the children take an interest in an event as to which no mystery is made, and which they regard quite simply as in the course of nature. *Il sajera balla themara kattel ha ghallal*, they say. A tree that does not bear, cut it down.

The woman who serves as midwife is paid with money. It was usually a medjidi, about three shillings and fourpence. She also received a new dress-piece. It was the business of the *khatib*, the religious teacher, to see that her employers provided her with suitable brooms and soap as provision for ritual cleanliness. Such cleanliness is so far incumbent upon all, that it will be enquired into at the Day of Judgment. If the mid-wife should, as an act of charity, remit the payment, it is one of the things to be remembered and quoted at her death. *Il nadaf min el jir*, Cleanliness is from Paradise.

During labour they call upon the Prophet Noah for help, *Ya neby Noah!* they cry. When things are at their worst they turn to Allah. " My Lord ! a slave, the daughter of your slave, is asking help from your hand." This invocation is used also by the Christians, with the difference that they say " A slave, one of your slaves," etc.

A girl is born less quickly than a boy. Perhaps she is less sure of a welcome, they say; besides, a girl is *daiman rullabi*— always dawdling. The midwife reassures her. " Come down ! Your Lord will send your fortune ! " *Ti'i rabbik bib 'atlik riskik.*

Her " fortune " is, of course, marriage, and this she may count upon with certainty, unless she have some serious physical drawback. Still, from the first, a girl is a cause for anxiety. A boy takes his chance in life, here as elsewhere, and as to conduct much may be forgiven him; but if a girl should be light in her conduct, not only her family but the entire *hamooli*, clan, is disgraced, or as the people say, " it shivers " if there should be a whisper against the good name of a girl. The girl needs strict treatment. A man was once brought before the Cadi for having beaten his wife for some lightness of conduct. " The stick grew in Paradise," was his answer, the Arabic version of our more thorough " A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree, The more they're beaten the better they be."

When a boy is born in the village the father makes a fantasia at the village gathering-place, taking with him cigarettes, sugar, cakes and fruit. The woman has her own feast in the house, at which the food which is eaten is called *lookmet il challas*, the morsel of safety or the finishing, for it celebrates the delivery of two lives. The people have a saying, " What shows that you are honoured among women? The food while you are in childbed," for her comforts are in proportion with the esteem in which she is held by her husband; and, again, " What shows that you are honoured among women? Your food when you are craving," that is, the degree of attention shown to the mother's whims when she is *mitikly*, that is, heavy with child, *tekeel* being " heavy." After the child is born she is *mitifly*, from the word *tiffel*, " swaddling-clothes."

During the period following the birth, when the mother has no milk, the Arab woman is not content to wait. Much importance is attached to feeding, and the oriental child is more likely to suffer from over than from under nutrition. In some villages they supply the lack with pomegranate-juice, for it is the apple of Paradise and must be good. In other places honey is often used.

Seven days after the child is weaned it must eat a pancake otherwise no food will nourish it. This pancake must be made of an egg laid on a Saturday.

The Christian customs differ in certain respects. The child is washed on the eighth day, and put into a cradle, while the Muslims make use of a sort of hammock for which provision is made in every Muslim house, strong nails for suspension being found in all living-rooms. The Christians make a fantasia at the time of the cutting of the navel-string, and it is then that

some old woman walks round the child, beating a pestle into a mortar to strengthen his nerves that he may not grow up timid. They also make a feint of throwing him from a height, they approach him with a knife, and so on, for the same purpose.

A feast is also made at the appearance of the first tooth. The midwife announces to the father the birth of a girl in the words "Blessed be the bride." There was once a midwife who had to announce a baby girl to a father who, for reasons connected with his rank and position, desired a boy. She was afraid that anger would fall upon her, and in general as I have often seen, an Arab hates to be the bearer of bad news. She had to mount many stairs to the *selamlik*, the men's quarters, and at every step her heart sank lower. But she had faith in Allah who can put water under a kettle and make the water that is within to boil, or put fire under it and make it freeze, so at every step she repeated,

min daraji la daraji
ya rab el faraji.

"From step to step, O Lord, I ask thy help," and her faith was so great that on arrival she announced a boy! and a boy it was.

It often happens, they say, that a woman has a vision giving the name of the coming child, which shows whether it shall be a boy or a girl. Failing that, it is the father's privilege—as in the case of John the Baptist—to name the boy, while a girl more often takes her name from some circumstance of the moment, such as the name of the month, especially if it be Ramadan, the sacred month, or she may be called *Kamar*, moonlight; *Nijmi*, starlight; *Shemsiyi*, sunlight. Sometimes the shech of the village, or, if among the bedu, of the tribe, may order a change upon grounds deduced from astrology, with which they concern themselves a good deal. Sometimes it happens that an angel visits the mother and tells her whom the girl shall marry. In proof of this I was told that it happened in a certain village that a thief saw a man leave his own house one night, and go to a neighbour's as if he intended to spend the night there. This was an excellent opportunity for stealing, so the man entered the house and hid behind the water-jar. He was much disconcerted to find lights everywhere, and the midwife in attendance upon the woman of the house. Presently he saw an angel appear and announce to the mother that the girl who was about to be born should marry him, the thief, whom the Messenger mentioned by name. This added to his ill-humour, and he watched his opportunity

later when the house was quiet and all were resting, to take his knife and slit up the child. " That is at an end," he said to himself, and crept away. The girl, *Laila*, Night, was still living, however, and the midwife, when she saw what had happened, sewed up the wound, and she recovered.

Fifteen years later he returned to the village, stopped to drink at the well, saw a pretty girl called Laila, and married her. One day he asked her how she came by a knot below her breast, and she told the story of how the cat had gnawed her as an infant, and the midwife had sewn up the wound. Then he realised that it is God who gives the fortune, and it is useless for man to say " I will " or " I won't."

If the mother has not the habit of mentioning the name of God in her home it may happen that her children are changed at birth, as evil spirits have access to such a house. There are various means of dealing with such a difficulty, generally by the help of some old woman. The *bedawiye* are specially useful. There is always a space, where the walls of the tent join, through which children and dogs find entrance. The old woman must pass the child three times through this opening, backwards and forwards. In the villages a well-known method is to take meal from seven houses which have their doors to the east, and from this bake a loaf not in the *taboon*, oven, but in the *sarj*, an iron pan. Such loaves are thin and flat, about a foot in diameter. The crumb is extracted and the loaf laid open upon the body of the child, sufficient to cover it. The theory is probably associated with the sanctity of bread, which is in certain districts called *aish*, or life. The woman performing the ceremony must be of an age which is beyond the need for ceremonial purification. The bread is finally given to a black dog or cat, with the words, " Take what is thine and give me mine," for a black animal is often a messenger of the jann.

Another method is to bury the child up to the neck in a dung-hill, and cover the head with a basket, so that it is entirely hidden, and then to shoot as near to it as is possible without injury, crying out, " Take your child and give us ours ! " A changeling is recognised as such by the fact that it shows no sign of fear on such an occasion. It is known also, as in the Highlands, by its voracious appetite, and by its unchildlike ways.

I once saw such a child brought to Saint Winifred's Well in Wales for the help of the saint. It was declared cured. A friend in Jerusalem sympathised with some women carrying a dead child to the cemetery. There was no occasion for sorrow, they

said; Little Jusuf was a changeling. The mother is regarded as responsible in such cases, and is looked upon henceforth with distrust.

A decent-looking woman who was a changeling was pointed out to me. She was unable to utter the name of God, quite possibly a subconscious inhibition, which I longed to take in hand, as the people are very sensitive to suggestion, but I was warned that I did not know what consequences to myself might follow!

The phrase "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise" may be no mere figure of speech in this country. I remember receiving a present of crushed herbs from a fellaha. They were skilfully mingled and intended to be eaten with cheese. As a recommendation she told me that her little boy always said that her milk was particularly tasty after she had eaten of them! Samuel, it will be remembered, was old enough, when he was weaned, to take charge of an old man (1 Sam. i. 23, ii. 11), Isaac was weaned at five years (Gen. xxi. 8). I once had for my neighbour in church a young woman who beguiled the time by giving nourishment to her baby. This function finished, the child fell asleep, and, looking about for a new recipient, she proceeded to supply luncheon for a boy of perhaps three who chanced to be running about the church, as is the custom. A boy and a girl were playing hide-and-seek, and she kept her eye on them, and Number Two having been supplied, she seized the boy, who was wearing nailed boots, I remember, but who cheerfully lent himself for the purpose.

Nature has been bounteous in the supply of milk to the Oriental. I have seen a Christian wearing a short jacket, below which the nipple was clearly seen, still uncovered after its maternal function.

A boy, less often a girl, is mounted upon the shoulder as soon as it can sit up, leaving the mother's hands free for other purposes. A hammock hanging below the shoulder probably contains a swaddled baby, while a third may be clinging to the skirts. The hammock will be hung up on any nail handy when the mother wishes to rest. The swaddled baby would appear to be comfortable, it certainly complains far less than its cousins in other lands.

As the children grow up, in spite of faults of discipline, much stress is laid upon the parental relation. The Fifth Commandment meant more to the Israelites than is evident from the letter.

The fatherhood idea among Orientals points to God above all, and to all in authority as His representatives in society, government, or religion. The Sultan was always saluted, by the soldiers or the school-children, or whoever it might be, as " Our father who gives us to eat and to drink." The priest is saluted by the Christian as *Abuna* (our father). If an employer or teacher speaks to parents of faults in their sons or daughters, the reply used to be, " You are his father (or mother), correct him as you will." I heard a Russian lady ask one of our people if I were good to him, not knowing that I understood. " She is our father and our mother " was the loyal reply of the man, a fellah of seventeen stone.

The position of the mother was established long before the enunciation of the Fifth Commandment. She was honoured in most Oriental races, and her right to govern was equal, in Egypt especially, to that of the man, either in the home or upon the throne. The Sultan *valide* (the Sultan's mother) has always been one of the most important persons in the Turkish empire. In Israel the example was set by Solomon himself, when Bathsheba visited him, a woman of peasant origin. " The king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother, and she sat on his right hand." Among the bedu and the higher-class Muslims the son always waited at meals upon his father and his father's guests. I have seen children, running out of school, stop suddenly to kiss the hand of father or elder brother as they passed, and the undutiful child is almost unknown in the East.

To return to the dangers of infancy. We must not leave the subject without reference to Kerime, who would appear to be the equivalent of Lillith, the first wife of Adam, much feared among the Jews and even Christians. The Jews attach verses of the Psalms to the wall in spots which she would be likely to pass to gain access to the newly-born child, and the Muslims use verses from the Koran and other amulets for the same purpose. I am bound to say that I have heard it argued by both Jew and Muslim that this is an illegitimate use to make of Scripture, seeing that the surroundings are ritually unclean. The Muslims, in general, refuse to discuss the various ceremonies practised, and say that they are to be found only among the *nuri* (the gipsies) and among the Jews, such as the binding of a cock's head and a sprig of *roda* (sweet-basil) above the head of mother and child, practised above all against Lillith as incarnated in the horned owl. Nevertheless, Doughty speaks of an occasion when he heard the

cry of the horned owl in the desert. The women imitated the cry, answering the bird. "It is a wailful woman seeking her lost child through the wilderness," they said; and explained that it much have been turned into this bird at birth. I have often seen a white flag mounted above a gipsy tent to keep the jealous spirit away when a newly-born child lies within. I wish to record, however, that once I remarked upon such a flag to a Muslim companion when crossing a gipsy camp above the Dominican Convent in Jerusalem, in the beautiful olive-garden now mainly cut down. "To scare the horned owl, I suppose," I said. He hesitated, and then explained that it might have another signification, such a sign being sometimes hoisted over a tent or doorway by the neighbours of the occupant, in sign of reproach for his having lightly used the good name of a woman or girl, without sufficient evidence. In such a case it is mounted on a lance, the weapon of chivalry. How many lances would be needed to supply the nearest drawing-room or club? It was among the gipsies, the people "forty times accursed" for their pagan origin, that I once saw a funeral attended by all the town notables to show their respect for a man who had put his own daughter to death for having failed to respect her own womanhood. But these are mere Muslims and heathens, to whom we must set an example of superior brotherly love.

The power of Lillith or Kerime lasts, in the case of a boy for eight days after birth, of a girl twenty days, after which they are safe. She has seventeen names which, written down, form an amulet commonly used by Jew, Christian, and Muslim. Such amulets, written in Hebrew or in Arabic, are in my possession. Blue beads, garlic, alum, are also useful preservatives. The child, when born, is well salted, salt being the representative of life. It is also usual to dress children with little regard to decoration, in order not to attract the attention of evil spirits or of the evil eye of envious persons. Moreover, when a first child dies it is well to beg clothing for the next, so that Azrael, when he passes, may find a beggar not worth his notice, just as in the Highlands, when a child dies, his name is often given to the next born, with the same purpose of cheating Death.

A pretty custom common in the Latin Church may probably be traced to much the same origin, so far as popular sentiment is concerned. Children whose birth is regarded as an answer to prayer, or to the making of a vow, or because earlier children had died young, or because the new arrivals were delicate, are often dressed, the boys as little Franciscan friars, placed under the

protection of S. Anthony, the girls in blue and white, placed under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin.

It is not uncommon among the Muslims, as well as the Christians, to take children to the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin in the Valley of the Kedron, especialy on the Feast of the Assumption, and pass them three times beneath the raised stone, or carry them three times around it. Moreover, the Muslims have often a definite respect for the ceremony of baptism, as procuring immunity from the evil eye, and children have been pointed out to me as Christian in fact, in virtue of the baptism secretly administered by religious teachers. This may raise a nice theological point in a certain class of minds. It should be observed that the Greek baptismal ceremony does, in fact, include a definite exorcism of the devil. Muslim mothers will sew the cross along with other amulets on to the clothing, and will slip into churches to possess themselves of a drop of holy water to sprinkle a delicate child.

I may mention that church sweepings, mixed with holy water, are an excellent promoter of fecundity, just as among the Jews I have known of a woman unable to bear who was fed, by the order of a rabbi, with the baked foreskin of a boy, introduced in a piece of bread.

The story is told in Jerusalem of a Jew who had lost six wives in succession in child-birth, and was anxious to propitiate the angel of death. When about to marry for the seventh time, he bought a cow and tied her outside his window, and then the religious ceremony was performed between them, the ring being placed on her horn and the contract of marriage drawn up in due form. This finished, the unhappy bride was slaughtered and her flesh given to the poor. A healthy family was born in due time.

A few words more should be said about names, though the subject is far too large to be dealt with at the end of a chapter. When the parents have as many girls as they wish they may call the last one Tamam or Ziadi or Muntaha—Enough, Too Many, or Finis. I once came across a Kaffa (Plenty), a name which I have heard in America, but not in the sense of No-more-wanted!

Girls' names are often taken from some pleasing natural object, as with us—Rose, Lily, Jessamine; or from some object of value —Diamond, Turquoise, Pearl, Emerald, Silver. Still prettier are such names as Simha (Joy), Latifeh (Gracious), Jamileh (Pleasant), Selma (Peace). The names of boys are, as a rule,

less fanciful. A boy is named after an ancestor, or a saint, or a hero of history, or by some name of religious signification such as Abdallah (servant of God). The possession of two names is less common among the Arabs than among the Turks, who, in addition to names such as those indicated, have commonly a second for ordinary use, such as Shereef (Noble), Selim (Healthful), Aziz (Rare), Fareed (Unique), Hassan (Beautiful). Among the Arabs fanciful names for boys are more common than among the Christians.

The childhood name, however, soon gives place to another, both among men and women. Parenthood is so important that after the birth of the first boy—" Mahmoud," let us suppose—the parents, who may be Ali and Ayesha, become simply Abu-Mahmoud and Umm-Mahmoud, the father and mother of the child in question. If the boy dies the name is quite likely to remain, even after the birth of other children. I even knew an Umm-Daood who has never had a boy at all, but who explained somewhat sadly that if Allah had been pleased to give her a son, he would have been Daood (David). One does not find such a name as Johnson, but Abu Jirius (the father of John), though such a form is found in an explanatory sense such as Mousa ibn Issa (Moses the son of Jesus), used in distinction from some other Mousa. *Beni*, the plural of *ibn* (son), is used collectively. A tribe is spoken of as *beni* Adwan, *beni* Israel, *beni* Aneese, and so on. In the Bible we have such phrases as Father of Lights, for God, and Father of Lies, for the devil. A certain European inhabitant of the Holy City was humorously known as the Father of Promises.

Among Christians and Muslims alike, a child regarded as the special gift of God may be called in consequence Atallah or Jadallah (God is good). One finds also such names as Rabia (the spring-grass), Eed (the feast), Saeed or Ma'sud (may he be happy). Hamise (the fifth day) denotes that a child was born on a Thursday, Jumma on a Friday.

Names such as Tewfik (good luck) are avoided should there have been any misfortune in the family, any reason for fearing the attention of the unseen. Just as Jews who have lost children will call a new one by some term of contempt, such as Makt'ah (which means "forsaken "), so the bedu will name a weakly child Solubby. The " solubby " are tinkers, greatly despised, and not recognised by the bedu, though they are desert-dwellers like themselves, and live largely by hunting; but they ride asses instead of camels, and have no cattle. Azrael would surely pass

by a child bearing a name of such origin, even if found in the tent of a superior race. A doctor once told me of a patient about to submit to an operation who was renamed Mercada (bought with prayer). Mar Saba, the saint Saba, is usualy depicted with a white beard of great length and a generally venerable appearance. I once saw a child named after him in hope of correcting the fact that it had been born weakly.

One may direct the attention of folk-lorists and other students of animism to the many names of animals used by the various inhabitants of Palestine—Dieb (wolf), Saka (falcon), Shibli (my little lion), Nimr (leopard), Jamal (camel), and so on. The usual explanation is that the Powers of Evil would surely not molest a mere animal, and that it is safe to speak such names under any circumstances, just as the Hebridean, away from his beloved island home, will call it for safety by some other name. I have also been assured that the giving of such names is an act of humiliation before the Powers. There seems also some idea of the utility of introducing a new element into the family. It is, in general, " good." Syria and Palestine, with their mixed peoples and faiths, are a happy field for students of totemism, in spite of the astral character of the Semitic religions.

Animals also have names, though seldom those belonging to human beings. Dogs are often called Max, or Jock, or Bobby, but that merely denotes contact with the frenjy. Sheep and donkeys answer to their individual names and calls, and understand the orders to come, to go, to lie down, etc. Dogs have often nicknames in allusion to some personal peculiarity. A long-haired cat, for instance, is " father of hair." Among my dog friends I can remember Abu thail (father of a tail), Umm sinnam (mother of teeth), Safedi (who came from Safed), and Turi (from et Tur), also Sowan, Nuzzan, Waddan, Rushdan, the mothers having been Sowa, Wadda, and so on. Now Sowa is an Arabian goddess and Wadda an Arabian god, facts of which the pagan-hating proprietors, who happened to be bedu, were certainly ignorant.

Among the Roman Catholic population it is increasingly the custom to register, and even to use, the family name, probably for religious reasons, as giving more prominence to the baptismal name. Among the Greeks such registers are kept with little care. A tradesman may put up his surname over a shop, but is seldom known by it. The absence of family names leads to complications. One may know two brothers for long without being aware that they are related. A help in this direction is afforded by the fact

that many members of a family, with their wives and children, often live under the same roof in patriarchal fashion. This, however, obtains among Christians mainly in so far that the head of the family, be he father or uncle, formerly made himself responsible for the unmarried women or widows related to him. But this is passing away, and the destitute woman, formerly unknown, has now to be provided for.

CHAPTER V

About Life in the Villages. The Story of Alia

> Dieux-gardiens des troupeaux qui tenez des houlettes
> Rendez nous l'innocence ancestrale des bêtes.
> Afin que nous ayons l'endurance des maux
> Donnez-nous la douceur des sobres animaux.
>
> —Comtesse de Noailles.

During the early days of the War a good many people of all sorts came to our house seeking benefits of various kinds. So many men were absent as soldiers that, as in all countries, women were looking for work who had never worked before, or who had worked under very different conditions; and talking with them, one entered into their lives and their thoughts in unlooked-for ways. There was a *fellaha* woman named Alia, of whom I knew that she was honest, active, helpful to others, never complaining, finding the most wonderful ways of earning a few piastres rather than ask for help. She was more than half-blind; her clothing, once of superior quality, the embroidered dress and veil of the better-class fellaha, was in rags, and she had neither the sight nor the means to have it repaired. She came one day with a few roots of wild flowers for sale: she knew we loved our garden and that it was gay the whole year round, and that even now we had flowers for the churches and hospitals. I was busy and could not attend to her at the moment. "Let her wait," said the maid, herself of the same class, but young, strong, well-fed, well-clothed. "Let her wait. She has been used to it all her life."

Youth is so often cruel, insolent, hard! but the girl had lived among such women always, and she knew. Her mother was such another, her grandmother was still living. She herself had been brought up in a convent and looked forward to a different future, but her sister, also convent-bred, wore the costume of her village, smart, fresh, becoming, and expected to marry a fellah when he should come back from the War.

What was this life of waiting and endurance of the fellaha women? How was it led? I resolved that Alia should teach me.

She was brought in and fed and comfortably seated—she chose the floor—and she began.

" My father Ibrahim made me, and seven months afterwards he died. He had had four wives, two were living. My mother had four of us to bring up, two boys and two girls—Abdallah and Saad, and Miriam and me. We all lived in the house of my father's brother Jeda'allah, and he was well-off. After I was born, my step-brother Khaleel and his mother wished to drive my mother away. Her husband's brother, my uncle, had not claimed the right to give her again in marriage, and so rid himself of the care of her and perhaps of us all. He was the servant of God, and he said, ' Between me and the fire I make an amulet, not to take you away from your children,' and so she had the right to stay, and he cared for us all."

I asked, " What sort of an amulet, Alia? "

" It was only words, just as if I owed you a medjidi and you should say, ' Because you are poor and cannot pay me, I make an amulet between me and the fire, or the earth, or the sky, that I will not ask it of you.' It concerned nobody else, and no man needed to come in. The sky and the fire and the earth are blessed things to mention. Such things as an amulet like this are pleasing to Allah. My uncle was a good man and not poor, and he would not do an evil thing for money. They had bees, and goats, and camels, and donkeys, and sheep, and cows. But my mother was so badly treated by the other wife and her son, for she was very young and could not protect herself, that after a time she left me to the care of my elder sister Miriam, and went back to her own home, my uncle's house, her brother. But all the time she thought she heard her children crying for her, and after eight months she went to the Muchtar (the head of the affairs of the village) and told him how it was, and said ' Be you the judge.' So the Muchtar divided the property, giving equally to the two boys, and he saw that we—the women—got ours, and then my father's brother Jeda'allah, seeing that we could not agree to eat together, my mother and her children with the other woman and her son, gave us rooms apart in his house."

" Then it was a large house, Alia? "

" Yes, my father's brother was the Shech of the village, and he was a man whose hand was always open. He was always giving. He had the largest *bâtias* (trays on which the food is served) and was always glad when visitors came to eat with him. My father Ibrahim and he used often to quarrel, and my uncle would tell him to go and get a house for himself elsewhere, and

he would say 'No, no, I stay here by the Shech and the big bâtias, and I will smoke my *ralyoun* and be quiet while he curses.' And so it was we were all born in his house, and lived there for so many years, until misfortune came upon us."

The *ralyoun* is the short clay pipe mounted upon a long wooden stem, two feet long perhaps, smoked by the bedu and by a few old-fashioned men elsewhere. I asked Alia why one saw few of them now, even in the market, and she answered that they belong to the old days, when everyone could grow his own tobacco, and dry it, and split it up into long strips for the *ralyoun*. But since everyone began to love money so much, things were changed, and even a weed like tobacco could not be grown except by special people. Except beyond the Jordan, this sort of tobacco was not prepared, and the small tobacco had become cheap, and men made cigarettes, while the older women and men smoked the *nargeeli* (water pipe).

Khaleel, the step-brother, had now grown up, and he undertook the ploughing, but grudged the labour for Alia's family, and said to the mother that she must engage a servant at ploughing time. Instead of that, the kind uncle took over the work till the little boys should be strong enough. Alia's cousin, Jeda'allah's daughter, had married a servant of her father's, named Abu Shawarieh, one of the Ta'amry bedu, who had served for her for seven years, having no money to pay for her dowry. When Alia was twelve years old the cousin, Khadra, died, and the bereaved husband stepped into her grave when the funeral was approaching, and swore that he would not leave it until he had received the promise of another wife from the same family. He would like little Alia, he said, and on being reminded that she was still too young, he said then he would wait for her, and would serve for her as he had served for Khadra. So it was agreed that he should serve Jeda'allah again for seven years and a year. And he stepped out of the grave, and said his prayers, and at the end of the time Alia was married.

"He was with me four months and he made me a boy, and then he disappeared and has never been heard of since." That is how Alia related the story of her love.

"Have you no idea what became of him?"

"It was in the hunger year, a year like this, when everything was dear, only there was no war. In our village we had nothing, and he may have gone away to seek for food. No one knows. We never saw him again." She hid her face for a moment, but it is against all Arab ideas of propriety for a woman to be seen to

mourn for a husband, so she looked up again and said, " He never came back, and when my child came my mother gave him the name of *et taytim* (the orphan)."

The Ta'amry bedu occupy a special position, and are looked down upon by the bedu of the desert, as being descendants of fellaheen ancestry lacking many of the qualities of the real bedu, who will not inter-marry with them and who beat them for boasting and telling lies. The fellaheen women, however, valued them as husbands, as they were so far regarded as belonging to the desert as not to be called out in time of war.

" But did you feel sure then that your husband would not come back—you had heard nothing at all, all that time? He was lost like a lost dog? Was there no news at all, in all those six months? "

" *La, la ba'ad bukra* " (No, not the day after to-morrow—an emphatic distance of time in Arabic, for " after to-morrow " may extend over an indefinite period). " He did not come back, not even *ba'ad bukra*."

" Go back, Alia, and tell me about when you were a little girl."

" My mother was always very busy, but she taught me to be useful in the house. I was soon able to carry the dinner to the men at work; I could sit by the fire when the pot was cooking, and push thorns under it, and drive the chickens out of the barley. As soon as I was strong enough I learned to grind the corn in the mill between two stones, and to make dough, and bake it in the *taboon*. I could clean the lentils, and pick out the little stones and the other seeds that had got mixed with them, and I could sift corn and spin. Later I learnt to weave baskets and straw mats to sleep on, and as soon as I was strong enough to guide the donkey I could go to Jerusalem and sell things for my mother and for others. Sew, did you say? Well, I could thread a needle and draw a hole together. How should I sew like a *medenieh*? (townswoman). Read? No; do you think I should know all I do, and remember all I do, if I had wasted my time on reading?

" As I told you, after my cousin's death her husband served seven years in my uncle's house to get me. I was very young even then, not yet washed (that is, not in need of ceremonial purification), but I thought it fine to be an *aroos* (bride), and did not know that it was the beginning of bitterness and trouble. They gave me a new dress, and put my husband's *kumbaz* round me, for he was of the *kaisi* faction and I must wear red. They put ostrich feathers on my head, and put me on a camel, and led me

about the village, for we were still to live in my uncle's house, so that there was no journey to be made. For many days before the wedding there had been *fantasìas* every evening, singing and dancing, for my uncle loved to show hospitality, and the *bâtias* had been well filled. After I was on the camel many men rushed forward with a *mandeel* (head-kerchief) in the hand, each trying to be the first to put it round the neck of the camel, for he it is who has the privilege of furnishing the first meal to the newly-married pair, and everybody likes to give at a wedding. Many did it, and the Shech was the one to judge who should give the food.

" After we got back to our house the young women threw water in front of me and behind, and stuck a great piece of dough on the lintel of the door. I had to place my hand upon it to show that I was now the bread-maker, and my new husband pressed my little hand down with his fist to show that he was the master of me and of my work. All the women laughed very much, but the young men crowded about the door and beat him with sticks. Often they beat a bridegroom very badly. Why? Because it is not good to be too happy. When one is too happy, old sorrows sometimes come back. There was a man who was bitten by a mad dog and he took no notice of it, and so got well, but the sickness came upon him years later when he married and was very happy, and then he died. They must always beat the bridegroom, especially if the bride is as he likes her; but sometimes, when a stranger is there, he will ask them to be merciful. They stop if they are asked.

" After we had all sat down, my husband lited my veil with his sword. The man whose handkerchief had been the first round the neck of the camel came with the women of his house and brought two *bâtias*, which were set down in front of us, and so we ate together for the first time. The older women, my mother and my aunt, played us all sorts of pranks. They knocked our heads together while we were eating, and they tied our long sleeves together in a knot, and they taught me to refuse to take off my shoes (the first recognition of the duties of wifehood) until he had given me the first money which I had from him as my husband. Some men who are rich have to pay as much as a lira (a pound), but he gave me a medjidi, which was a fair sum for a servant.

" The next morning I got up early and went to the well to fetch water, as a married woman should, and the women of the village met me there and congratulated me and asked for water from my jar. Why? Don't you know as much as that in your

country? Water means refreshment and joy, and it is good to take joy from the joyous, and who should be joyous if not an *aroos*? My new duties began at once. When my husband desired I brought water to wash his hands, and I spread his bed on the floor every night, and washed his clothes, and in the morning I kissed his hand. In every other way my life went on just as before, and my mother and sister and I worked together. I was young and still *jahle* (innocent), and my husband was a good man, for only the bad men interfere with the innocence of their child-wives. There are some, but no one ever respects them, and it is thrown up against them for years afterwards.

"During the next few weeks people came from the villages around to congratulate, and then we had fine suppers, and a *fantasìa* with dancing in the open space in the middle of the village. The visitors always brought a sheep, and my uncle always added another. We generally knew that they were coming, for we could hear the *lu lu lu* of the women a long way off. (The cry of rejoicing.) The food was brought when it was ready, with torch-light procession and much shooting into the air. The women who came brought oranges and sugar, and each woman received a dress-piece, and each man a black abai (the "coat without seam" of the New Testament) and a red silk dress. Yes, of course it costs a great deal to have a wedding in the family, or it used to in the old days when people were lighter of heart and thought more of giving pleasure to others, and less of saving up money for themselves. My uncle treated me as if I were his daughter; the brother of the father or mother is a very near relative. The Christians do not give money away like this, and in Bethlehem, where they are beginning to go to America and have *frenjy* ways (customs of the Franks), it is not the custom any more to make fantasìas. The people may not dance in the middle of the village, nor keep open house for the whole world, as with us. It used to cost one hundred or two hundred napoleons to marry a daughter, but now all is so dear of late years that there will be no more giving of clothes and food to the poor on a hundred napoleons."

"Were you glad when the baby came, Alia?"

"How should I be glad? Was not Abdallah my brother dead? Another child or another husband one can always have, but where shall one get another brother? And what is a woman who has no brother? My little orphan lived for forty days and then he died. It was better so."

"What did you do to prepare for him?"

" The child brings his *risik* (his fortune) with him. We do not prepare. When he was born my mother tore up an old shirt and wrapt him in it. The first dress is the *tôb el milh* (the dress of the salt), and it is put on him when he is washed after fifteen days [*i.e.*, ceremonially cleansed]. You have heard all about that. We do not look upon a new-born child as a clean thing, and kiss it as you do. The mother is washed at the same time. Till then she is not clean, and though she works about the house next day, she may not touch any food but her own, unless there is no other woman about who can put the pot on the fire or grind the bread, and then she must. When my boy was dead, after forty days (this probably is a general term for a few weeks), I went to nurse the child of the French Consul. It was the happiest time of my life. When the days are dark I sit and think about it. Never have I been so happy."

" How was it, Alia? What made it so good? "

" I had plenty to eat and to drink, and different things every day. I did not have to care for anything. When I was hungry the food was there. When I was tired the bed was there, already standing on its own legs; I did not have to spread it. I had good clothes, warm and fine. When I carried the baby out they thought as much of me as of him. Never was any man so great as the Consul Patrimonio. Yes, that was his name, a Frenchman. He was truly a great man. When people heard him coming everyone got ready. When he walked the things in the cupboard shook. When the Pasha came to call he made himself small. He walked like this. (Alia rose and paced the floor with her head hanging and hands meekly folded.) When Patrimonio came it was like this " (and she strutted across the room with head erect and arms swinging).

" We call that ' observing the capitulations,' Alia. That is all finished now."

" It may be. I don't know. There are many *frenjy* things I have never heard of. Patrimonio was never frightened. When his Government sent him to Beirut the Pasha came to *embarak* (congratulate, literally to call down blessings). When he was going away he saw me and he said, ' How are you? Are you happy? ' And I said, ' I am happy to be here, but it is not from the Pasha that I am happy.' He laughed and he said, ' How is that? ' And I answered that ' My brothers are in prison, how can I be happy? Shall I go away from here and be content, and leave my brothers in prison? No, I will not go to Beirut. I will stay with my own people.' Then Patrimonio, because he was

not frightened of anybody, said, ' Indeed we must take Alia with us. You must let them out of prison, Pasha, that she may stay with us.' And the Pasha said, ' But they will not stay here, for they are to be in prison for twelve years, and they will go to Lomann.' Lomann is the convict prison in the north, near Acre. Patrimonio knew what to do. He said, ' It seems as if you were not strong enough to do as you will in this matter. I must speak with a stronger man than you. I will go to Damascus.'

" The Pasha said, ' What shall I do? Here is a wall and there is a wall. I cannot climb them. Shall the people say that I took a man out of prison when the judge had sent him there, and for the sake of the Consul's baby? '

" But Patrimonio knew how to climb walls, and they came out of prison, and I went with the baby to Beirut."

I asked her what she thought of Beirut, expecting to hear high praise of the only town she had ever seen except Jerusalem, and which, from the European standpoint, was certainly superior, for the French had always taken much pains with the Lebanon since they were in power. " It was pretty " (*shelabi*), she said, " but the water was not nice "—an answer which can be appreciated only by those who are familiar with the population of an arid district like Jerusalem. They estimate a place by the quality of its water. If there is a spring, no matter how poor the village, it ranks high. Next to that comes a sufficiency of cisterns, of fresh, well-kept rain-water. What is brought through pipes, as in Beirut, is tasteless and is regarded with contempt. Sometimes in our wanderings we have chanced to ask a passer-by if some village within sight were worth riding up to. " Are there any *antikas*? " we ask; " any old stone or ruins? " The answer may be " There is nothing, there is no water "; or, on the other hand, " Yes, it is beautiful. There is much water. One can make *shem el hawa* (smell-the-air, picnic), *fantasia*." This last is unquestionably one of the many words adopted from the Italian, but it has always the accent on the third syllable in Arabic.

When the baby was weaned, poor Alia left her paradise, bearing with her the happiest memories of her life, and a photograph of herself and the baby, which was her proudest possession. She was very fond of her charge, as the fellaha generally is. Many Europeans are glad to have nurses from the villages, but these are generally Christians, as the Muslim woman does not like to leave her home except in an exceptional case like that of Alia, when there was neither husband nor brother in need of her services. She was more attached to the Consul than to her

mistress, who perhaps had views on domestic subjects which Alia thought troublesome, while the master, not troubling himself as to details, did not come in conflict with her will, which it was easy to see was a strong one.

On one occasion, she said, the baby, after having been exhibited in the drawing-room, seemed to be unwell and cried continually, a sure sign that it had had come under the influence of the Evil One. Accordingly, Alia hastened to the town and brought back coriander-seed, incense, and alum, and proceeded to burn them with a little salt in a brazier, repeating at the same time certain passages from the Koran. The alum in disintegrating took, as it was intended to do, the form of a human countenance. In this case it was that of a Greek lady whose family is still well known in Jerusalem, and who had been among the guests that afternoon, and against whom, accordingly, Alia directed her incantations, with results satisfactory as far as the child was concerned. These proceedings tickled the fancy of Monsieur Patrimonio, who procured a photograph of the lady in question and kept it in his drawing-room, warning visitors as to the risk which they would run if they came in contact with her!

When Alia came home she found that another marriage had been arranged for her in her absence by her two brothers—her own brother Saad, and her half-brother Khaleel. Her former marriage had been with a poor man. But she had travelled and held a position of importance, and was worth more, and things promised very differently. The new candidate, Noful, was Muchtar and Shech of his village of Sureef; he was in relation with the Government, and was in a position to pay down thirty pounds as settlement for this fine young woman, who had acquired all sorts of *frenjy* ideas and was able to speak French, so she avers. To this day, though over forty years have passed, she can say *Bon jour*, *C'est très bien*, and *Pourquoi toujours travailler?* One would like to know how she came by this last phrase; whether (which is highly improbable) she had laid herself open to the soft impeachment, or whether it was bestowed upon her by an observant person as the probable expression of her secret meditations, for it does not seem as if Alia had ever proposed to perform unnecessary labour.

There are two villages near together, Bait Omr and Sureef, the inhabitants of which are called Kawafni—which may have been the ancient name of one village or both, for the burial-ground of Bait Omr is called Kofeen. There was a very fine wedding, in spite of the fact that Alia was a widow and that she was to be



FELLAHIEH RETURNING FROM MARKET IN JERUSALEM.

The empty baskets show they have sold the jars of sour milk, eggs, or herbs, brought from their village homes.

FELLAHIEH RETURNING FROM THE VILLAGE WELL.

only a *doora* (a secondary wife), for the mother of Noful's only son Achmed, also an Alia, was still living. Over sixty persons went in the bridal procession, and eleven animals. These were loaded with good things for the guests. There was a load of rice, and one of *jereesha* (which resembles vermicelli). There was a *rotl* (between five and six pounds) of soap, and a *rotl* of sugar. There was abundance of coffee and of tombak for the nargeeli, and of *tittin* (in town called *tuttun*)—that is, of tobacco for cigarettes and *ralayeen*. There was powder for the young men, who delight to shoot at weddings; there was henna for the young women to adorn themselves withal; there were even *igdarne* (roasted peas) from Damascus. Alia had bracelets and rings, her mother and her sister had fine dress-pieces, the men of the family had kumbazes (long outer garments) of silk. There were dresses, too, for the singers, the performers who amuse the guests. The people of Bait Omr furnished the feast, and there all the guests spent the day and night and part of the next day, after which Alia was taken, with more rejoicing, to her new home.

"*Hallas*, the story is finished," said Alia, rising to her feet. "There had been no fantasìa since, only grief and anger. *Hallas*. It is finished."

"But surely, with such a rich husband and after all this hospitality, there were some more bright days to come?"

"None. *Hallas*. It is ended," she said. "Sureef was a ruin. At Bait Omr the people had built up the old village, but not at Sureef. The spring was away at Ain Igdur; there was nothing. We lived in one room. It was dark, and small. Achmed went away directly after the wedding to Aleppo, to fight against the Druses. (This must, therefore, have been about 1880.) Noful was not an old man in years, but he was finished, worn out with soldiering. Achmed's young wife, Kamr (moonlight), remained in the house, and above all there was the other Alia, who made life bitter. She had grey hair, and a grown-up son, and was very jealous. Was Noful good, did you say? He was sweet and bitter, as a man with two wives cannot fail to be." When the old woman made mischief, things went badly with young Alia, and she was very unhappy, things were so different from the life at Patrimonio's. She was a stranger in the district (*rareebe*); there was no one to take her part. She could only run to her mother's home and that was far, but she went, and someone had to be sent to intercede. That is always the way—a third person has to go to make peace. Later the women of the village were sorry for her and took her in and fed her, when they understood, for when

Noful was not there she did not get enough to eat. Once she ran away as far as Halul, a village near Hebron.

When the time drew near that she was to be a mother she left Sureef, and went home to her mother, and a little girl was born, whom she named *Rahme* (Merciful). While she was with her mother her husband died, and she went to his funeral, but she did not stay; there was nothing for her but to go back to her mother. The son took all that was left, but for her there was not so much as a loaf, though he provided for his own mother. He has now enlarged the house, and is well-to-do and has four wives. He has never forgotten Alia, and when she goes to see him there is always a sheep killed, or a goat, and the children call her "grandmother." And when he comes to see her he brings her something.

It was a strange story of contrasts, characteristic enough of the childish, inconsequent fellaheen, the keynote of nearly all the trouble being the second wife with all the jealousies and miseries which follow—a condition seldom to be found except among the fellaheen, rare in the desert, and practically unknown in the towns. There was the costly marriage, the hospitality, the liberal gifts, ending in the ruined village and the one dark room. Noful was a lazy man, Alia explained; he was pleased to make fantasias, and did not count the cost, even if it meant need for weeks or months afterwards. He would not work or spend money to better his surroundings. He was the grandson of a famous man, Noful il Kadriye, king of the Hebron district, one of those who in former times exercised considerable power in his neighbourhood as judge and governor. In the times of Abraham, when there were kings down beside the Dead Sea, not far from the kingdom of Kadriye, such men were all known as kings and sultans; and even quite into recent times, certainly into the nineteenth century, such titles were recognised among the Arabs.

Nevertheless, Noful lived in his one room, as descendants of the Irish kings are living now, or were, not long ago. Alia related, with her usual sense of the ridiculous, how the great Shechs who took counsel with him had to meet in the one room when the state of the weather did not allow them to meet out of doors. The women had to take refuge with the neighbours on such occasions. Alia used to get behind the *chabrey* (the big clay receptacle for stores of grain), and there she listened as did Sarah in the tent of Abraham, when the men were talking. The roof was so low that visitors, unfamiliar with the place, would knock their heads; and with much glee Alia acted the part of a tall man

knocking off his turban against the doorway, and crying with much unction, " God curse this hole ! "

After her return to the fraternal home, Alia made herself generally useful, and, as she expressed it, saved here and there to eat a piece of bread, but she could not get on with the wife of Sa'ad and finally went away to other relatives. First one family and then another was ready to give her shelter, after the fashion one sees everywhere in the East, especially among the Muslims.

I was interested to know the fate of the other sister, Miriam. She had been much more fortunate; the difference in the career of the two sisters being, I was told by one who knew both well, mainly the result of temperament. Miriam was industrious and occupied herself with her own affairs. She is what Arabs call " all of one piece " (*shakfi wahadi*), whereas Alia, on the other hand, had eyes for everything, was alive to everything, was tactful, adaptable, but capable of making enemies as well as friends.

She is constantly reproached with the fact that, though a professional " praying woman," able as such to undertake special ceremonials such as the washing of the dead, she has a biting and bitter tongue. With the same readiness with which she composes topical songs praising the guests present—a gift which makes her much sought after at weddings—she improvises songs of a different kind while she grinds her corn or that of her neighbours. These she sings with vivacity and a particularly clear enunciation, so that the sensitive among her acquaintances prefer not to offend her. She also dances well, has a large choice of stories and traditions, which she relates readily, and is generally regarded as very good company.

She is perfectly aware of the quality of the respect which she inspires, and perhaps because she is conscious of powers of retaliation held in reserve, has ceased to be particularly sensitive to slights. Her almost total blindness may have something also to do with this, for as she herself remarked, " What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't feel," or, at least, the corresponding saying in Arabic. She shows no resentment against her unhappy destiny; it is all *min Allah*, from God; she always comes through somehow. Like the blind wolf, and like the owl, her portion is provided. She is aware, too, of her aversion to manual labour, she would rather sit and grind corn and compose songs than go harvesting.

" There you have me," she finished laughing, and she shouldered her burden and started cheerfully on her long walk across the hills.

CHAPTER VI

About Life in the Desert

Mon coeur plein de douceur et plein d'étonnement
Cessez de vous mêler à la foule des hommes.
Leurs cris passent vos sens et votre entendement
Demeurons l'être simple et tendre que nous sommes.

George Adam Smith, if he knew the inhabitants of Palestine less than, or at least differently from, such men as Burton and Doughty, who made themselves one with the people of the land, had at least the kind of sympathetic perception necessary to understand the life which they lead, and the reason why they have, in a certain sense, chosen that life and no other, for it is not mere fatalism, mental inactivity, conservatism, which separates them from civilisation as it is known in the West. The western world has received from the East most of the moral teaching which it possesses, and which it has assimilated and adapted to its own uses. The East asks in return that such adaptation and assimilation shall remain where it belongs, and not be superimposed upon countries where those religious teachings originated, and to which, in the estimation of those who received them, their original form is that best adapted. "In the deserts of Arabia," writes G. A. Smith, "life is wonderfully tempered. Nature is monotonous, the distractions are few. The influence of things seen is as weak as it may be in this universe; the long fasts necessary every year purge the body of its grosser elements; the soul easily detaches itself, and hunger lends the mind a curious passion, mixed of resignation and hot anger. The only talents are those of war and speech, the latter cultivated to a singular augustness of style by the silence of nature, and the long leisure of life. It is the atmosphere in which seers, martyrs, and fanatics are bred."

It is, of course, among the bedu that we find most reminders of Bible times. The description given by Mukaddasi (b. 946 A.D.) shows that their dress has not changed since the tenth century, although other changes of every possible sort have passed over

the land of Palestine since then, and probably domestic life was just as changeless for a thousand years and more before that.

When Isaac married he brought his bride home to his father's tent, and when he became richer he provided her with a separate home (Gen. xxiv., 67) exactly as the desert Shech does now. His under-garment is white, the fighting man still bares his arm to battle (Isa. lii, 10) by tying his long pointed sleeves round his neck, as the Bethlehem woman also does when she goes about her household tasks. A coat of distinction is still given to the younger son if he is counted more worthy than the elder. The same low estimate of the value of human life exists as when Deborah, the inspired prophetess, sang of blood and of vengeance; *dam butlud dam*, blood calls for blood as in the time of Cain and in the covenant of Noah (Gen. ix, 5). The mark of blood is still hidden by covering it with dust (Job xvi, 8). The desert tribes wander about as did the Patriarchs of old, having no fixed home. Surely nowhere on earth is man so picturesque as is the bedu shech, the lineal descendant of Abraham, with small head, upright carriage, lofty bearing; living as and where the Patriarchs lived, in a tent of camel's hair; when possible, under a tree like Abraham under the oak of Mamre; with wealth of cattle, with armed followers, moving when water and herbage become scarce, lying as Abraham did to Abimelech, bargaining as he did with Ephrom for Macpelah; meanly cheating, as did Jacob for his heritage; killing a sheep or calf on the arrival of an honoured guest; baking bread as needed, in flat cakes upon an improvised hearth, not in ovens like the settled population; fighting with the shechs of other tribes; hating well and loving well; ready to bless or to curse like any Bible saint, cultivating, above all other virtues, those of stoicism and hospitality, with none of the fanaticism of the townspeople; broad, open-hearted, and humane as one who dwells in the sunshine and under the innumerable stars.

It is related of the great emir Shech Ibn Tufeil that his heralds used to announce, "Anyone needing protection will find safety with him. Anyone needing a beast of burden will find it with the Emir. Anyone hungry may come to him." One of the Baldensperger family, a friend of the Arabs as were they all for three generations, told me a story which he vouched for at first hand.

A young girl went to a noble shech and laying her hand upon his tent rope, cried, "O my young life! O my young life!"

As he looked at her he saw that she had been guilty of the

only sin which finds no forgiveness with Arabs except such as have been in contact with the culture of the West, the sin for which a horrible death is the inevitable consequence. Nevertheless he raised her to her feet, and assured her that she should not lack the protection she had claimed. He then went to her father and asked for the girl in marriage. As this was a great honour from one in his position assent was at once given, and they were married immediately. The wife lived apart until her child was born. He treated it as his own, and brought it up in his own family.

Later he found the young wife with one of his own slaves. He did not divorce her, though she was forbidden to come into his presence. He told our friend that the father died knowing nothing of his daughter's infamy, otherwise it would have been his duty, as a parent, to put her to death. The shech added philosophically, "It is of no use to fight with nature. What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," or whatever proverb in Arabic corresponds with this of the West.

Be he Christian, Muslim, or Jew (for, even apart from the Yemenite Jews, said to be of the tribe of Gad, there are many Jews among the Arabs—their own Hertzl has said that they are Asiatics) the Semites of all creeds have a devoted attachment to the soil of their native land, a fact which adds to their suffering under an alien rule. "Resigned Muslims under the Musulman rule," writes Clermont Ganneau, "bad Christians under the Christian rule, after having been fervent pagans and mediocre Jews, the land-tilling mountaineers of Judea, sons of the soil and the rock, are ready to become afresh whatever their masters of to-morrow may demand, if only they are allowed to remain on the land." According to present appearance this is sanguine on the part of M. Ganneau, but if any part of the Arab race should ever become content to accept present conditions it will certainly not be the bedu, but the fellaheen to whom, if they should be undisturbed in their possession of their lands, the nationality of those to whom they pay taxes and sell produce, makes little difference.

It is only in the desert that the true Arab is to be found. The Christian element in the towns has been taught of late to call itself Syrian, on the supposition that they belong to the original inhabitants; the Canaanites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Ammonites, the Philistines, and though they do not look it, the Anakims and all the others who preceded the earlier Hebrew invasion, the Arab, Greek, Roman, again Arab, and now again the

Hebrew invasion, though why it should be taken for granted that these pagans accepted Christianity, which was a Jewish religion in its origin, is not explained.

Just as coins are stamped and restamped, as the same stories are told of Phineas, Perseus, el Khudr, and S. George, so we find in this country that history is confused, anthropology at a loss, and chronology out of perspective, as must inevitably be the case in countries such as Palestine or, shall we say, Britain, which have been so long under the rule of the alien that the indigenous races have lost most of their privileges, racial and territorial. In Palestine, however, it is useless to claim that the present inhabitants are other than Semitic, and have Abraham to their father.

The fellaheen have a saying, "the medany (townsman) is the Sultan of the world," that is, because he pays money for what the fellah produces. "The fellah is the donkey of the world" because he is the porter, the owner of beasts of burden, "and the bedawee is the dog of the world, because he wanders about and gets his living where he finds it."

The bedu replies. "The townsman is the table of the world," that is, he is the provider. (As far as the bedu are concerned it has been mainly of guns and ammunition.) The peasant is the donkey of the world, but it is the bedawee who is the Sultan of the world for he exacts taxes from all who come in his way." As a means of living such conduct is not to be commended, but it is still the custom of many nations *en gros*, as it was that of our ancestors *en détail*, and at least it has brought out in the bedu certain heroic qualities which at present are out of date elsewhere, and has preserved him from others less heroic, which appear to be inseparable from commercial pursuits.

Nevertheless there remain to him the faults of his race. Doughty, with characteristically picturesque exaggeration, has said that the Semite of the desert is "like a man sitting in a cloaca to the eyes, whose brows touch heaven." He regards them as "ungenerous enemies, not even faithful to each other. They are never of one assent, save in blind dogma of religion." History has shown that to this fact the race owes its continued existence, whether as Muslims or Jews. The fact that the Arabs cannot combine—or so history would seem to show—has saved them from much futile resistance to governments.

To their suspiciousness of each other, Doughty attributes his own safety in many critical moments. In small matters it is brought to the notice of all who employ them, but the bedawy

escapes many of the worst Arab characteristics, such as are the result of a shallow and superficial imitation of European methods imperfectly understood; of the money-spending, question asking, bargaining traveller who has his personal ends to serve, and of others who find amusement in drawing out what is most objectionable in the native mind and manners.

The habit of observation, to be found everywhere among those little given to books, accounts partly for the facility with which the Arab reads character. I have watched them many a time handling a tourist and knowing exactly how far they might go in each case. I have heard dragomans and hotel servants commenting on new arrivals, and never have I known them to make a mistake. I had occasion to remark on something of the sort to Alia, who at once, as is her wont, began to tell me a story.

There was once a desert shech who fell on evil times, and had to leave his tribe, for he had killed one of a powerful tribe near by, and his own tribe was therefore threatened with blood-vengeance. So he ran away, and came to a town to seek his fortune. He found work in the stable of the Sultan—probably the Governor of some town in Syria—and soon showed that he was clever and capable.

When people came with things to sell, and all the servants gathered round and gave their opinions, while the Sultan was making his bargain, it was always the bedawy's advice that was the most useful, so that the Sultan got into the habit of asking what he thought about many matters before coming to any decision. One day a fellah brought a falcon and the Sultan, before offering a price, asked the bedawy to look at it. "There is something wrong," said he. "It looks a good bird enough, but a falcon should turn its eyes up to heaven and not look down, like a hen picking up grain." "That is very true," said the Sultan. "I never thought of that; we must find out where it has been trained."

The fellah swore by his eyes and by his father's beard that he had taken it in the mountains, and that it had never so much as seen a hen. It turned out, however, that it was from an egg which a boy had found and had put under a hen, which had brought it up with her own family, and so it had learnt to pick grains from the ground with the chickens.

The Sultan was greatly astonished, and said that such ability should certainly be rewarded. How much did the man earn in a day? He was told that every day he had so much money and



A Bedawy Camp in a Desert Oasis.

Here the small cattle find pasture. Note the tent divided into two parts, the smaller being for the women. The flaps are raised to cause a current of air.

a dish of food. "Then give him every day two dishes," said the Sultan.

The bedawy was not particularly pleased. The children of the Desert care little about food, and eat only because they are hungry. What did he care whether he had one dish or two? However, he kept silence.

Another day the Sultan wished to buy an *aseele*, a horse of pure race, and he sent to ask the bedawy's opinion of the one he had chosen. The bedawy at once admitted that it was a very fine animal, but beyond this was sparing in his praise.

"What is wrong?" asked the Sultan. "Are you not satisfied?"

"It is your choice, O Sultan!" said the man. "Far be it from me not to admire even the ears of what your Highness considers worthy."

He was adjured to say what he thought of the ears. "The ears of a blood-horse," he said, "should be pricked to catch the smallest sound, and not droop like a donkey's. If your Highness enquires into its race you will find that something is wrong at the root."

After some difficulty it was discovered that though the mother was of race—which is of most consequence among the Arabs—the father was of mixed descent, and the horse was not to be considered an *aseele*.

The Sultan was so delighted that he at once ordered that a third dish should be added to the daily fare of his adviser. The bedawy had his thoughts, but he kept silent.

One day the Sultan called him and said, "I wish to test your powers by a very important problem. Tell me what is my wife's pedigree and I shall never forget you." The poor man was much troubled. "How shall I come into the presence of the wife of the Sultan, she whose beauty and virtue are guarded as the eyelid guards the eye? To attempt it would be death!"

"Not if it is I myself who ask you to undertake the task," said the Sultan. "You will knock at the door, and I shall be with her, and I shall bid her answer. I will say that I expect a visit from my mother, and then while you are making your excuses you will look at her and tell me what are her roots."

The plan was carried out the same evening, and the door was opened by a very beautiful woman, but the hawk-like eyes of the bedawy soon took note of the dress ill-arranged, the bold look, the *ranooieh*, the affected walk, designed to show off the

movement of the hips. When the Sultan asked his impressions he praised the abundant hair, the bright black eyes.

" But you have not told me anything," insisted the Sultan.

" Well, if you must know, she is from the gipsies," said the bedawy. " I know them well, and there is no mistaking their look and movement."

" Your insight is wonderful. What you say is true, but it is unknown to anyone in this country. She was brought here, and her origin has been deeply hidden. The reward I promised shall be yours."

This time the poor bedawy hoped for something that would be of use to him and was secretly enraged when the Sultan ordered that he should have yet another plate, and that of the finest quality, from his own table.

The next day the Sultan said, " The greatest test of all I have reserved for the last. What have you to say about me, the Sultan, and the son of Sultans? What do you find at my roots? Search well and speak without fear. I promise that nothing that you can say shall make me angry."

The bedawy had long since come to his own conclusions as to this question, and he was angry enough to speak plainly. Who was this man who rewarded great services with a plate of meat, and put such value upon merely filling the stomach? Such things are thought of by cooks and inn-keepers, and not by men of race, the descendants of Sultans. " O, my Lord! " he said, " I think you are the son of a Cook! "

The Sultan was terribly angry, but he had given his promise, so he did not punish the man, but only sent him away without the reward of another plate, for such a speech could come only from intentional insolence. Nevertheless, he could not forget it, and recalling the man's extraordinary capacity for arriving at hidden truths, began to wonder whether in his own great pedigree there could possibly be some flaw. Accordingly he went to his mother, and stood before her, and said, " Mother, there is someone who tells me that I am the son of a Cook! "

The Queen turned deadly pale, and almost fell to the ground. " Who has betrayed me? " she cried. " Who has learnt my secret? " And then she told the shameful story that she had grown weary of the Sultan, his reputed father, who was enfeebled with luxury, and had fallen in love with the master of the kitchen who was tall and strong, and it was in truth he who was the father of the Sultan.

The Sultan was very angry, but he thought it wiser to forgive

his mother, and safer to keep the bedawy under his own eye, so he made him Vizier, and kept him in his own house and always asked his advice when he desired to know the past history of man or beast.

To be the son of a cook would be, in a special sense, a disgrace to a bedawy. The Arabs of the desert are by nature and training ascetic, happily, it may be, for there are times when the desert affords but little in the way of food as we have all learnt from the story of the wandering of those other bedu, the Israelites of Bible story.

In the Old Testament we read of milk and honey, oil-olive and honey, butter and honey, and the Arabs say still that the sweet and the fat must always go together. There is, it is said, a tribe to the south of the Dead Sea, a district in which game is very abundant, who live exclusively on the *ibex el bedun* and honey, and that they are famous for their longevity. The " honey " in question may be *dibbes* honey made from fruit, usually grapes or dates, or it may be bee honey out of the rock. An excellent substitute for butter at breakfast, which deserves to be known in other countries, is a mixture of *dibbes* with *taheen*, the oil of the sesame.

It is said that the Prophet broke his fast on a few dates, fresh ones when possible. If these were not forthcoming, he would take a little water, always with the invocation, " Lord, I have fasted for Thy pleasure, and have passed the fast on the sustenance which Thou hast sent." The practice of drinking by pouring the water down the throat without touching the vessel with the lips, was carefully practised by the Prophet, who said, " When any of you drinks water let him not breathe till he has put down the jar."

Onions are a favourite food with all the Arab people, although contrary to the feeling of their Master, who hated all evil odours, and ordered that if eaten at all at least they should be cooked. Anyone having eaten onions was not to enter a Mosque, as the smell was an annoyance to angels as well as men.

An old shech told us the following story in illustration of the virtue of asceticism. A certain man, when dying, said to his son, " In order to keep in good health it is necessary to treat yourself well. Eat and drink only of the best, that which tastes really good, and is welcome to the palate. Sleep only on the most comfortable bed, that which causes you to sleep directly you lie down." The son was willing enough to take the advice, drank the delicious milk and *lebben* (sour milk), ate the sweetest

bread, and the finest vegetables, bought for himself cushions covered with silk, and the softest silk-covered *lehafs* (wadded quilts). Going to bed among the real Arab population is on the same lines as in a railway carriage. You take off any encumbering outer garment, loosen other clothing, and lie down wherever you happen to be, arranging cushions and covers to your own convenience. Soon, however, the son began to perceive that the money bequeathed by his father would not long suffice for the luxuries which he considered in keeping with his father's wishes, and he asked a learned shech what was to be done. The wise man listened with the patience of the wise, and then said, " My son, you are under a mistake as to your father's meaning. If you eat only when you are hungry and drink when you are thirsty the plainest food will be delicious to your palate. If you work hard all day any kind of bed will soothe your weary frame. Your tent, if you live in it with moderation, will always be a true home; your wife, if you know how to live with her, will always be an *aroos* (bride). *La tokol illa inte joo'an la tishrab inte 'atshan,*" concluded the shech. " Do not eat unless you are hungry, nor drink unless you are thirsty." The desert diet, indeed that of the fellaheen and many townspeople, consists of one meal a day. A cup of coffee or some fruit or a few nuts is the only refreshment required at other times.

When one considers these people of the desert, accustomed to wander from one water-source to another, to cultivate the ground where they happen to be, to move away perhaps after harvest, to hunt game when it was to be found, to trade with their flocks, to kill and eat them when water and pasture became scarce, one would suppose that the wanderings of the beni Israel would seem to them perfectly natural, but, strange to say, they have a tradition to explain away what to them should afford little difficulty. It is related that as a punishment for their want of trust and resignation they were condemned to wander over a few kilometres, constantly returning to their starting point, as far as from Jerusalem to Hebron, said one informant, though another thought it might be as far as from Jerusalem to Beersheba, about two days' journey.

The Arabs are much interested in the stories of these wanderings, and have additions of their own which are interesting as showing how they regard the perplexities of desert-life and the management of a vast tribe. Moses, they say, was constantly worried by the people on one subject which still occupies the attention of others equally idle, in our own days—the inequalities

in the lot of man, a problem which after three thousand years remains unsolved. Moses at length referred the matter to Allah, who told him that the people might arrange the matter in their own way, and see how it would work. Distinctions of rich and poor, high and low, accordingly ceased, and all went well until one day a wall fell down—it was doubtless, as the walls of enclosures still are, without mortar. No one could be found to build it up again. Some declared themselves unused to work, never had they built walls, while those who had experience said that their working days being over, they had thrown away their tools. Other things of the same kind happened till at last Moses was obliged to beg that the old order might be restored.

The question of the consequences of deeds was also perplexing to this heavily-burdened leader of men. He asked whether he might try to arrange the questions of punishment and reward himself, as being in close touch with the people. This, too, Allah permitted, but said, " You have no knowledge; it will not come out from your hand."

After leaving the Divine Presence one of the first people upon whom the eye of Moses chanced to fall was a camel-driver who had just come back from a journey. He had taken *turm* and *milh* (soap and salt) and had been to the land of figs to exchange goods. When he was going, a poor widow-woman said to him, " Please take a *bishlik* from me (about sixpence) and bring me back this leather-bag full of figs," which he agreed to do. The bag was so small that on his return journey he fastened it on the outside of the *hurj* that it should not get lost. On the way he became hungry, and ate a fig or two from the bag which hung there so conveniently that without considering what he was doing he had soon eaten up the whole contents. When Moses saw what he had done he was so enraged that, to punish the man, he put his stick across the road, the camel stumbled over it, broke its leg, the load was spilt, and the camel had to be killed, for a broken leg never sets in a camel.

Then Allah sent for Moses, and said, " See how you have begun your task! Did I not tell you how it would be? Consider the mischief you have done! "

" Did I not do well to be angry? " said Moses, whose temper was always very quick. " What crime could be greater than to eat up the small portion entrusted to him by a widow? "

" That is true," said Allah, " but consider how many you have punished besides the guilty one! You might have made him restore what he had taken, seven or even seventy-fold, which

would have punished him and helpd the poor woman. Think now of the poor camel you have destroyed, of all the family of the cameleer injured by its loss, of all the people who are waiting for the share he was to bring them. Truly you do not know how to punish. If I were like you and were not merciful and long-suffering, think of the sorrow there would be in the world. If I were not merciful to those who graze, to those who are old, and to those that suck, in three days the world would be accursed ! "

We have had occasion, in many connections, to refer to the high standard of female morality maintained among the bedu and among those fellaheen who have come little into contact with Europeans. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the vicissitudes of a wandering life among the bedu, and those of loneliness and distance among the fellaheen, must often expose the women to certain dangers. The men concern themselves with the camels and horses, but among the fellaheen, and still more among bedu who have small cattle, it is largely the young girls who have charge of the sheep and goats. Their life is lonely and unprotected, especially in the desert, where they must wander far in search of pasture, returning to the tents at rare intervals. The green pastures and still waters have now, as in the time of the shepherd of Israel, to be sought for in distant hollows among the hills. The girls are hardy, and as capable as the boys of protecting themselves from dangers of wild beasts and all those which Nature herself provides. But what happens when man and maid meet, as may often occur in such lonely places? There are young shepherds wandering for the same reasons as do the girls; there are sportsmen seeking game or looking for resting-places for man and beast. It may even happen that man and maid have to spend many days together, days of idleness and loneliness, with none at hand to protect, or even to report what happens.

It is a time-honoured custom that, upon meeting in such fashion, they should make an agreement. Such an agreement is respected not only by themselves but also by others on their behalf, and is regarded as being as much a safe-guard to the reputation of the girl, as if a legal and public ceremony had been performed. The lad says, " You are my sister in the book of Allah. May He do good to us and more also, and if you tempt me may He do punishment upon you." And the maid replies, " You are my brother in the book of Allah. If you tempt me may He do wrong to you."

Those who have thus made brotherhood and sisterhood can

never marry each other, and are bound to protect each other in every way, although it gives them no claim upon each other in questions of property. The principle is so well understood that it has been taken over in certain connections by the Christians, especially—in the days when the Russian Pilgrimage was one of the most beautiful features of Jerusalem life—by the Russians. Those likely to be thrown together under compromising circumstances would go together to the Holy Sepulchre and swear brotherhood and sisterhood in the same fashion.

An English lady who wandered alone on foot for many months in Palestine and Syria, often crossing the mountains to visit lonely villages, sleeping where she could, carrying on her person whatever money was necessary for her needs, told me herself that from the men she met she had never suffered the smallest discourtesy. It was naturally before the war. She often found shelter in the scattered Convents of the Lebanon, or among the tents of the bedu. It was only from the women of the villages that she had anything to endure. It was perhaps natural that they should demur to the introduction of an unknown stranger into a house where probably all the inmates slept in a single room. The master of the house or other male occupant would then take her by the hand and say, :" I swear before God that you are my sister."

Another custom among the bedu is of the same nature. If, for example, a widow woman should accept, for any reason, the close companionship of a young man, probably a shepherd, she " becomes a mother " to him. She opens her wide shirt and passes him through it, saying *ya waladi*, O my son, and when she has thus, as they express it, " given birth " to him, the relationship is established. If, on the contrary, two persons desire to be married and they are far away from tribe or relatives, the woman sits upon a rock and says, " I am sitting on a stone and you are my male." *Ana ka'eed 'all khajar wa inte el dakhar.* This is a recognised formula, and if, when they return to their friends they choose to make a fantasia, it is considered only as emphasising the position.

I heard of this custom from a fellaha married to a Ta'amry bedu, and have not been able to learn how far it is general. Some, when asked where it is customary, have answered " everywhere "; others say that the women have learnt evil things since the frenjy came among them, and can no longer be trusted as formerly.

The calling upon a stone to witness is common in Bible stories.

The Jewish wailing-wall in Jerusalem has hundreds of nails driven in among the stones, and before the war wherever one found a place sacred to Muslim, Jew, or Christian, it was sure to be adorned with fluttering rags, torn from the garments of visitors, and tied to stone or branch or bar as the case might be.

Readers of the " Arabian Nights " will recall the story of Hassan of Balsora who chanced upon a lonely island inhabited by six princesses. Two whom he found playing chess were specially delighted to welcome him, and the younger said to the elder, " O, my sister, know that this is my brother by a covenant and compact before Allah, and that I will die for his death, live for his life, rejoice for his joy, and weep for his mourning." Later, when he fell in love with Another, the princess felt herself bound—however unwillingly—to forward his suit, and was always referred to as Hassan's sister.

The women lead much freer lives among the bedu than elsewhere, and love-marriages are of common occurrence (*Proceedings of the Folk-lore Society*, 1912. *Marriage among the bedu.* A. Goodrich Freer).

My husband has taken great pleasure in collecting the poems of the desert poet, Nimr, shech of the tribe of the Adwan, which, for the most part celebrate the devotion of the poet to his wife, Wadha, who died in her youth leaving behind an only child. These poems existed only orally and were to be found only among the tribesmen, one here, and the next, perhaps, far away. They were to be heard mostly beside the camp-fires or sung by some wandering minstrel to the music of the *rababa*, the one-stringed fiddle which, improbable as it may appear, is, in skilled hands, a very pleasing and expressive instrument. Marriage among the wondering tribes is looked upon, as in Bible times, as a means of strengthening the influence and importance of the tribe by new alliances, and in consequence of Nimr's position and of his high character and bravery a great number of such alliances were offered to him. The story relates that over a score of maidens were offered and rejected, so dear to him was the memory of the wife of his youth. (Spoer.)

CHAPTER VII

About Pilgrimages

Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés.

In former days, when picturesque and interesting vistas of ancient times were still to be met with in walking about the ordinary streets of Jerusalem, one sometimes came across the front-door of some house whereof the lintel and uprights were decorated in a surprising manner, with pictures representing the dangers of travel. There would be a locomotive, a lion, a camel, a boat, high mountains, low-lying swamps, possibly even hints of the Evil One himself. This denoted that an inhabitant of the house had returned from a journey, possibly to Egypt, not impossibly to America, but, most likely, to the Holy City of Mecca. Of late years the idea of travel has become so familiar that only the older generation regard it with anxiety and dread. The sentiment of former days still remains, however, in the elaborate and often-repeated greetings which await one after return from an absence longer than usual. There are still conventional phrases in use which show that it is not very long since a journey was a dangerous undertaking, and a safe return a matter for special congratulation.

A knight of the Holy Sepulchre of the sixteenth century counsels the traveller who would, with equanimity, "endure, evade, or overcome, the dangers and discomforts, the toils and trials, of the journeys to the Holy Places," to make his will, arrange his worldly affairs, and obtain the license of the Papal Legate, to whom he must prove that he can afford to spend at the very least one hundred gold pieces of money on the journey. This sounds rather like the ordeal of landing in New York, and even in the Holy Land, in view of the present cost of hotels and all else, is not superfluous. Moreover, he should take with him a pillow and a mattress, and a pair of sheets, enclosed in a wooden box which will serve him for a bed. In these days the

prudent substitute the simpler arrangement of a sleeping-bag, and a liberal supply of insect powder. He must have four or six shirts without collars, a woollen sailor's cap, socks, handkerchiefs, towels, two pounds of soap, also sugar and laxative medicine, for they were very practical in those days. Till lately the best and purest of soap was manufactured in the country by German colonists, but probably it is now imported.

In the days when Jerusalem was still essentially the Holy City, it existed mainly for religious purposes, and above all for the pilgrims. Without the Holy Places it was nothing, it sought to be nothing. To Christian, Muslim, and Jew, it was a place of pilgrimage. The first European residents in Jerusalem, with the exception of the Romans of the first two centuries, were the Franciscan Fathers, all others were an accident and *de passage*. They came first to preserve the Holy Places, secondly to give shelter to pilgrims visiting the Holy Places, and thirdly, in order that their presence might be of benefit to the land—to establish schools. Wherever there is a place to be venerated there is a Franciscan foundation, and wherever there is such a foundation there is a school. That has always been the active sign of their beneficent presence.

The Russian Palestine Society also brought education into the land. They represented the only Power that had a general right to establish schools without the necessity of a firman, and before the war there were over a hundred Russian schools, mainly in the lesser villages, where they did not enter into competition with other churches. The Greek schools were very numerous, and the Orthodox Church is the indigenous church of the country.

That many abuses arose out of the pilgrimages is not to be disputed. In Jerusalem everybody, except a very few private persons and the diplomatic element, has lived by begging on behalf of themselves and others. With the exception of members of religious orders this has been excellent business for all concerned, and has employed a large number of people who might otherwise have lived less comfortably. But in all this the tourist element must share the blame, and even the " Pilgrim " is now often somewhat difficult to distinguish from the tourist. Since it is not for us to enquire into motives, one can only observe whether the visitor is more interested in the hours of worship in the churches, or the hours of meals in his hotel, and whether his first visit is to the purveyors of his comforts or to the Holy

Sepulchre. In any case the effect upon the native population has been equally disastrous.

The tourists combined their visits mainly with the opening and close of the season in Egypt, but the pilgrims were coming and going the whole year round, following, one may say, the Christian year beginning from Christmas to Whitsuntide. The end of July and beginning of August brought new arrivals, bands of Russians especially, for the Feast of the Assumption, on the 15th and 25th for the Western and Eastern churches respectively. Then there was always the daily pilgrimage to the Holy Places within the Holy Sepulchre, and the weekly on Friday through the Via Dolorosa. Most of the pilgrims received certificates from their ecclesiastical authorities, and even during the war it was common to meet soldiers, Austrians and Germans, and even certain Americans, completing the visits to the Holy Places which entitled them to a certificate from the Franciscan Custos, or the Lutheran Propst as the case might be.

The finest buildings in Jerusalem were all destined for the use of pilgrims, and with the exception of English and American those of every nation and class were provided for. Large numbers of English-speaking pilgrims, however, were housed by the international Order of S. Francis, and many went to the Hospice of the French Assumptionists and the German Order of Lazarists. The Russian buildings had place for seven to eight thousand at a time, and were as a rule overflowing; the Casa Nova could take in two hundred; Notre Dame de France, three hundred and twenty; and the Austrian and German Hospices, one hundred. There were also special German lodgings for the poorer pilgrims, and others, provided with an excellent library and every means of study, for students of all classes. The great Victoria Stiftung on the Mount of Olives was intended mainly as a sanatorium for the inhabitants of the country, but nevertheless often found room for travellers as well.

The accounts of the earlier pilgrimages are very interesting reading, among other reasons as showing that human nature is the same in all ages, as well as in all conditions. After the Crusades especially, pilgrimages were carried out in quite systematic fashion, but serious difficulties of travel, culminating with the loss of a whole ship-load of pilgrims in 1545, led to the abandonment of the annual pilgrimage from Italy, and those who came later took their places in ordinary trading-vessels. The trade with the Levant was on the decline, and it is interesting to learn that the Prior of Mount Sion gave up going to meet

pilgrims, which had been one of his duties from time immemorial. We read of two German pilgrims, Friedrich Ecker and Karl von Grimming, who arrived in Venice to find that it was some twenty years since the pilgrim-boat had started as usual on the Corpus Domini, and with three Franciscans they had to sail in a Dutch boat. The seventeenth century pilgrims, for the most part, travelled independently, and it is related that in the Corpus Domini procession at Venice, the Senators, who formerly walked in pairs with a pilgrim, had in these later times of religious indifference, to satisfy themselves with a poor man on their right hand!

Volney, writing at the end of the eighteenth century, says that the population of Jerusalem was then from twelve to fourteen thousand, and "that they were known to be the worst people in Syria, not excepting Damascus." Now, it is well known that the population of Damascus has been somewhat unsatisfactory from earliest days, for when Iblis started his career of mischief, he took with him seven sacks filled with evil deeds, and left six of these in Damascus. Volney found the people "occupied in eternal religious quarrels, often fomented by interested persons, who turned them to their own profit. The pilgrims," he says, "were formerly far more numerous, and the orientals are shocked at the indifference of the Westerners to the Holy City. In 1784 over two thousand came from Constantinople, Anatolia, Armenia, and Egypt. The Orientals were proud to emulate the Muslims in gaining the title of "Haj," nevertheless both Muslims and Christians would say "Beware of the Moqodsi," that is, the pilgrim from Jerusalem."

Jowett, in his *Christian Researches in the Mediterranean*, estimates the pilgrims present in Jerusalem at Easter, 1820, as 2,000 from the Eastern churches; Armenians (including one from Calcutta) numbered 1,300; Copts, whom he describes as "very wretched," 200; Syrians, 30; Abyssinians, one only.

The notion of pilgrimage is quite as much oriental as western. Professor Ramsay has well pointed out that nowhere can this tendency to find a special manifestation of the divine nature in certain spots, be better studied than in Asia Minor. "Time after time the language, the government, the society, the manners, the religion of the country had been changed. Amid all changes one thing alone has remained permanent and unchanging, the localities to which religion attaches itself." (*The Church in the Roman Empire before* 170 A.D. *Ed.* 1897, *p.* 66.)

The idea of a form of faith as being associated with a Way,

a Road, a Gate, is very familiar to Eastern minds. We all know of the Persian Reformer, the *Bab*, who takes his name from the idea of a Gate. The Sunnis, the Muslims of the Near East, are so called because they are " the people of the Path," *sunna* a way. Taoism is also the religion of the way (*tao* a path) so also Shinto-ism from *shin* a way and *tao*. In the East, as with us, the road is " the king's highway," the *Sultanieh*, prepared and kept in order for his use, and Jerusalem was still profiting up to the time of the war, by the great improvements made in the neighbouring roads in view of the visit of the German Emperor in 1908. In view of this event the road up the Mount of Olives was made, the road to Jericho greatly improved, the way into the town widened near the Bab el Khaleel. It is said that the word " Way " occurs over seven hundred times, mainly in a symbolic sense, in Holy Scripture. When you meet a wayfarer in an Arabic-speaking country the proper greeting is " May your way be broad," to which he replies " And yours twice broad ! "

The idea of pilgrimage, therefore, is much older than Muhammad, who in his practical way seized and turned to account what emotions he found ready to hand, as Christianity has also turned to account many a heathen idea and usage. Burton tells us that the word *Haj*, pilgrim, is explained by the Arabs to mean *Kasd*, an aspiration, and to express the sentiment of man that he is but a wayfarer on earth, wending towards another and a better world. The idea is itself full of beauty, and there is no doubt that for many it has a truly religious signification, and ministers to the emotion of reverent aspiration for which it was intended, just as the frequent pilgrimages to the Jewish Temple had no doubt a deep meaning for the pious among the ancient Israelites. In Jerusalem, no matter among what people one's lot is cast, it was difficult to lose sight of the idea. We had not only the departure and return of the pilgrims from Mekka, with all the festivities which used to accompany them, but the arrival of pilgrims to the Sakhra and the Mosque el Aksa, " the further Mosque " second only in importance to the pilgrimage to Mekka, and which brought pilgrims from every part of the world. Then there is hardly a hill-top without its sacred place, in many instances taken over by the Jews from the heathen, and by the later inhabitants from the Jews. Often they are the *muqam* of some prophet or Shech, sometimes of some saint of wider recognition, as Samuel or Jonah or Samson, others again of those known only to the tribes or to the villagers

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to whom they belong. Sometimes the very name of the Saint is forgotten, or at best nothing beyond his name is remembered. His influence remains nevertheless as a blessing which, so Conder assures us, is held to extend for twenty miles beyond his *muqam*. To these holy places the people of the district come on certain days of the year, often with no reason to give, except that they have always done so, though sometimes such days are epochs in the Kalendar, such as the Eed Lood, the Feast of Lydda, which is the date when the earliest rains are expected.

The Eed Neby Rubin takes place in August, and brings together a gathering second only to that of the Eed Neby Moosa, which falls about Easter. The feast of Samson is observed at Gaza, upon the hill-top to which he is said to have removed the gates of the city (Jud. xvi, 3). A small building near the Serai claims to be his tomb, although we are told (Judg. xvi, 31) that he was buried in the family grave near Zorah, north-east of Gaza, overlooking the Philistine Plain. The mosque, destroyed by aeroplanes during the war, was one especially revered by Muslims.

Often in travelling one comes across some tree or building which is an object of veneration, as is shown by the morsels of clothing attached to the branches or to the window-bars, as the case may be, just as in England, for centuries uncounted, the people have dropped pins into wishing wells, an evidence of their presence on the spot. Such spots are regarded as are many of the Muqams, as Sanctuaries, which no believer would dare to violate.

In the neighbourhood of Urtas, south of Jerusalem, there are two such. One is that of Abu Zachary, known in the seventh century as Zachary the Prophet, and mentioned by S. Willibald; the other that of *Abu Injan*, which may be, conceivably, "Benjamin." Both Welys are under the protection of their respective saints, who are very active to revenge wrong or disrespect, so that it is safe to leave property of all kinds in their keeping. One finds ploughs and other agricultural instruments leaning against the walls, left by fellaheen, who have been at work in the district, and who leave their possessions in the keeping of the saints, rather than be at the trouble of taking them home at the end of the day. The little shrine of Abu Zachary is built, as usual, under a tree and at night there is always a light burning, the oil for which is provided by the people of the district, the charge of it being undertaken often in fulfilment of a vow, or as thanksgiving for preservation in danger, or on a journey. It is somewhat far from the village, but the Urtas people have land near by. The saint is slow to forgive, and one man was

pointed out to us who had walked lame for years as a punishment for stealing wood, which had been left near the shrine to dry.

There were also some young men who refused—after their kind—to believe in the tradition, and who, to test the power of the Saint, untied some oxen which they found attached to the tree, and filled their pockets with barley stored within the shrine. They walked some little distance in the direction of home and at the end of half an hour were seized by blindness. When they put their hands into their pockets they found that the barley had been turned to scorpions. In deepest remorse they made their way back to the Wely and restored what they had stolen, and their sight returned.

Another association with this shrine is that it is near the site of a battle which proved very disastrous to the Jews, and in which Eleazar, brother of Judas Maccabeus, was killed by an elephant, a strange beast to be found in this country, but it seems that the Romans used them here in war, and it is recorded (Macc. vi, 34) that in order to provoke the elephants to fight, they showed them the blood of grapes and mulberries! They must have been very simple-minded elephants; an Arab camel would not have been taken in so easily. "There were a thousand men to every elephant, and five hundred horsemen of the best. . . . There were upon every one, two and thirty strong men, beside the Indian that ruled him. . . . Now, when the sun shone upon the shields of gold and brass the mountains glistened therewith, and shined like lamps of fire, so part of the king's army being spread upon the mountains, and part on the valleys below, they marched on safely and in order." (1 Macc. vi.) That is what the little village of Bait Skaria or Zacharieh looked down upon from its hill-top 2000 years ago. One day in 1916 when we went to verify a site so little known, so seldom referred to, we picked up some stone balls which the elephant riders may have thrown. We saw another army "marching and in order" for it was along the highway to Hebron, three kilometres to the south-east, that troops, Turkish, German and Austrian, marched down through the desert to the boundaries of Egypt. Not the elephants of former days, not the surprising strong horses of these days, nor the swift camels such as had not been seen before the war in Jerusalem could have caused greater astonishment than we witnessed that day at the sight of the *Gulasch Kanone*, the dinners of the soldiers that cooked themselves on the march! The men had come up from Bir es Saba where Abraham disputed with the herdsmen of Abimelech. They were covered with

dust, but marched gaily to the strains of " The Merry Widow," stopping only to distribute soup to the astonished on-lookers. Another surprising fact was that they had voluntarily come on foot because walking, they said, kept them in better condition than going round by the new railway which they had just completed!

To return to Sanctuaries. The other one, Wely Abu Injan, is held in great esteem, and is also used as a safe depository. A fellaha told us that once a jar of *semne*, preserved butter, had been left by a man in the care of the Saint, and he was greatly surprised to find that someone had tampered with the jar, though no great amount had been stolen. He was so angry that he called for the vengeance of the saint upon the culprit. " May the hand be withered! " he cried, " that has touched my jar! " Not satisfied with supernatural vengeance, he lay in wait that night to catch the thief. Presently he saw a little fox come out of the Wely, its paw withered and crippled.

Those who entered above all others into the spirit of pilgrimage were the Russians. When one has lived among them, shared their experiences, watched their daily life, one feels that the last word upon the pilgrim-spirit has been said. Like most of those things which have made Jerusalem " the Holy City " this has passed away for ever, and one is thankful to feel that the life and the soul of Russian pilgrimage has been so admirably recorded by Stephen Graham that it would be an impertinence to seek to add to what he has told us in his admirable book. Again and again I have heard from the lips of the pilgrims themselves, that they have walked for two years to accomplish their pilgrimage, and that often on no food but dry bread. I have seen them by night in the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, crowded like herrings in a barrel, each little group with the inevitable samovar, ministering to each other, apparently never saying a word of complaint or unkindness. I have seen them at the Jordan at Epiphany, not " getting baptised " as the ignorant always declared, but keeping the Russian festival of the Blessing of the Rivers, wading deep into the icy stream with little floating-lights, regardless of cold, of scoffing, of lookers-on, often of conventional decorum in regard to clothing.

They were housed and looked after as no other pilgrims were cared for. Sometimes, as the result of privation and religious excitement they became insane. A well-cared for asylum was at their disposal; sometimes, especially in the hot weather, wear-

ing the same dress in which they had travelled all the winter, and tempted by designing tradesmen, they would be overcome by vodka. Often, alas! how often, they were cheated out of their money, most often in the name of religion! Every church was crowded at every service, and their demeanour and reverence were not to be described. In the early morning at dawn one heard them coming up from the Holy Sepulchre, or some other sacred place where they had spent the night. All night long they had worshipped, fasted, and sung, and yet, they went through the streets still sweetly singing, old men bowed with labour, old women stiff and haggard with toil and poverty, yet singing with sweetest of voices, and in perfect time and tune.

When we were among the Bolsheviks in 1920, one asked oneself what form of devil-possesion could have brought about the transformation which we saw about us. To say that these people were largely Jews, or as some said even Armenians, did not answer the question, and this is not the moment to discuss the raw material of Bolshevism. In any case, there were among them some of the same material of which Russian pilgrims were formerly made, and though among them, as among the more intelligent classes who were in the Bolshevik camp immense numbers were by no means necessarily Bolsheviks, still there remained many thousands to be accounted for. My mind often went back to a scene I would otherwise willingly have forgotten. I find in my diary for a week in the early spring of 1910 the following entry. It so happened that for special reasons I was at that moment in somewhat intimate touch with the Russian Hospice, though I was not living there as I had done during the previous winter.

"Last week came a caravan of Russian pilgrims of the simplest and humblest class. One evening they did not appear, as usual, to fetch the boiling-water for their samovars. The cavass, after vainly ringing the bell, came out at eight o'clock and found them standing together like a flock of sheep, in the moonlight, patiently waiting. The cavass was less patient, and told them angrily that if they could not come at the right time they need not come at all. They answered, with their usual gentleness, that they quite understood that, but that they did not need to come at all, as they were starting for Heaven in a short time. 'See,' they said, 'we have our tickets, first-class ten roubles, second-class five.' 'Where did you get them?' 'This morning from a priest. He is going to take us. We gave him all our ikons and our medals, especially those that were of silver and gold. As he said, why did we need pictures of the

blessed saints when we were going among them ourselves?' 'What is the priest like?' A description was given. By this time another cavass had come up, an elderly Albanian known for many a long year to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, a capable honest man who has helped the poor people in many a difficulty. 'I know the man,' said this cavass. 'Come, let me show him to you. He is lying in the arbour'—a sort of pergola outside the church which served as an enclosure for the priests when there were outdoor services. 'You don't want to come? He said you were to wait till he fetched you? Well, take your time, he won't run away, and presently, when we have time to attend to him, he will go to prison.' The pilgrims were very indignant, but at last one suggested that they should go and see their hero. There he lay—dead drunk—a cavass was standing beside him, for his pockets were bulging with money and valuables. He was, of course, no priest, but a common swindler dressed in clothes stolen from a priest."

Now, just as much as then, there are thousands of Russian peasants who would follow anyone of whose authority they were convinced, just as a flock of sheep follows the bell-wether!

Among the mass of vulgar machine-made rubbish which passes for *objets de piété*, and which are imported from Europe for tourists, there used to be certain objects especially made in the humbler convents, or brought by the pilgrims themselves which, for various reasons, were of interest; objects from the Coptic Convents of the desert, from Mount Athos, from the rock-hewn hermitages near the Jordan, quaint pictures and carvings in silver and mother-of-pearl, and curious amulets brought by the Russians from their own Convents and Holy Places, which they exchanged with each other, and, under certain circumstances, would sell to such strangers as they knew had a reverent pleasure in them. These were in malachite, turquoise, rose-topaz from Siberia, amethysts from the Ural Mountains. There was a special industry carried on in the Greek Convent of the Holy Sepulchre which is probably now extinct. The Russians delighted to buy, and to take home to their relatives and friends, pieces of white cloth of the exact measure of the stone said to be that upon which our Lord's body was washed. These were roughly stencilled with pictures and with lettering in quaint old Slavic characters, and in the ancient form of Slavonic used only for ecclesiastical purposes. Not even the Russian Archbishop, or even the Greek Patriarch could give us any information about them, further than that "they had always been made, and

tended to piety," that the custom was to dip them in the Jordan on the occasion of the Blessing of the Waters, and to take them home to serve as shrouds. Two specimens lie before me.

No. 1 is of less ancient date than the other. At the top is a picture of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, as it stands under the great dome of the church. Below is the crucifix, the letters above the arms (usual in Greek crucifixes) being " Jesus Christos." Below we have " Holy God, Holy Almighty One, Holy Sinless, have mercy upon us."

The legend which runs round the shroud reads thus : " The noble Joseph begged the body of Jesus from the Sanhedrin and laid it spotless in pure linen and put spices on it."

Below, in three languages—Greek, Russian, and Armenian—are the phrases, " Blessing on the Holy City, Blessing on Jerusalem."

No. 2 is still more crude. It is decorated with little pictures which go in pairs, left and right. At the top is the Resurrection, below the Entombment.

The legend which encircles the pictures is somewhat obscure, and has been produced, I am told, by someone imperfectly acquainted with the Slavonic. It is probably intended for the words of Isaiah liii, " He was numbered with the transgressors and with the rich in His death."

There is one Russian story which I should like to substantiate as a tribute to the zeal and piety of the pilgrims. Everyone who visited Jerusalem was acquainted with the sweet music of the Russian bells, not only in the three sumptuous churches which they built, but also in the bell-tower upon the Mount of Olives. Two bells, one weighing 6,600 pounds, were brought to Jerusalem in April 1872, in pre-railway days. Having got them by boat to Jaffa, the problem arose how such an immense mass of metal could be brought over some 35 miles of road little better at that time than a bridle-path, which mounted from sea-level to the top of the Mount of Olives. Incredible as the story may sound—and I am bound to say I have often heard it contradicted—the bells were brought up by 300 Russian women ! I have given myself considerable pains to verify this story, and have heard it from many who could answer for it at first hand, notably the late Bishop of Jerusalem, the late Marquess of Bute, and the late Greek Patriarch. It is said that several of the women became very ill from exhaustion, and one died, but the incredible task was accomplished. The fact was stated in print by

Laurence Oliphant, himself an eye-witness, shortly after its occurrence.

There is another and more recent bell-story, which has an old-time flavour worth preserving. When the Germans of the Benedictine Order returned to Mount Sion (after how many centuries of absence I have not the means at hand to assert), they were received in a very friendly manner by their neighbours, a certain Muslim religious Order in charge of the mosque, formerly a Christian church, in which, as they say, there rests the body of King David, for whom they have a high esteem. The church has other interests for Christians, as it is said to be the scene of the Last Supper, though the association of the *locale* with David also is not denied. These friendly relations continued until the day when a peal of bells was brought, which, like everything else belonging to this sanctuary, is of special artistic worth. Then they remonstrated. The bells could not be hung, they said. The Order was there to protect the sleep of the great king, and they could not allow him to be disturbed. No workmen could be found to disobey this decision, but they were eventually hung by a company of pilgrims during Holy Week, and it is to be presumed that the sleeping king has become accustomed to the sweet sound of their call to prayer, as the Muslims withdrew their protest.

At the beginning of the War, when the Turks took possession of the Russian compound with its immense buildings, for various military purposes, they were characteristically careful not to disturb the Russian pilgrims, a hundred or two only, who still remained upon the premises, the last remnant of the August pilgrimage. Many a time have I seen the Turkish soldiers filling the kettles of the women, and food was regularly provided for them. Moreover, their church services continued and their bells sounded out as usual. However, where there are Muslims, be it even on temporary barrack buildings, means must be found for religious duties, and a small building adjoining the cathedral was arranged as a mosque, so that it sometimes happened—the hours of prayer occurring simultaneously—that one heard the muezzin calling to prayer at one end of the building, while the well-known voice of the Russian bell had barely ceased to sound at the other.

Among pilgrims there are always a certain number of Abyssinians, and I have always found that so little is known and so little has been written about them, that I have personally welcomed such stray facts of interest concerning them as I came

across. They seem to have suffered much in Jerusalem; their poverty and their lack of protection from any European Power having exposed them to hardships and injustice, especially from their neighbours, the Copts. I was privileged to visit their convent and to make some enquiries among them, in the company of Dr. Eno Littman of Strasburg, Professor at Princeton, U.S.A., who was translating a work, published in 1900, by the Abyssinian Deacon Verdan, which makes the interesting statement that the Empress Helena gave the site of the finding of the Cross to the Ethiopian monks, " who built a house and lived in it till the Muslims came to power, and with them suffering and death for the poor Abyssinians." And when the Pasha, the Governor of the Holy City, heard this, he came into the royal king's convent, and burnt the Ethiopian books with the help of an Egyptian, Gabra Kanota. There was only one monk left, and he went back to his country to report what had happened, and how the Egyptians were already taking advantage of the melancholy state of things. So began the quarrel which lasted till to-day.

There is probably a historical basis for the story which the Deacon relates, although he adorns it with much fantasy and has little regard for chronology. In 1838 almost all the occupants of the convent died from Egyptian plague, and the books and other properties were, in fact, burnt by the Government to prevent infection. There is no doubt that the monks were in great poverty till a few years ago, when the generosity of King Menelik and of the Queen—who loved Jerusalem and built herself a palace, later occupied by an English Jewish school, which, as the teachers were German, survived the War—enabled them to erect a church and convent outside the town, in place of those they had lost. The Deacon has also a story about the closing up of their entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, which must refer to the fact that in the days of their poverty the Copts took from them the Chapel of Saint Michael, which deprived them of the means of entrance to the court. At the same time the Armenians possessed themselves of the Chapel of Helena, which had been theirs so long. Both have since been practically disused; it is said for fear of raising questions of ownership.

It may be that the chapel was mortgaged to the Armenians, but careful enquiry has revealed nothing certain. An old Jerusalem resident related that he remembered the time when the Abyssinians received at the Armenian convent a daily allowance of rice and bread, and Consul Finn refers to the fact that at

an earlier date—about 1855—the Abyssinians were helped by the Armenians as some sort of return for the Chapel of Helena, which they held in pawn. It has never been returned, and the Abyssinians may find it difficult to retrieve their ancient heritage, as the Armenians may be regarded as the Christian usurers of the Near East. (*Stirring Times*, Finn, II., 272-81.)

The Muslims had a sort of superstitious fear of these gentle people, based upon a tradition that the time will come when they will arrive in such numbers that the fortifications of Jerusalem will be demolished by means of each one carrying away a single stone. " The Copts," says Finn, " could always count upon the help of the Egyptian Muslims and of the Turks in any spoliation or aggression which might bring them under the Muslim domination. Sometimes the Abyssinians came to the British Consulate to show the wretched food which had been given to them at the kitchen of the wealthy Armenian convent, and ask us to mediate, that a better quality might be bestowed, and in sufficient quantity to appease their hunger." It would surely be a worthy action to enquire into the conditions under which this Armenian oppression has been so long carried on. The Armenian convent is known to be immensely rich, and their ecclesiastical *trésor* is one of the most magnificent in Europe, though not often shown in its entirety, except to very privileged persons.

A Lazarist missionary in Abyssinia (1870-1900), Pater Coulbeaux, has published much interesting matter in relation to the association of the Abyssinians with Jerusalem, much of it being taken from the imperial registers. They seem to have been fond of pilgrimages from very early times, considering even a journey to Egypt as such, as a country which had sheltered our Lord. They treasure a letter, dated 356, alleged to have been addressed to two disciples of Frumentius, bishop and king, from the Emperor Constantine, thus giving some colour to the story of their early association with the Holy Sepulchre.

We hear of a pilgrimage of two hundred coming to the Holy Sepulchre on their return from a visit to the Emperor Justinian at Constantinople in the sixth century. We also hear of a King Kaleb, too old to end his days in the Jerusalem convent, sending his crown to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, which fits in with the account given by Antonius Placentius, who visited the Holy Sepulchre at the end of the sixth century, and describes the " imperial crowns of gold and the ornaments of empresses," which he saw hanging upon iron rods upon the outer walls of the Tomb.

The Abyssinians allege that in the seventh century they were in possession of the so-called House of Caiaphas, which also is now in the hands of the Armenians. It stood upon Mount Sion, near the Church of the Last Supper, and I remember that about 1912 an Abyssinian cross was excavated near this spot. Many pilgrims, from the Bordeaux pilgrims onwards, speak of the church, but none mentions ownership except Theoderich (1172), who ascribes it to the Armenians. (*Le Palais de Caiphe*, Pater Urbain Coppens, 1904, p. 85.)

Remains of property said to be Abyssinian have been discovered near Nablus, and in Nazareth, where there is a well now in the hands of the Greeks, who are still bound to entertain Abyssinian pilgrims. The Crusaders regarded them as schismatic, which added to their sufferings. A letter still exists, addressed by Pope Alexander to the King, who had asked for a church in Rome and an altar in Jerusalem. The Church of S. Stefano de Mori behind the apse of S. Peter's is still theirs, but in Jerusalem they were less fortunate. Marco Polo mentions that King Yagba Sion was anxious to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and quotes a letter in which he is described as " the king of kings of Ethiopia, of the holy city of Jerusalem, and of the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ." In the fourteenth century the king Wadem Raad wished for the protection in Jerusalem of the Pope Clemens V. Still, although in Jerusalem there have long been a score or so of Uniat Abyssinians, they have come little under the influence of Rome. A Jesuit mission to their country under Portuguese auspices had little success among them.

They have no bishop in Jerusalem, only an abbot, and in addition to two convents and some huts with a tiny chapel among the ruins of the buildings of the Knights of S. John, near the Holy Sepulchre, they have a handsome new church outside the walls, in which their interesting ritual, with its curious Jewish analogies, may be studied.

About the time of the oriental Easter one has often seen a few strange-looking monks, said to occupy certain caves east of the Jordan, during the Lenten Fast of fifty-six days. They are said to leave their homes only to ascend the Mount of Temptation during the week before Easter, going on to Jerusalem to be present at the ceremony of the Foot-washing on Maunday Thursday. The Abyssinian pilgrims used to take part in the Epiphany ceremonial of the Blessing of the Waters of the Jordan a little further up the river than the Russians and others of the Orthodox churches.

The number of Abyssinian religious in Jerusalem before the War was about seventy-five, including about a score of nuns. They have collected a library of some three hundred or more volumes, since the unhappy destruction of their former one. This is kept in the new building known as the Garden Convent. Their convent within the town, known as that of The Sultan, excited the cupidity of the Copts a few years ago, so that they put up over the entrance, "The Sultan's Convent is the property of the Copts." A deacon removed this, and a disturbance followed, but the Turkish Government maintained the rights of the Abyssinians.

Note.—The pilgrim Faber relates (op. cit. I. 373) that in his time (1480-83) "the Chapel of Adam in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was in the hands of the Nubian Christians (Abyssinians), who conduct their services therein and say that King Melchior, one of the Magi, was a king of Nubia and that when he had drawn nigh to Jerusalem he would not enter the city, but was entertained near Mount Calvary, and that therefore this place has been assigned to them from old times."

This chapel, however, seems often to have changed hands. Tobler tells us that in the fourteenth century it belonged to the Georgians. In the sixteenth century we hear that it passed into the hands of the Copts. In the first half of the seventeenth it was occupied by the Greeks, who in the year 1690 gave it up to the Latins.

It is often difficult to trust the pilgrims' reports on questions of ownership. Santo Brasca, the fellow-traveller of Faber, alleged that the Chapel of the Copts which he shows in a sketch of the Holy Sepulchre "was built by the Ethiopian friars or Abyssinians"—obviously a confusion of two churches, both from Africa.

See Casola's Pilgrimage (1494) p. 275: Faber I. 435 *Santo Brasca Viaggio al Santa Sepulchro.*

CHAPTER VIII

About Hospitality

Meet welcome to her guest she made
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such, then, the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
The Lady of the Lake (Scott).

When we speak of Arab hospitality we have to remember that it is a principle of the Muslim religion. It is not the "cutlet for cutlet" of ordinary society; it is sharing, not merely giving; it is a recognition of need, whether that of the poor or of the traveller. He, as well as the host, is dependent upon the bounty of Allah from day to day. What another needs to-day, he may need to-morrow. Doughty represents this in his own picturesque way. "They speak of themselves," he says, "as the guests of God, *deyuf Allah*, spending life's brief day under the blue canopy of God's great tent. These flitting houses in the wilderness, dwelt in by robbers, are also sanctuaries—*theuf Allah*," for it is the hospitality of the desert which is, of course, the supreme idea of hospitality—the most necessary to the guest, the most costly to the host. The wanderer, the refugee, the pursued, has only to take hold of the tent-rope—that of the Shech by preference, as the strongest man in the tribe—and say, *dakhilak* (I am thy guest) or *ana bi wejhak ya shech!* (I am under thy countenance, O Shech!) or *ana nuzilak* (I have alighted at your tent), to be absolutely certain of protection and hospitality. Even if an enemy, no hand can be raised against him for two nights and a day. There are three kinds of guests—the *dafe il 'alaf*, the *dafe ittalaf*, and the *dafe Allah*. (The pretty play upon words is lost in translation.) These are—those of rank, to whom you are bound to give, who count less in the sight of Allah than the rest;

the guest of necessity, that is the traveller; and the guest of God, the poor and the hungry.

The fellaheen have not the fine feeling of the bedu; they are in all things more conventionalised, have lost much of that which goes to make up the noble savage, like the Scottish Highlander in districts contaminated by the tourist. They say of the guest, "He is the first day a sultan, the second a wazir, the third a common soldier" (*il dafe owal yom sultan, itani yom wazir, talati yom naffer*). Another saying is more pleasing, "The guest brings his destiny with him"—that is to say, he is provided for by God (*rizk el dafe imwassal*).

The relation of host and guest is recognised as intimate. It is frequent to address your host as *ammi* (my uncle—that is, my father's brother: a relationship specially esteemed). The host in turn will address the guest as *ibn akhi* (the son of my brother). These are regarded as the utmost expression of friendship and kindliness. If the host tie a knot in your handkerchief, it means identity of interest, the intention to protect you at all costs.

In its wider and less individual presentation, as active philanthropy, hospitality has always been an inherent part of the religion of the East, irrespective of creed; a necessary part of Oriental life. S. Basil (368) founded almshouses and schools; Justinian (528), a refuge for penitents; the Emperor Isaac Angelus (1185), a hospital and a hospice for travellers. In the same spirit the Latin Church adapted itself to the Oriental point of view, and the first representatives of a religious order established in Palestine—the Franciscans—accepted as their special duty that of hospitality to pilgrims. For some years past hotels have been multiplying in all directions, but those of us who travelled in the Holy Land even twenty years ago, and in many districts even later, are bound to express gratitude for the unfailing hospitality of the Franciscans to those of every creed and race.

It is a high tribute to a bedawi to say he is "a man of many ashes." His coffee-pot was always ready. There is an interesting monument in a bedawi burying-ground east of the Jordan, upon which nine objects are portrayed—a tray for coffee with holes for the cups, a tobacco pipe, a water-can, a coffee-grinder, a roaster, a leathern bag to hold the beans, the vessel for containing the ground coffee, the mortar to pound it in, and the drinking-vessel.

In the desert especially, as is well known, those in friendly relations with each other are said to be "on terms of salt." Burton relates that when travelling in remote places he took care

never to let twenty-four hours pass without dipping his hand into the same dish with his companions, who were often among the wildest of the population of the desert. Before the days of the Turkish Constitution, when the people were more primitive and had heard less of equality and liberty, my husband and I used to roam the mountains on foot or an horseback, with never a thought of danger. Nevertheless we made it a rule, when we found ourselves near a camp and were accosted by stragglers, to offer to share with them such food as we had with us. We have known the people run half a mile to fetch us a drink of fresh water, the greatest luxury which they could offer, in return. In closer relations with the desert population, we have often been struck with their delicacy and thoughtfulness as hosts. In Ramadan, when they themselves might not touch food, our hosts have been really distressed that we should postpone our meal on arriving in the desert camp till we could share it with them; and in the same way they have begged us not to refrain from drinking wine, if we had it with us, from any regard for their feelings in the matter.

The idea of salt among the people seems to be, in the first place, that it is a preservative, and hence a necessity of life. Alum, the nearest convenient substitute for it, is used constantly in this connection as an amulet, or is placed over the door of a house as signifying long life to new occupants or to a traveller entering. In ancient days salt was offered by the Hindus, and perhaps others, to their gods. Homer looks upon it as an indissoluble tie, and it is esteemed as an elementary substance, one which cannot be resolved into other substances. In Egypt, where the Syrian Christians do not harmonise with the Copts, they are spoken of as "abusers of salt."

Among the Russian refugees whom it has been our good fortune to serve in the sufferings they have borne with such dignity and patience, we came across a gentleman who, upon a festive occasion, bore an extraordinary number of decorations from half the countries of Europe and beyond. He explained that they were compliments received from kings and princes to whom, on their arrival at court, it had been his privilege to present the bread and salt of Russian welcome.

When I approached Alia upon this subject she at once launched into the following story. Two young men had a favourite sister, upon whom they showered every sign of affection. One day they asked her in return, "How much is your love for us?" and she answered, "I love you as I love salt." They felt hurt at what

they thought a low estimate, and were unhappy, so on the next feast-day she cooked for them all their favourite dishes, but omitted the salt from all save one. They looked at the crowded *seneeyeh* (trays placed on the ground), expecting to enjoy themselves greatly, and felt grateful for this exhibition of their sister's care; but when they began to eat, all was dull and flavourless. They tasted here and there, and enjoyed nothing till the one dish appeared which, though simple, was well flavoured, and they found it so good that they ate it all up, and left the rest.

"Now," said the sister, "do you understand how much I love you? My love enters into everything, and without it nothing has any flavour. Now you know how much I love you, and what is the worth of salt!"

In the Arabian Nights we read much of the covenant of salt. The story will be remembered of Hassan of Balsora, which is one specially interesting for its local colour. Hassan receives a Persian visitor, really a magician, a worshipper of the elements. Setting food before the unknown guest, he says, "Eat, my Master, that the covenant of bread and salt may be between us, and may God, whose name be exalted! execute vengeance upon him who is unfaithful to the bond of bread and salt." And the Persian smiled and, in acknowledgment of the truth which he had spoken, taught Hassan many things which he knew by his magic arts, but only for his own purposes; and he turned out to be a traitor of such a nature that he is described as "a dog, a dog's son, and a dog was his grandsire, and no good is in a dog, and the issue of a dog," so it is not surprising that when reproached with not keeping the covenant he should answer, "Doth such an one as myself know an obligation imposed by bread and salt?" Infamy could go no further, and Hassan answers, "Thou art surely an infidel magician, and thou worshippest the fire instead of the Almighty King, the Creator of the night and of the day, and this is nought but an evil among religions."

The reproach of being a heathen is a very severe one among the Muslims. I remember during the war between Russia and Japan I asked an Arab effendi on which side were his sympathies. He seemed almost pained by the question. "The Japanese are idolaters!" was all his answer.

The covenant of salt held a very important place in the Jewish religion. Thus the kingdom was given to David for ever, "even to him and to his sons by a covenant of salt." Salt was to be present in every sacrifice. "With all thine oblations thou shalt offer salt" (Lev. ii. 13). The notion of salt includes that both

of life and death. It is used as a preservative of the new-born child, as well as of the flesh and skin of the dead animal.

Salt in Turkey has long been a Government monopoly, as it was in the time of the Seleucidae (Macc. I. x. 29 and xi. 35), when the salt in use even then seems to have been collected, as now, in salt-pans on the shores of the Dead Sea. When the spring-floods abated, the water left in the marshes was heavily impregnated with salt, which the bedu used to collect and sell surreptitiously in Jerusalem. When purified from sand and other accretions, it was of excellent quality. That sold by the Government came mainly from the north, the Aleppo district; and during the War, on account of transport difficulties, such salt was an expensive luxury. Most people, however, knew how to help themselves. It is said that the Dead Sea yields by evaporation 24.57 pounds of salt in 100 pounds of water, as compared with six pounds from the same quantity of water taken from the Atlantic Ocean.

The people say that there are three degrees of friendship between man and man. To give a drink of water is the duty of everyone. It cannot be refused under any circumstances. A tourist may be made to pay for it, but he is regarded as a money-bag, and not as a man and a brother. In the year 1911 there was trouble between the people of Kerak and the Government—not an uncommon occurrence, for Kerak was the last post in the country to be brought under Turkish rule, and may be said never to have fully submitted, but to have remained always a sort of Cave of Adullam. Some *fellaheen*, accused of betraying the plans of the bedu, were condemned to death by one of the desert Councils, but finally released. "We thought the Government officials would come in time to break up the revolt," they related, "but when they brought water into our prison and gave to each of us a drink, we knew they had decided we should die." "How is that?" we asked. "Water is from God," they said. "Man may not withhold it. You must give water to a chicken if you are going to kill it. It is like the air—the birth-right of man and beast."

The next step in friendship is the sharing of food. It is a covenant of friendship. If your servant—coachman or groom—takes out his cake of bread and handful of olives on a journey, he will not eat without offering it to you first, and one of the many reasons for the contempt in which the Oriental holds the average European—always apart from his money, which is another matter—is that he is capable of eating by himself. The

tourist when he unpacks his sandwiches, as a rule, offers nothing to the men who are serving him.

This sharing of food may or may not partake of the third degree —the sharing of salt. That is not a mere truce; it is, as we have seen, the entering into a covenant.

One of the interesting facts which the Revised Version of the Bible has brought home to us, in part recompense for much of familiar sentiment and phraseology which it has taken away, is that in the Messianic age the beasts are to share in the privilege of salt (Is. xxx. 24), "The oxen and the young asses that ear the ground shall eat salted provender."

The traditional site of Sodom is still pointed out as the place where some travellers seeking hospitality were misused, and which was destroyed of Allah in punishment. Lot had welcomed the strangers to his home, and was therefore bound to shelter them at whatever cost to himself.

An old story was related to me, of which Volney has a variant (quoted by Trumbull, *Studies in Oriental Social Life*, p. 117). It was in the time of the Khalifs that a man who had committed a murder was forced to flee into the desert, and, seeking shelter in a bedu camp, discovered that his host was the son of his victim. He was received with the usual hospitality, but all the more was his conscience compelled to confession. His host was deeply moved, but he felt that the man who had taken hold of his tent-rope was not merely his guest, but the guest of God. God was responsible for him; his own hands were tied. "Vengeance is in the hands of the All-Just," he said, "and God, and not man, will pursue you. Take this purse of gold. Let it carry you where I shall never look upon your face again, and begone as quickly as you may."

Burckhardt tells us that among certain of the Arab tribes among whom he travelled, the first man among them to see a stranger approaching would say, "There comes MY guest," thus making sure of the privilege of exercising hospitality. In the town of Kerak, he says—Kerak being the last outpost of anything like civilisation—he found eight public guest-houses, and a stranger entering any one of them was sure to be at once claimed by one of the townsmen, who would undertake the duty of providing for him. This sort of thing is now past in the towns; inns of various kinds are to be found, and travellers can get from place to place more rapidly than formerly, so that the night's-lodging has ceased to be the matter of importance that it was. I have known exactly the same thing happen in the Outer Hebrides of

Scotland, and have been myself claimed as guest upon arrival of the boat by two or three persons at a time, all entire strangers, being given up as a rule to the parish priest as the one most likely to make me comfortable. But that, too, is past. Even Kerak has entered what Lady Burton so well called " the cab-shafts of civilisation," and of the graces of hospitality civilisation, so called, knows little; for as Bruce, travelling in Central Africa, has said, " Hospitality is the virtue of barbarians, who are hospitable in the ratio that they are barbarous."

Every Schech must entertain all comers, not merely strangers passing through the desert, but all who assemble among the people for business or pleasure, to discuss tribal relations, or rights of encampment, or privileges in regard to wells, or what not. The celebrated Emir Ibn Rashid of Hail in Arabia, had cauldrons each capable of containing three whole camels. He is said to have had an immense household, as well as some two hundred guests a day; forty sheep and seven camels were daily consumed. We used to hear much of him from our fellow-traveller east of the Jordan, the great epigraphist, Professor Euting (see *In a Syrian Saddle*, A. Goodrich-Freer), who had been his guest for many weeks, and delighted in telling of the savage splendours and unlimited hospitality of his host. The Professor was an excellent artist, and had given great pleasure to his host by decorating his reception-room with pictures of desert life—riding, sport, hospitality, war, and so on. The pictures, however, had all one peculiarity—that in all cases of representation of men and animals there was a distinct space between the head and the body, so that neither artist nor owner could be called upon by the Almighty to give them life. In 1872, Ibn Rashid became the ruler of all Nejd, and excepting for four months in the year, when he lived in Hail, he remained in the desert, living the life of the bedu. The humblest of his subjects had free access to him, and seventeen tribes acknowledged him as Shech. When in 1917 we were deported to Damascus, on the charge of fidelity to British interests, we used to see crowds surrounding his house a little outside of the town, in numbers so large that at times it was impossible to pass. The price of food at the time was excessive, meat almost impossible to be had; yet every day we saw flocks of sheep driven in to provide his kitchens, and from eighty to a hundred poor women, irrespective of race and religion, received meat and soup daily. Crowds of children were fed with *burghul* (a kind of porridge), and gifts of groceries were distributed for the sick. When he left the neighbourhood the work was carried

on by his steward, and when for political reasons he too had to leave, the town seemed to be suddenly filled with the hungry and sick. The children were collected by the Turkish Government and a special school opened for them, and I remember that on the Sultan's Feast Day we saw a long procession of girls dressed in white, and of boys in neat uniforms, who sang to the praise of God and of the Sultan.

Burton long ago foresaw the end of the old desert hospitality, and the much nearer end of that of the towns. He speaks of the "rare tracts in which the old barbarous hospitality still lingers, where civilisation has not entered into the soul of the people."

The Prophet enjoins hospitality as incumbent upon all, as do S. Peter and S. Paul, desiring all "to be given to hospitality" (1 Pet. iv. 9, Rom. xii. 13). "Whoever," says the Prophet, "believes in God and the day of resurrection must respect his guest; and the time of being kind to him is one day and one night and the period of entertaining him is three days, and after that if he does it longer, it benefits him more, but it is not right for a guest to stay in the house of a host so long as to incommode him." This is taken to mean that every guest is to be accepted without question for the first period, after which it is permissible for the host to inform himself as to who he is and whence he comes. If he stays beyond three days his entertainment is a meritorious act on the part of the host, but not of obligation.

There is a strong feeling against taking advantage of hospitality. The host will probably ask no questions himself, but at the end of the three days some neighbour will enquire in what direction the traveller is going. Moreover, it is usual that on the fourth day the guest shall take his share in the work of the household, or the employments of the family of which, by prolonging his stay, he becomes a member.

The rites of hospitality are regarded as being a duty so obvious that it is not usual even to thank for kindness of this sort. Among the fellaheen, still more among the bedu, it is more polite to take it for granted, to make it evident that your respect for your host would not permit you to expect anything less in accordance with his religion and custom. Lady Anne Blunt has well said—speaking out of a wide experience of oriental hospitality, that "this virtue to the European mind does not recommend itself like justice or mercy as a natural virtue. It is rather regarded as what the theologians call a supernatural one, that is to say, it would require something more than the instinct of ordinary good feeling to throw open the doors of one's house to



MUSLIM FELLAH AT HIS MID-DAY PRAYER.

He has taken off his abbai, the "coat without seam," to serve as a prayer-carpet. The water-bottle with which he has made his ritual ablutions stands in front of him.

a stranger, to kill one's lamb for his benefit, and to share one's last loaf with him. Yet the Bedouin do not so regard it. They look upon hospitality not merely as a duty imposed by divine ordinance, but as the primary instinct of a well-constituted mind. To refuse shelter or food to a stranger is held to be not merely a wicked action, an offence against divine and human law, but the very essence of depravity."

Just as the hospitality of the desert is greater than that of the villages, so is that of the villages greater than that of the towns. Naturally that of the Muslim is in any case superior to that of the Christian. It would not be wholly fair to ascribe this entirely to the presence of tourists and the influence of certain schools, for Laurence Oliphant, as long ago as 1880, travelling beyond the range of either, testifies to the fact that hospitality was far to seek among the Christians of the Lebanon district, but, of the East of the Jordan, he writes, "Although I generally prefer lodging with a Mohammedan to being cheated by a Christian, even in the more civilised parts of Turkey, in these remote regions, where the cupidities of the latter have not been stimulated by their contact with Western civilisation, one finds them almost as hospitable as the Mussulmans." But he describes the difficulty he had in finding shelter among the Lebanon Christians. "It was an inhospitable uninviting place and contrasted most unfavourably with the Druse quarters I had just left. . . . I wandered about helplessly, making vain efforts to force myself upon hospitality which was to be liberally paid for . . . but I received nothing but grunts and scowls. . . ."

"One would imagine that it was rather the Koran than the Bible which denounced the love of money as being the root of all evil—so much keener are Christian than Moslem cupidities—but as the result of a more enlightened financial selfishness is a higher state of civilisation I suppose it should be encouraged. Unless we can stimulate the Moslem to devote his whole energies to preying upon his neighbour, and can increase his greed for money, the cause of reform in Turkey is hopeless. I am not now speaking of the bureaucratic class who have been either educated in Europe, or taught by contact with enlightened foreigners how to turn an honest penny, but of the simple peasantry and provincial folks generally, who suffer from the absence of those avaricious instincts which enable Christians to thrive and prosper where the Moslem earns but a scanty living, not because he is less industrious, but because he is less covetous and astute." (*The Land of Gilead*, pp. 165, 412, 465.)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
OF THEOLOGY LIBRARY

To bring this fact down to recent times I may relate that during the war we talked with a clever young native Christian, obliged by the experiences of war-time to leave his young wife, a European, with two little children, in Jerusalem. He is a man widely known and appreciated for self-denying kindness to his neighbours of every religion and every class. He is not a missionary and has, therefore, the entry of every circle in every faith.

" Thank you," he said, in answer to enquiries as to his family in their loneliness, " they have done very well. Of course without a man in the house to go here and there the food question might have been difficult for my wife alone now that we have to depend more upon chance occasions than upon the shops. But they have needed nothing. Every day someone has come to say, ' We hear that here or there we can get meat or flour or cheese or fuel—or we have been making *dibbes* or *jereeshi* or *burghul*—will you share with us? May we fetch this or that for you?' I speak of the Muslim, naturally," he added. " Of course they were more helpful and thoughtful than the Christians."

The Arabs, although they have learnt to love money, and are always talking about it, express great aversion for stinginess. They tell the story of a man who would not allow himself decent clothes to wear, or sufficient food to eat, while his family and servants were deprived of all but the barest necessaries of life. His good angel, anxious for his future, one day trod on his foot (an expression which signifies " arrested his attention ") and carried him off to Paradise in order to have a serious talk.

" My friend," said the angel, " I do not like the way you are going on; you have a *wakeel* on your back and he prevents you from enjoying your life; you have nothing; you give nothing; you are an unhappy man and you are daily becoming more and more unhappy. Allow me to remove the *wakeel* and life will be much more easy to you. You will be rid of a great burden and will walk lightly and cheerfully." Now a *wakeel* is, in the first instance, an agent, what in Scotland is called a " factor," but the word is also used for one who is in charge of money or of any affairs, a house-keeper, book-keeper, and such like.

The man protested that he knew nothing of the *wakeel*, but that the angel might certainly deliver him from any encumbrance, and thus, lightened of his burden, he returned to the regions of earth life. He called for a good meal, which his family shared, and as soon as his hunger was relieved he had time to notice that he was very shabby and that his clothes could be mended no

further. So he went to his store-house and saw that it was well filled, and said, " Since I am so rich I will take some *semne* (butter) to town, and sell it, and buy myself and my family some new clothes." Everyone began to ask what had happened. " Nothing has happened," he said, " only that I happen to notice that we are all in need of better food and better clothes." But to his wife, privately, he told the story, and now it is often said of a stingy man, " He has a *wakeel* on his back ! "

No man who respects himself will give his daughter to marry a stingy man, but sometimes it happens that the woman is stingy, and that is even worse, for the comfort of the household is in her hands. There was one such who, on her marriage, stipulated that she should not be expected to entertain guests. This was against the principles of the husband, but he was very fond of her, and hoped by degrees to influence her, and so he agreed. All went well, till one day he appeared suddenly at the door and said, " You must forgive me this once, but I have met a friend, and for the sake of old times I could not prevent myself from inviting him." " Well, I suppose he must come inside," she said, " but we can give him nothing to eat for the meal-bag is empty." " That is easily managed," said the husband, " Allah always provides for the guest; you must lay your hand on the bag and on the jar and on all else where food should be and say, ' In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful,' and trust to Him to provide." So she did this, and in the bag she found meal, and in the jar olives, and all else that was needful to set before the guest, and she began to prepare the meal. Looking up from her task she noticed that though only one man had entered the house, there were now two who sat there, beside her husband, and this made her so angry that it was easy to read in her face that she grudged the food she was preparing, so the guest made some excuse and both strangers got up to leave. Then she saw that not two men but three were leaving the house. She felt quite glad that so unwelcome a party should be gone, but her husband was distressed and perplexed, and he went off to a neighbour, a wise and good man of much experience, and related what had happened, and asked what it could possibly mean that one guest invited should suddenly increase to two, and later to three, without anyone being seen to enter the house.

And the wise man said, " Do you not know that when a guest comes into the house Fortune comes with him ? "

The word used for " Fortune " is *Rizk*, which is also a man's name, and literally means " provision." " We do not see him,"

said the wise man, " but for this once he became visible to you and to your wife. The third person who suddenly came was there to take Rizk away, as he was not welcome. God sent you ' provision,' you refused it, and so He took him back again. It will be a sad day for you, if, after such a warning as this, it should happen again that Fortune leaves your house. You must pray every morning, ' May God give me my fortune and that of the guest.' "

It once happened that when the Prophet was walking with his companions they came to the house of a stingy man. The man saw that he had not much food in the house, and went to inspect his flocks to see what he could place before his guests. One sheep was too young, and had not yet borne lambs and it would be a pity to kill it; and some had little ones that could not be left motherless, and some were so well-fattened that they were ready for the market, so that he did not find one to suit his purpose. In the end he secretly killed the dog, dressed it to look like a sheep, and set it before his guests. The Prophet saw at once what had happened, and said, " Rise up, O dog ! " and the dog got up and ran off, saying, " *Allah bemitha wan-nahar tataha wa Allah bihyiha wa hi ramima* " (God can kill if the water is under it, and God can make it alive when it has been destroyed). The idea is of a plant growing under water, or of a palm-tree which draws its moisture from below, and not from outside.

Allah punished the man by turning all his flocks into wild beasts, which were hunted for food. The sheep and the goats became gazelles; the kids, hares; the cows, wild boars; and the chickens, partridges. And when morning came and the man went to attend to his beasts they were all gone.

In the Mosque and two or three other places in Jerusalem—I have seen the same thing in Constantinople, and elsewhere—there are columns twisted, which the people call " the intestines of the avaricious," and which they say were kneaded into stone by Solomon, as an object lesson to the stingy and the inhospitable, who, at the Judgment, will receive bowels of stone, having lacked bowels of mercy in this life.

There is a saying that " the guest is the prisoner of the host," that is, that he is dependent upon him for everything, and this is quoted as a reason, not merely for the duty of hospitality, but of courtesy and consideration. The Arabs relate that the Prophet once went to visit a poor woman who lived in a cave, and she set all that she had before him, but did not happen to

mention it to her husband, who, nevertheless, had an idea that she had had a visitor, and strewed ashes in front of the entrance so as to detect her should it happen again. Another day the Prophet returned, and, seeing the footmarks, the man taxed his wife with secrecy as to her visitors. "Who has been here?" he asked. "Who? *dafe Allah*, a guest of God," she answered, "and I put before him all we had." This was enough; he asked no more questions, and God was pleased and the man's conduct was remembered.

If one pauses before the door of a house, no matter how poor it may be, the owners, if they have any self-respect, will ask one inside. They say that no one should be allowed to stand about the threshold, it is the abode of the jann. There is a kind of lentil which is ground for camels and which is good to put on the doorstep. The jann slip upon it and fall.

Someone, passing through a cemetery, saw a poor old woman sitting on the ground, wearing a bridle, and, pitying her condition, asked of God if he might not relieve her, and received permission to do so. She very thankfully went straight home and found the house full of guests. Not yet cured of the fault for which her punishment had been inflicted, she cried, "*Oof!*" and her horrified relatives at once clapped the bridle on again, and sent her back to her loneliness in the cemetery to learn to welcome the guest.

It is not always easy to follow the moral teaching of the didactic stories which are related, and I had a lively discussion with Alia over the following. There was once a Moghrabi (Moor), a holy man, who lived in a cave in the desert, and spent all his time in reading and meditation. One day Moses—peace be upon him—passed that way and as he was very tired asked if he might come in to sleep. "Certainly, *ahlan wa sahlan* (Welcome and blessing)," said the saint.

Now this hermit was fed every day by God Himself, and when God saw Moses coming He sent down from heaven a double supper. There was twice as much bread, and twice as much olives, and dates, and all good things. Now, the hermit was much perplexed and said to himself, 'Is God going to give up sending me food that He sends me to-day a double supply?' So he hid it for future use, and shared his regular supper with his guest. Next day the same thing happened, and again he put aside the extra supply.

When Moses went away, knowing what had happened, although it had been concealed from him, he washed himself very care-

fully, and fasted and prayed, and then went to God to ask whether the hermit had committed a sin, and what would become of him, and God told Moses that he would certainly go into hell fire. "But he is a holy man," objected the Patriarch, "who prays and meditates all day." "That is true, but he hid the portion of the guest."

Alia was shocked that I objected to the moral of the story. "We hold it far more worthy to share than to give," I told her, "and the derweesh had shared his own food with his guests. To give of his surplus," I contended, "had small merit." "Yes, but he withheld from the guest half of what he had, and that is a great sin. One must give All. People who would borrow for no other purpose will not hesitate to borrow for a guest."

She told me of a famous robber who lived in the Wady Biar and who waylaid the caravans, richly laden, that passed by, and took from them to give to the poor. When Moses asked God whether this were just and whether he, too, would go into hell fire, he was told that, on the contrary, he would go at once to Heaven. The rich man, robbed of his coat, can go home and put on another, but the poor man has often nothing to wear and it is a virtue to clothe him under all circumstances.

I tried to make her see that in spite of the high authority of Moses, who, after all, may have misunderstood the Almighty, this was philanthropy gone wrong. It was giving at the expense of others, and David had said one would get no credit for that which costs us nothing. Had it been two or three years later I might have told her that it was on this pretence that the Bolsheviks took from us all that we had received from the U.S.A. for the poor. They claimed that as it belonged to the poor they had as much right to administer it as we. The drawback was, that in their hands, the food never got further than their own tables, nor the clothes than their own backs, while thousands of hungry orphans were turned into the streets.

Alia always managed to get the last word , and on this occasion I had to admit the justice of the story with which our interview concluded.

There was once a Sultan, who wanted to study the character of his people, and he often went about very plainly dressed, and mixed with them. He had heard that the bedu were very kind to strangers, but had never had a chance to put them fairly to the test, so he went one day, quite alone, into the desert, and walked on until he came to the tents of a neighbouring tribe. He asked for shelter, but they said he would do well to make the

best of the daylight for his journey, and reach the next encampment before dark. So on he went till he came to a poor little tent, old and torn, with an old camel grazing beside it. As he came within sight, the owner called to his wife, " Watfa ! Here comes a guest, go at once and prepare for him."

" Alas ! " she answered, " we have nothing but a little meal. Give him a drink of water and tell him there is a good camp a little further on."

Now this poor bedawee had once been the shech of his tribe, and renowned for his hospitality. He had friends in every direction, and all of them, when travelling, would contrive to pass near his camp and enjoy his liberality. He ended by giving away all he had. When the days of poverty came many of his friends melted away, and now he and his wife and the old camel were alone. Nevertheless he was very angry at his wife's words, and cried, " Shall we bring the curse of God upon us by sending a guest from the door? Have we not meal for a cake or two, and the camel to furnish a supper? "

Then the poor woman wept bitterly and said, " What shall we do without our camel, how shall we carry our tent and our *churooj?* (saddle-bags). Where shall we get milk? Truly the camel is all our living."

" Do as I tell you. Allah, who sends the guest, will provide the supper and supply all our need."

So the camel was killed, and meat was cooked for supper, and they spread a bed for the guest, and after they had sat talking long in the moonlight he slept well. Next morning the shech pressed him to stay, but he said he must find his way back to town, and he thanked him for his hospitality, and said, " If ever you should be in need of anything, or should want to ask a favour from the Sultan, go to the town and take this paper with you. He will know from whom it comes, and will admit you to his presence."

When the guest had gone they salted down what was left of the camel, and they got on as best they could, but they became poorer and poorer, till at last the shech, though most unwilling to ask a favour from anyone, saw that the only thing to do was to go to town and ask the Sultan to help him, telling all his story as he had told it to the guest. So he came to town and presented himself at the Palace.

" You cannot see the Sultan," said the door-keeper, " he has gone to the Mosque to pray." Now, the bedu pray but little, and he was astonished that a Sultan who had everything he wanted

should find it necessary to ask God for anything. He sat down at the gate, and presently the door-keeper said, "See here he comes—you had better go and meet him, and then you can make your petition in the road, without troubling him in the Palace." So the bedawee rose and went, expecting to meet a procession of servants and horsemen, and a Sultan finely dressd, but he passed no one in the road except a simple-looking man, who walked with his eyes on the ground. The shech thought he had made a mistake and taken the wrong turning, but was ashamed to go back, so he went home and told his wife that he had had nô success, and the days of poverty increased upon them.

Meantime, from day to day, the Sultan had expected that the bedawee would hasten to profit by such an opportunity to amend his fortune, and yet the time went on and he never came. "Truly his pride is great," said the Sultan, "and he is yet a great shech in his heart. It must needs be that I go to him." So this time he went in state, taking with him tents, and provisions, and camels, and cattle, and servants; and all the sons of the desert came out to see the show, and watched to see where the Sultan, who had doubtless come to hunt in the desert, would pitch his tents, so that they might all go near by and see what advantage would be theirs. They were much astonished when he stopped at the tent of the ruined shech, and had his camp pitched near by, and the camels tethered and the provisions unladen. When the dinner was ready the Sultan sent for the poor man to dine with him. When he arrived at the Sultan's tent he was surprised to recognise his former friend, but was not overwhelmed by such an honour as this. (I feel sure that this touch is viridical for I have seen exactly the same sentiment among the unspoilt Highlanders of Scotland.) He was, however, greatly rejoiced when the Sultan said, "I have come to return your hospitality, which you showed me in my need. Let us eat together." When the Sultan went away he took with him only a servant for his journey, and his horse and the servant's horse, and left everything for the shech who became once more a great man and showed hospitality to all comers.

A young man of Jewish extraction who had been brought up in a mission school from childhood, told us that he had been taught to beware of the wickedness of the followers of the Prophet. One day, with some other lads, he went for a walk upon the mountains and they lost their way. The rain began to fall heavily and they wandered about hopelessly, till at last they



WEDDING OF A VILLAGE SHECH.

Guests arriving for the wedding of a rich village Shech. He kept open house for ten days and there were hundreds of guests from villages for miles around. On the left, note the arrangement for carrying women on camel-back.

saw the lights of a village, towards which they made their way, though not sure that darkness and lack of shelter might not be less dangerous than to fall into the hands of Muslim villagers. They were not wholly re-assured when they were led into a house, divested of all their wet clothing, and clean dry garments handed to them in their place. A fire was lighted, and a good supper set before them. They were told that they should sleep there that night, and that as soon as it was daylight they should be led home.

When they expressed surprise at such treatment (for happily they still knew something of the language of their country) they heard with still greater surprise that hospitality was one of the first duties of religion.

"We have never been taught that," one of the lads objected. "We should never think of bringing in strangers. It would greatly astonish the whole school."

This seemed perplexing, but at last one of their hosts hit upon an explanation. "That is because these people are strangers here, and do not know the language of the country. In their own country, of course, they would welcome strangers as we do. They have the religion of the Book, a good religion, it teaches men to help the stranger and the hungry."

"What do you think of that?" the boy asked me. I was able to reply that I had often and often been treated in the Highlands of Scotland just as he was treated by these villagers.

"Perhaps these Highlanders are not so civilised as the English," observed another Arab, who had travelled. "I remember how surprised I was when I went to the land of the people who have come to teach us religion, and saw everywhere written up *Beware of pick-pockets!*"

We changed the subject.

In the village of Urtas, where the people belong to the party *Kaisi*, they have much to say to the disadvantage of the opposing party, those of the neighbouring town of Bethlehem especially. They admit that the people are good looking, but they say it is better to be strong-hearted than beautiful, and the Kaisiye women have all the Arabic virtues. Their hospitality is so great that a guest is protected and honoured no matter how long he may stay among them.

A man once came down to the village and he hung up his sword and it hung in that place so long that he could not remember where it was! After a year he took it down and said, "I greet you, O my sword!" "Was it not fine that a traveller could do that?" The speaker was naturally Alia.

In these days little is heard of the old feuds except that when a Kaisi and a Yemani marry, the bride has to accept her husband's faction. When she goes forth from one village to another, the husband brings his new *hidini*, his silken *kumbaz*, which, if he be a Kasi, is lined with white, which she puts over her head as a veil, the red side out if her father be a *Kasi*, the white if he be a Yemani. When the procession leaves the village the mother puts her daughter under the protection of the Shech, and when they come to a village belonging to the opposite party the people will come out and try to turn her coat, which her own people must prevent, for in turning the *kumbaz* the bride's face would be seen.

Instances are remembered in which the bride has herself drawn the sword which is carried before her, and has defended herself so effectually that she has remained true to the colours of her own family, in which case the sons have been brought up as belonging to the father's faction, the daughters to the mother's. A woman was pointed out to me living in the village of El Khudr, S. George, not far from her girlhood's home in Urtas, who succeeded in maintaining her father's colours when her husband's fellow-villagers came out to meet the bridal procession near the Pools of Solomon. As the *Kaisi* always boast of being the stronger this incident afforded them special satisfaction.

The differences have given rise to many songs and stories, good-natured enough for the most part. We once witnessed an incident which might have ended unpleasantly. My husband and I were encamped on the height overlooking the Christian village of Ramallah, and I remained in the tent while he went down to watch a wedding procession which was coming in from a distance, welcomed by another procession leaving the village, singing, dancing, shooting in the air, the women on the housetops filling the air with the shrill *zaghareet*, the lu lu lu which is the sign of female rejoicing upon all occasions. Suddenly the scene was changed, the joyous shouts were exchanged for others which sounded serious, the air was darkened with stones, the indigenous weapon of the Arab. As I could see all this through a glass I was thankful to remember that my husband had many friends among the people and would certainly get shelter, for the Arab, when he takes to stone-throwing, does not wait to distinguish. There was not a human being left in the camp whom I could send for news. At the first and most distant sound of a fantasìa, man, woman, and child had gone off. It was more than an hour before my husband was able to return and to assure me that he had been

at once drawn into a house by some women who had observed his danger, and that he had watched the scene through wooden shutters, for to interfere would have been impossible. Local politics cannot be advised upon unless thoroughly understood, and it was some time before we ascertained that the disturbance had arisen out of jealousy. The villagers considered that they were getting a bad bargain in the *Kasi* bride who was being brought in, for only lately a Yemani bride from Ramallah had been taken to Hebron for a dowry smaller than that which they had been compelled to pay to the *Kasi* lady now arriving at Ramallah. It seemed a little late to think of it, and it must have been embarrassing to the bride to reflect that she was not considered worth the settlement which her bridegroom had made upon her. Further, her family had objected to supply the bridegroom with a *kumbaz* of his own colours, a fact which removed the quarrel from a merely private matter of discussion, so that the whole village was now expressing its views upon the subject.

In the end the Muslim shechs from the neighbouring village of Bireh had to be brought in to make peace, which they must have effected with tact, as the wedding feast was proceeded with two days later.

If the bridal procession passing through a village of even the opposite faction should not be received with suitable hospitality they break forth into mockery and satire rather than allow themselves to become angry, for hospitality is meaningless if enforced.

CHAPTER IX

About Bread

> And the shew bread shall be for Aaron and his sons, and they shall eat it in a holy place: for it is most holy unto him of the offerings of the LORD made by fire by a perpetual statute.
>
> Leviticus xxiv, 9.

The curiosities of the Eastern harvest have been so often depicted that they are in general familiar to every student, not only of the Bible, where every detail is described, but also to all interested in oriental manners, customs, and art. Probably all that is characteristic is rapidly passing away. It is easier to plough with steam than even to scratch the ground with a stick, and to thresh with steam than to carry the corn, already so dry that no stacking is required, on to the village threshing floor, a great rock, in use for two or three thousand years, where it is trodden by teams of any animals that happen to be handy—horses, mules, donkeys, bullocks, camels, in any combination, and however unequally yoked together, even to the occasional extent of admitting a woman into the team. Soon, doubtless, such a phrase as "He shall thoroughly purge his floor" will cease to have the living significance which it bears for those of us who have seen the Arabs toss the grain into the air with a square fork, the "fan" of the New Testament, repeating the process again and again till all the worthless particles are blown away. To complete the process the grain was further passed through a coarse sieve, to which, by a sleight of hand attained only by long practice, they contrived to give such a twist as separated the heavier particles, which were still further sorted by the women.

To go to the corn market and see the grain sold was one of the sights of Jerusalem, especially interesting to the student of local colour. The purchaser sits by on the ground, apparently absorbed in smoking his narghileh, and with an expression of perfect indifference, though perfectly well aware of the minutest details of the transaction. The vendor fills a sieve, *el timneh*, presses it down, fills it up, presses again, and fills it up till it is

actually running over. Then, with one finger of the right hand, he makes little cone-shaped depressions which cause the grains to shake together even more closely, and then adds small quantities from the palm of the left hand while the finger is slowly withdrawn. This is repeated till the measure can hold no more, when it is emptied into the mantle of the purchaser, if it be a woman into her veil, and the process beings again. I have been told that the measure, " full " as we hurried occidentals count fulness, would contain as much as would weigh six rottles and one-sixth, that is, about thirty-seven pounds, but " pressed down and running over " would amount to seven rottles and a third, or forty-four pounds.

The one thing of which the Arab has always an unlimited supply is time. He will, however, soon lose this among other characteristics of race and country, and will have an answer to the question one of them put to a tourist anxious to introduce improvements. " In my country," he said to an elderly Shech, " all this grain, as far as you can see, would be threshed in a couple of days, and winnowed too." Upon which the other, incredulous, inquired, " But what do you do the rest of the year !" He probably thanked Allah that he was not as other men are, lazy, thinking only of supplying themselves with leisure.

There are no barns, as we understand them, but grain is stored in great jar-shaped cisterns underground, or in cellars if we may so call the lower rooms of houses built against the side of a steep hill, so that both floors are accessible without a staircase. The mill consists of the upper and nether millstone as in our Lord's time, and as in certain parts of the Western Highlands of Scotland to-day.

With the recent changes in the kind of articles taxed, the ancient custom of sealing the piles of grain upon the threshing-floor must have been among the earliest of ancient customs to pass away. A large wooden seal was impressed here and there, at different levels, so that any attempt to disturb the heap would be at once detected. The main purpose was that the gross yield might remain intact until the Government authorities had taken their tithe. The Scriptures contain many references to this act of the sealing of valuable property.

The Arabs say that wheat, and all else which belongs to bread, including millet, rye (*doura*) and barley, oats are unknown, except in a very limited region in Syria—came down from heaven in seven *mandeels*, or handkerchiefs, and that is why it must always be respected, since Allah took so much trouble to keep it clean

and pure from all defilement. All who knew the life of the East have listened with reverence to the cry of the bread-seller going his early round. *Allah Karim! Allah Karim!* was his cry. "God is merciful!" Bread is recognised as His special gift: it is the life—*el aish*. It is not to be treated as ordinary food. Old, and indeed middle-aged, people have told me that they could remember when bread could not be sold. It must always be given or exchanged—gift for gift. The Jews were the first, about 1844 it is said, who were known to take money for it. Even now, every Muslim and many Christians, will pick up any morsel of bread they may happen to see on the ground, wipe it carefully, and reverently lay it upon some place where it will not be trodden upon. Even in Constantinople all the enlightenment introduced by the Allied Occupation did not suffice to prevent this respect from being paid to one of the essential gifts of God. In many an oriental town, when I have been feeding stray dogs, I have noticed some man, rich or poor, quietly following, silently approving, but on the watch that no morsel of bread should be profaned in the process. On one such occasion, in Bethlehem, I was told the story of a black man who reverently cleansed and ate a piece of bread which he had found upon a midden. With the usual invocation *Deftur ya Aish* (pardon, O Bread) he ate it, and was rewarded by the fact that the cheek on the side upon which he had eaten became perfectly white.

The people associate the story of the Fall of Man with the eating of wheat which, as representing life, was forbidden in Paradise, and say that the mark down the middle of the grain is that of Adam's thumb where he broke it to share with Eve.

The history of the monkey is also associated with the sacredness of bread.

A woman was one day working near a *taboon* (native oven) while her child played on the ground beside her. Seeing that it had become dirty she looked about for something wherewith to clean it, and found nothing but the newly baked bread. She was about to break off a piece, with true Arab shiftlessness, when an angel, stricken with horror at such profanation, brought her some *mandeels* (handkerchiefs). These she considered too good for the purpose, and, deciding to take them home with her, continued to wipe the child with the bread. Very soon the people began to notice a change in its appearance, and as it grew older it changed by degrees into a monkey, having the ways of man but unable to speak, and all children hereafter born in that village were accursed in the same way, which is the reason why

so many monkeys are born into the world with a red mark behind to remind man of their origin, and of how this terrible disgrace befell as a consequence of the desecration of bread.

It is perhaps not wholly unnecessary to point out why, in Scripture, we hear always of the " breaking," never of the " cutting," of bread. The thin cakes baked in the *taboon* would resist the use of a knife and are always broken.

Another story was told me in explanation of the fact that a second wife brought home during the lifetime of the first, is called in many villages a *doura*. A man seeing his wife allow some *doura* (millet) to fall upon the ground, told her to pick it up. " Is that a thing to make a fuss about? " she asked, " do you think you will buy yourself a wife with these few grains? "—to buy a wife being perhaps the most expensive luxury a fellah allows himself. Moreover, it is the fellah rather than the townsman who takes more than one wife. " Pick it up," he persisted, " and we shall see." So, to teach her a lesson, he planted the few grains of *doura*. The *doura* grows somewhat like Indian corn, with a loose drooping mass of flowers and fruit, very handsome in appearance, but differing from maize in that the grains are in clusters and not upon ears. It is the summer crop of Palestine, and after the other grain is reaped, the hill sides and the plains still show great patches of vivid green, all the more brilliant for the bare earth about them. It needs no water, and is so prolific in the district, as to be known in some places as " Jerusalem corn." Though in Europe it is used mainly for feeding poultry, it serves as an economical adulteration of bread. The first year the handful produced a good patch, the second a sackful, the third a whole field. This the man sold for a good price, and bought himself a second wife, looking about carefully for one who should be less wasteful than the first.

" If I had picked it up and kept quiet I should have done better," said the woman.

Very elaborate pains are taken in the preparation of bread, and it can be mixed only by those who are ceremonially clean. Hence the lazy woman is described as saying " I want to marry a poor man who eats *doura* bread. It needs neither time nor skill to make it. I can stir it with my hands and leave it while I go to chat with my neighbour "—much as Armenian refugees want to go to America. " There is no work," they say. " Nobody is a servant. Everything is done by machinery."

When two people are dividing anything it is common among the lookers-on to say, " May the blessing of the two brothers be

upon you," in allusion to the following story, told variously of the threshing-floor on Mount Sion, and of that known as the Sachra, the great rock which is the Holy Place of the so-called Mosque of Omar, the Harem es Sherif, said to have been the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, the spot on which Abraham prepared to offer up Isaac, and the Altar of Burnt Offerings in the Hebrew Temple. The threshing-floor was originally owned by two brothers, Muslims, one married, one single. One August night, after the corn had been threshed out and divided between them, they were sleeping, each by his own heap to guard it. In the course of the night the married brother, lying awake, said to himself, "I am now a rich man. I have a wife and children, and abundant provision, and my brother is alone. Why should I have so much more than he? At least I can make it up to him in corn," and he added liberally from his own heap to that of his sleeping brother. Later, the other awaking reflected, "I have neither wife nor child. My brother needs more provision than I," and he added largely to the store of his brother. In the morning both were surpised to see that there was no change in the amount of either heap. But God saw and remembered.

The story is told of Fatmeh, the favourite daughter of the Prophet, that on one occasion when he was lying ill in his room she did not enter, but spoke to him from the doorway. "Why do you not enter, my child?" he asked. "Come and sit by me." For all answer she pointed to some barley which was lying upon the threshold, and then signified by a gesture that she was ceremonially unclean, and might not pollute the precious gift of food by stepping over it. He commended her discretion, but added, "Alas! the time will come when men will forget their early teaching and will even tread upon barley and wheat." The march of civilisation and enlightenment has gone far to sweep away old-time reverence.

It was part of the Prophet's asceticism that he did not eat fine bread. (*Mishkat* I, 3, 18). One of his companions testifies, "Fine bread was not made for him. . . . I do not know that he ever saw flour that had been twice sifted to the day of his death. We used to clean the barley and blow away the bran from it, make dough with water and then bread, and then eat it. He never found fault with any of his victuals; if he liked what was placed before him he ate it, if not he left it alone." However, one is glad to know that he was so far human as to like the bottom crust. Probably the bread was baked on a hot stone, and those who have travelled among the fellaheen, still



THRESHING.

Oxen and asses treading out the corn on the great rock which is the village threshing floor.

WINNOWING.

By throwing up the grain with a " fan " or shovel against the wind which blows away the refuse.

SHEPHERD BOYS PLAYING HOCKEY WITH STICKS AND STONES.

more the bedu, can testify that it is often only the under side that gets sufficiently baked as not to be indigestible.

Miss Roger (op. cit. 172) relates that when she was first in the country (c. 1855) she had great difficulty in finding someone competent to get up fine linen. To this day the Arabs do not starch or iron their clothing, perhaps partly from a feeling now as then, that starch is food put to an unworthy use. Eventually she found an Abyssinian who was willing to undertake the work.

Lane speaks of balls of bread being used in Egypt as amulets. "These are about the size of a hazel nut, and are made of very fine flour at the tomb of a Shech, Ahmad el Bedawee. They are brought to various burial places in Cairo and given to better-class visitors. Many keep one of these balls in the pocket as a charm, others use it as a remedy against any disorder, and as a preventive of disease."

A pretty amulet is made by threading grains of wheat, softened by soaking in water, upon a string, which is tied round the cap of the child to be protected.

The fellaheen prefer bread made in the closed *taboon* or brick oven, to that which is baked upon the open *sari*, hot plate. The idea is that a hungry person might see the bread and be envious, and so do the owner a mischief by regarding it with the envious, or evil, eye. For the same reason they do not like bread bought in the *sook*, the market. It has been looked at by too many people.

Lane (*Egyptians*, Ch. xi.) tells the story of a neighbour in Cairo who complained that when the Pasha gave up the monopoly of slaughtering meat the butchers did that work for themselves, "and it is quite shocking to see fine sheep hung up in the streets quite whole, tail [a special delicacy] and all, before the public eye, so that every beggar who passes by envies them, and one might therefore as well eat poison as such meat."

The sentiment as to the blessedness of bread appears in many forms. When bread is given away it is usual to say "*Mush ana a'tatlak, Allah a'ta.*" It is not I who gives to you. It is God who gives.

The Jewish women send a piece of dough with the bread to the oven to be baked and then burnt, probably the remains of some ancient idea of sacrifice. A lump of dough is always kept from each baking to serve as leaven for the next. This is called *hameeri*, and no one likes to part with it. It is easier to beg a whole loaf. They say it is like taking God's blessing out of the house. When wheat is measured, the Arab women, Christian

often, as well as Muslim, say *bismillah*, " In the name of God," or sometimes *Allah kareem*, " God is merciful " at every handful. If an only son dies or is ill they express his value to the parents by saying he is like one loaf in the *batia*. Of an only son they say he is *illa Allah*, " from God," that is, in a special sense. Of a morose man they say, " He would not smile even at a new loaf." One who wishes to repudiate the suggestion that he might fail you or not do what was expected of him, will say, *ma akalna il aish wil-malh fi betik?* " Did we not eat of (life) bread and salt in your house? " In old days, when it was possible to wander all over the country with little danger, my husband and I, coming across an encampment in a lonely place would hasten to share our provisions with the first representatives who came up to us. Such encampments are often of the gypsies, of whom the genuine Arabs say they are " forty times accursed," the sort known to tourists as bedu, and it is well to secure their neutrality. Real Arabs in such cases would respond with some friendly act. Often we have known one hurry off to milk a goat, or at least to fetch us a draught of water from some special spring.

There is a kind of wheat which grows east of the Jordan, which the people call " the wheat of the prophet " *kumha el nebawy*, a term of which they seem unable to give any explanation other than that it was the only sort eaten in his day. It may be harvested by those only who are ceremonially clean, and with fasting and prayer. No animal may tread it out; it must be threshed with sticks. It is described as having the same form as barley.

In view of this it is interesting to remember that, according to some, the land of Palestine is the original home of the wheat. A high authority on corn-produce, the German, Kornike, tells us that the earliest form of wheat is the *triticum dicocorides*, an ancestor of the *triticum sativum* now in use. This *dicocorides* is found in various parts of Palestine, especially in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Tiberias.

Wheat was one of the blessings of the Promised Land and we are accustomed to think of Egypt with its well known " mummy wheat " as the earliest wheat growing country. At the time, however, when the sons of Jacob heard of " corn in Egypt " they went to seek it there only because it was a time of famine in Palestine. The great Plains of Philistia, Esdraelon, Nablus, and, above all, of the Hauran, famous for its grain, pale gold and semi-transparent, have been in all times immensely productive of wheat, and the " hundred-fold " mentioned in the New Testa-

ment was not seldom reached even by the primitive and picturesque methods in use for so many thousand years. It remains to be seen what will be the increase in productivity under methods more modern and scientific.

Great quantities of barley have long been exported to Scotland from Gaza for the distillation of Highland whiskey. In the Plains it is quite common for the fellaheen farmers to grow thirteen ears to a single grain, each of twenty to twenty-five grains. Isaac, too, " sowed and received in the same year an hundred fold." Perhaps he irrigated his fields, although it is alleged that in the Valley of Siloam the yield is commonly a hundred fold, and that in the neighbouring Plain between Jerusalem and Bethlehem four crops a year are easily obtained. In Anatolia also the Turkish agriculturist gets commonly one hundred stems to a root, each with its full ear. The people declare that although with more civilised methods of farming time is saved, the results are less satisfactory. The modern plough requires more space and cannot be carried on the shoulder over obstructions so as to utilise every corner. On the higher terraced land it is still more useless, and it is the narrow ledges with their well-drained exposure the yield of which is the most prolific. The yokes are very light and the beasts are further apart than in the modern plough. The soil is never turned over, but the second ploughing is at right angles with the first.

The first carts seen in Palestine were about the year 1875. Before that the only wheeled vehicles had been like those of the Circassians, till lately to be met with in the Plains, a relic of the immigrants under Ibrahim Pasha, of a sort of woven work with solid wooden wheels fastened upon an axle which rotated with them. The same may be seen depicted upon Egyptian monuments. When the Palestine Exploration Fund introduced barrows the men carried them on their shoulders and scorned them as a clumsy arrangement.

The best quality of wheat, they say, is yellowish. This variety is more elastic in kneading. This applies in testing for adulteration with *doura* or barley, which, during the war, were largely added to the wheat-flour. The taste was not unpleasant, but the bread was not easily digested. What is not good enough for bread is made into *burghul*. The *gh* in this word is a soft guttural sound, but the same preparation in Turkey and the Balkans is called *bulgur* which probably reveals its origin. It is a staple food of all classes, as oatmeal in Scotland. Burghul is often bought ready for use, and it is only among the genuine

peasantry of the agricultural classes that one can see it made. I carefully noted the details as practised among the Syrians, meaning not the mixed race of Christians who object to be called "Arabs," but the Syriac-speaking population of the north-east. This language is descended from the Aramaic, the language of our Lord's time. Upon August 11, twelve donkeys, heavily laden with barley, appeared in the courtyard as soon as it was light. The day was cloudless and windless, and promised well for the work, so the grain was at once turned out on to mats. The women of the neighbourhood set to work to cleanse it, first picking out a small grain closely resembling barley, except as to colour, a task which has to be carried out with the utmost care as, if ground with the rest, the grain would produce giddiness. (This is the *cephalaria syrica*, *Arabutaradan*, and is found specially in corn from the Plain. The *Tecurigera coronilla*, Arabic *tubbera* is a still more troublesome weed, also from the Plain of Sharon. A few grains will make a whole sack bitter.) Next, several women seated themselves on the ground, in a circle, each with a sieve, which was half-filled with barley, and then dipped into water. This was allowed to drain off, the sieve being quickly rotated in the hand when, by a mysterious process, probably depending upon difference in weight, all faulty grain was found to have collected in the centre. This was thrown to one side, the good to another, and the process was repeated till all the barley was cleaned, when the bad was found sufficient to fill three sacks, which were sold to the Jews. The grain was then washed in many waters, sifted, and spread out upon mats, to dry in the sun. It was watched night and day, often turned over, collected again into a heap, and then spread out again.

After about ten days the women took a mat-full to the highest part of the garden where it would catch the wind, raised it high in the air, letting it fall on to a mat on the ground, so that all chaff and light particles should be completely removed. Some used a sieve for this purpose, others a large dish, too often made of tin or enamelled ware. The old housekeepers, however, brought from their stores straw *tabaks*, durable, clean, and, above all, beautiful, being made of straw dyed and plaited in the house, in great varieties of graceful patterns, now being improved out of existence.

In another part of the court such grain as was ready to begin upon was being turned into *burghul*. The stronger women, joined by a few men, crushed the grain in stone mortars sunk into the ground, sitting cross-legged above them. The leader chanted a

sentence which the others repeated in chorus, usually nonsense rhyme suggested by some passing occurrence, often taken up with much merriment.

Perhaps my husband and I passed through the court. They would sing something of this kind :

> " Here's the *howajah* (gentleman) tallest of the tall."

While the others took this up he would have time to prepare his rhyme

> " And here is my lady, daughter of the small.
> Where are they going? They are going to the town.
> She has an umbrella. He dresses in brown."

If the leader's imagination ran dry he would fill up intervals with ascriptions of praise to God. The beating of the pestles kept time with the chanting. Now and then some phrase, which attracted them, would be repeated over and over again, faster and faster, the beating louder and louder—the preliminary to a sudden halt, when all would throw themselves back upon the ground and visibly relax, until, with equal suddenness, the leader would again take up his pestle and break out anew into a chant.

We learn from Sir Charles Wilson (*The City and the Land*, p. 43) that in 1872 there were only two European owners of agricultural property in Palestine. Since then Germans, and later Jews and, to some extent, Russians, have bought and cultivated land on a large scale. In the case of the Jews there was formerly a theory that they were a people not adapted for agriculture, as the catastrophes of the settlements so liberally planted in Judaea and Galilee by the Rothschilds would appear to warrant. In el Bukia, in Galilee, however, for many generations they have cultivated their share of village possessions conjointly with the fellaheen, but these were probably oriental Jews uncontaminated by European charity.

Difficulties have had to be overcome in Palestine as elsewhere, but there have been many advantages unknown to the occidental farmer, no buildings to keep up, no gates, no hedges, no fear of rain in harvest, no stacking. Labour, till of late, was well paid at six or seven shillings a week for men, women and boys were employed wherever possible at a lower rate still. The lime-stone soil required little feeding, the ashes of burnt wood and the deposits of the creatures that roamed over the land sufficed;

grass was practically unknown, and hay unheard of. The corn was put in when the ground was moist from the winter rain, and the abundant dews did the rest. Draught animals were fed with *tibn* or chopped straw, mixed with corn, and oil cake from the sesame seed was a precious supplementary food. Horses for farm purposes could be had till within a few years for £8—£10; mules were somewhat dearer; asses cost £3—£8; and camels from £8—£20. Sheep were reckoned a high-class animal, and cost from 12/- to £1, but goats were much cheaper.

Cows have always been at a disadvantage. In a country without grass, " deep uddered kine " are not even thinkable. The references to cattle in the Old Testament are concerned with ploughing, treading out the corn, wearing the yoke, with carrying of burdens, with calves that leap, bulls that gore, heifers that are sacrificed, oxen that are stalled, but even in a land that is said in some mysterious way to have " flowed with milk," nowhere with the friendly cow.

CHAPTER X

About Coffee and Coffee Customs

Coffee is the drink of God's people.—Abd el Katr.

Coffee essential to visits. Varieties. Coffee incidents. In the desert. Story of Jiha. Etiquette of coffee. Story-telling. "Turkish coffee." Disapproved of in politics and religion. Eulogy of coffee. Sacredness of coffee. How made. Coffee services. Accessories of coffee-shop. Games. Kayf. Narghileh. The rosary.

The first essential of every visit paid in the East is the cup of coffee. In the town, in the village, even among the bedu, unless they have been so long removed from centres of civilisation as to be without provision of the necessary materials, the cup of coffee is offered to the guest on arrival. It is often found in most perfection in village or in desert camp, for there it is probably roasted as well as pounded after your welcome, whereas in the town it is possibly bought, ready ground, from the coffee-merchants, or even sent for, ready brewed, from the coffee-shop. The last is inevitably the case when one drinks coffee while shopping, or doing business of any kind. In this case, however good it may be otherwise, it lacks the last of the three esssentials which are looked for by the connoisseur, "sweet as love, black as night, and hot as hell."

The natives have an idea that *kahweh murr*, the sugarless bitter coffee which is what the real coffee-amateur prefers, is not adapted to any but the indigenous palate, and we have often found it quite a bid for friendship to assert what is, in fact, our genuine preference, for coffee made as the people themselves drink it. In this case, however, only a very small quantity is handed and always with the remark, "May bitterness be far from you." When passing back the cup after drinking coffee of either kind, one says, *daimi*, that is, "always," meaning "May we always have coffee under conditions as pleasant as now." If, however, one is making a visit of condolence, it is proper to say, on returning the cup, "May God show mercy to him," that is, to the deceased person. The reply of the host is, "May your life by God's mercy continue."

A friend described to us an interesting and characteristic coffee incident. He was being entertained, with a fellow traveller, in the guest chamber of a certain village, for every village possesses a place of entertainment for the passing guest. They had remarked that the men collected there were remarkably quiet, and that one man had no turban on, a very unusual occurrence, for the man uncovered dishonoureth his head, except of course, when he is a mere imitation of European strangers. It was privately explained that this man, a stranger, had been robbed the night before, and that a man in the village, of evil reputation, was suspected. The victim had referred the matter to the village elders.

Presently coffee was prepared, and full cups of sweet coffee were given to the visitors who, as foreigners, would, it was to be supposed, prefer it sweet. Bitter coffee, in minute quantities, was handed to the other guests, except to the man suspected, to whom an overflowing cup was presented. This was the last insult conceivable, and, indignant, he flew out of the room. A fight followed, his house was searched, and the lost goods discovered, among others the missing turban.

Association with those of more civilised and less courteous nations has robbed the townspeople of much of the gracious and interesting coffee etiquette, as well as, to a great extent, of their good manners in other respects. It is only in places more remote from towns that one finds the old customs still preserved. In a desert tent or round a camp fire, the first cup is poured out on the ground for Shech Shadli, or Shazli, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was the founder of coffee hospitality, as well as of a religious sect, and is also remembered as the author of a well known prayer for those who go down to the sea in ships. The second cup is drunk by the host in proof of good faith, and then the cups are handed to the guests in turn, honour being paid to age even when those of more wealth or consequence, but of fewer years, are present. It is proper to show humility by passing on the cup given to you to your neighbour. If you offer it to an enemy it shows readiness to be reconciled.

A story is told to show that Shech Shadli protects his coffee drinkers. On one occasion a cup of coffee was offered to a certain guest, who, in accordance with etiquette, passed it on to his neighbour, who was his elder perhaps, or in any case one to whom he wished to show respect. He, not to be outdone in politeness, again passed it on, and so throughout the circle until it came back into the hands of the host, who—again according to



THE KHAN OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN ON THE ROAD TO JERICHO, LATELY DESTROYED.

ARRIVAL OF A CARAVAN OF MERCHANTS IN A KHAN IN JERUSALEM.

The " stable " of the Nativity would be in the lower floor among the animals, there being no room in the khan, the upper floor, occupied by travellers.

etiquette—poured it on to the ground, and found a scorpion at the bottom of the cup!

Each guest receives two cups at an interval of time not less than half an hour. To offer a third would be to hint that it was time to go. Ethics, as well as etiquette, may enter into the drinking of coffee; it is said that Bruce, the Scottish traveller, refused to take coffee with a certain Shech until some difference between them was settled, thus showing serious displeasure, so that when, at a later stage, the Arab asked for a drink of water and received a cup of coffee, he rejoiced, saying, "Now the past is past," realising that there would be no further discussion.

There is a story, which I believe originates with Nasreddin Hoja, the great Turkish jester of Konia (Iconium), but which in Arabic-speaking countries is always clothed in Arabic dress and is told of Jiha, who is the equivalent jester of Arabic lore. Most jokes told in Turkish and in Arabic are referred to these two persons respectively. This is the story as I had it from a fellaha. A man on his travels, and somewhat poorly dressed, came to the house of the Shech of a village. The servants about the doors admitted him no further than the *matra el wootye* (the place of shoes—the corner just inside the door where the guests leave their shoes before stepping on to the carpet). When the supper was served, the visitors ate first, then the household, and then those of the place of shoes. The visitor went away, and came back next day dressed in a *sighye* (a white kumbaz, the long robe which is the indoor dress), with a white shirt, and a fine large turban. On arrival he was greeted with the usual *Ahlan wa sahlan* (welcome and blessing) and at once conducted to the *sior el bait* (the heart of the house), for no one recognised the dusty traveller of the night before. When the food was brought he offered it first to his fine wide sleeve, and when the coffee came he drank it through the corner of his *sighye*. When the people asked him the meaning of this, he said that he "offered what was best to those who had the most influence. My white kumbaz and my white shirt are not put into the place of shoes," he said. "If there were any more honour in making my turban large, I would make it as large as a camel-load."

There is a variant of the story which is made to refer to Jiha himself. When he was well dressed he was received with honour in the house where before he had been repulsed with blows. The doors were thrown wide open and he was invited to join the prince at dinner. Whenever he went anywhere thereafter he would cry,

" Clear the way for me, O sleeves ! " The festival robe has always sleeves of extra length.

From the point of view of hospitality, the coffee brought in from the neighbouring coffee-stall is a very inferior compliment. The difference is much the same as that between asking a friend to dine at your club and taking him to our own house. In the one case you simply pay for his food, in the other you or yours take some personal trouble in the matter. Doughty, who knew the desert as very few Europeans have known it, expressed the fear that the introduction of coffee into desert life should come to undermine the true Arab hospitality. It has, however, entered into the spirit of the people as no other novelty has done, if we except tobacco and perhaps guns. East of the Jordan we have seen many a tomb decorated with a sculptured coffee-pounder, coffee cups, and pot, to denote that the deceased had fulfilled the first duty of the Oriental. How well, after living in the East, one understands that S. Paul, enumerating the virtues necessary to one who has to rule over a spiritual flock, should have placed " given to hospitality " on the same level with the moral virtues, and that S. Peter should follow up the recommendation to have that " charity which shall cover a multitude of sins " by what is almost the corollary, " Use hospitality without grudging." The instruments of coffee-making are in certain places not merely portrayed on the grave-stone, but even buried with its occupant, as well as his prayer-carpet, if he be a Shech of consequence; hospitality and piety being regarded as co-ordinate claims upon the mercy of Allah. I well remember the supreme contempt with which a Muslim once pointed out to me upon the Mount of Olives certain Christian graves upon which were sculptured the tools of the trade of the owner—the scissors of the tailor, the trowel of the mason, the chisel of the stone-cutter; the means by which he made money, not those by which he shared it with others, being considered worthy of memorial.

The etiquette of coffee may not be violated with impunity. The cup must not be filled to the top, that would signify " take all you can get and go." Of the four sips which it holds, one must make the most. It is a compliment to its quality to make it last long, to sip it, twist it and turn it about, smell it, imbibe it with much drawing-in of the breath and smacking of the lips. No unseemly haste may induce you to blow upon it to cool it; and, however weary, you must not go to sleep in a coffee circle. It is sacred to talk and friendly intercourse. The Arabs, especially in the desert, sleep much by day, but it is paying scanty respect to

the hospitality offered to withdraw from cheerful talk. Talk is a fine art among the wandering tribes; more than among the townspeople, who have more news to relate, see more people, lead interrupted lives, and, except when story-telling, are losing the art of conversation almost as fast as we of the West.

Doughty tells of an old soldier, of a family so ancient that they were still relating how they had been dispossessed of their estates by the Beni Israel (the sons of Israel)—in the time of Joshua, we may suppose—who was a great centre of coffee circles. "His talk, seasoned wtih saws which are the wisdom of the unlearned, we heard for more than two months, they were never ending. He told them so lively to the eye, they could not be bettered. These orientals study little else as they sit all day idle at the coffee in their male societies, they learn in this school of infinite human wisdom to speak to the heart of one another."

In the towns, the entertainment was always story-telling; few had any talent for conversation. I happened once to be with some workmen during their leisure hour, and suggested that someone should tell us a story. An intelligent carpenter was deputed by the others to be the spokesman, and it was suggested that he should relate a tale which had lately been the round of the coffee-houses, and which was sure to interest me, as it was about Crusading times. I soon began to feel that the leading incidents were vaguely familiar, though presented in a novel fashion. At last the incident of cutting through a cushion, thrown into the air, revealed that it was no other story than Scott's "Talisman." Æsop's Fables used to be common as alternative to stories of Jiha, and a certain Hakim (doctor) Risto is sometimes referred to, who is no other than Aristotle.

I have been told that a certain Mr. Bergheim, whose family was a few years ago numerous and influential in Palestine, used to gather the villagers together in his country home at Abu Shusheh—later a centre of interest to the Palestine Exploration Fund—and take notes of the stories which they told in this remote village. Among others which he recorded were "Romeo and Juliet" and "Cinderella." One old Shech in particular loved to relate the plot—orientalised—of "The Merchant of Venice." His version showed the variant of a quarrel between husband and wife, in which the father-in-law, called on to adjudicate, exacted the pound of flesh from the husband, the wife inventing the stipulation that no blood should be shed: an interesting illustration of the development of folk-lore. "Pericles Prince of Tyre" was another Shakespearian plot often told by an old man,

who had it from his father. How many Occidentals could repeat it? The people like tales of adventure better than the ordinary folk-lore stories, though these are fairly numerous in Palestine. For what we call "love-stories" they have little sympathy, unless they take the form of the sort of "true love" which expresses itself in elopement, with many adventures. I once told the story of "The Pilgrim's Progress" to a group of lads, one of whom supplied a detail I had forgotten. He said he had heard it from his father, who had heard it in the coffee-house, told as the adventures of an Englishman. They wanted to know what language the pilgrims talked with the angels—was it Arabic? One thought that as it was a religious story it would probably be Hebrew, like the Bible. They were not all Christians, by the way. "Jane Eyre" and "Robinson Crusoe" I have also heard of as coffee-house stories.

All the world over people talk of "Turkish" coffee, whereas it is of comparatively late introduction into Turkey, and was Arabic coffee long before it became Turkish, and Abyssinian long before that. In Abyssinia, it is said, the coffee trees grow as big as oaks—the evergreen oak of the Orient, and not our magnificent forest trees, being naturally intended. The fallen beans used to be roasted and eaten with butter. Only old men made use of them as a decoction. From Abyssinia it travelled to Mekka, the gathering-place of Muslim life, and the custom of coffee-drinking was spread with every returning pilgrim. It was under the special protection, as we have seen, of Shech Shadli, the father of coffee-drinkers. He lived in the thirteenth century, and it was not till the sixteenth—that is to say, in the year 1554—that the first coffee-shop was opened in Stamboul by a native of Aleppo, an Arab named Shemsi. The novelty "took on" at once, and in three years he returned home with a fortune of five thousand ducats, little dreaming how important a chapter he had written in the history of the world, not merely in relation to modifications of character and change of habits, but for other reasons less direct.

It was soon recognised that the meeting together of men with so strong an incentive to talk was a result of the introduction of coffee, and might be fraught with serious results. Charles II. of England troubled himself little as to questions of morality among his people—was he not rightly named "the merry monarch"?—but it was under his influence that it was affirmed, "The retayling of Coffee may be an innocente Trayde: but as it is used to nourysshe Sedition, spredde lyes and scandalyse Greate Menne, it may also be a common Nuisaunce." There may have

been something more than religious feeling in some of the opposition to the drinking of coffee aroused in the East. Shemsi made his fortune in the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent, who made no objection; but his successors, notably Murad IV himself a drunkard, forbade coffee and tobacco (which had meanwhile made its début) on pain of death. He and his successor Mehmed IV., who reigned during the second half of the seventeenth century (the time of its opposition in England), used to prowl about the streets at night in disguise in search of lawbreakers. The last to offer opposition was Mahmoud I. (1730-54), frankly for political reasons.

There has also been religious opposition to the use of coffee, some asserting that had it been known in the time of the Prophet it would have been forbidden equally with wine. The Druses have never tolerated either coffee or tobacco. The Wahaby of Arabia, also Puritans, permit coffee but not tobacco, and the question was much discussed among the learned as early as the sixteenth century; nevertheless it was even then tolerated, even encouraged, by many pious fakirs and by the learned of El Azhar University in Cairo, as it was alleged that by preventing sleep it promoted devotion and encouraged nocturnal meditation. It has been suggested that the name was in itself an offence, for the Arabic *kahweh* (hence café and coffee) is probably associated with a word almost the same, which means "that which takes away the appetite." The real religious objection, however, was probably akin to the political, that it brought men together, and in places other than mosques. It was abused with true Oriental vindictiveness as the black enemy of sleep and of love, as one of the four pillars of the tent of lubricity, one of the four cushions of the couch of voluptuousness, one of the four ministers of the devil; the other trio being tobacco, wine, and hasheesh (a form of opium).

Exaggerated views of every kind tend to produce the expression of opposing views. We have therefore a eulogy, a favourite among Arabs, from the writings of Abd el Kadr, el Anazari :

"O Coffee thou dispellest the care of the great; thou bringest back those who wander from the paths of knowledge. Coffee is the beverage of the people of God, and the cordial of His servants who thirst for wisdom. . . . God has deprived fools of coffee, who with invincible obstinacy condemn it as injurious. Coffee is even as innocent a drink as the purest milk from which it is distinguished only by its colour. Tarry with thy coffee in the

place of its preparation and the good God will hover over that and participate in its feast. . . . Coffee is the drink of God's people, it is health. Let this be the answer to those who doubt its qualities. In it we will drown our adversities and in its fire consume our sorrows. Whosoever has seen the blissful chalice will scorn the winecup. Glorious drink! thy colour is the seal of purity, and reason proclaims it genuine. Drink with confidence and regard not the prattle of fools who condemn without foundation."

There are a good many who would be surprised to learn that "the cup that cheers and not inebriates" was first said, not of tea, but of tar-water. The invitation to drown our adversities in a coffee-cup of four sips is scarcely less surprising. The followers of the Prophet have always been remarkable for their moderation.

The completeness with which coffee has entered into the life of the Arabs is evident to those privileged to come into close contact with them. They will even swear by it, saying "by the life of this coffee," just as they would say "by the life of this fire," which is regarded as a sacred symbol. It is a ready and convenient form of hospitality; it can be served by men or women; in the desert it is always served to the guest by the men of the family, even those of the highest dignity. When one alights at a tent in the desert, or at the guest-room in some remote village, it is welcome and, by anticipation, refreshing, to hear in a few minutes the rhythmic beating of the pestle in the coffee-mortar. This is often made of stone, and it is common enough to see some carven capital put to this use, some of its decoration—the fragment of an acanthus leaf or of a basket moulding, or the edge of a volute—chipped off, the better to adapt it for its purpose. In the towns the mortar is more often of brass, and, in the villages, of wood studded with nails. The coffee-pot is never large, one that holds a dozen tiny cupfuls being the maximum. In the towns it is of brass, with a long handle; among the fellaheen it has the shape of a beaked jug. In some places—but never, I think, in Palestine proper—it is an earthenware vessel of archaic shape.

The fire is usually of wood or charcoal; the freshly pounded coffee is thrown into boiling water, and allowed to boil up, when it is hastily removed, and boiled up again a second and a third time—a process which requires some skill. The froth at the top is considered a delicacy and is called "cream." Sometimes

another method is adopted. The coffee-pot is not cleared of the last brew, but boiled up with water added, the fresh coffee is then thrown in and boiled again, after which the pot is tapped vigorously upon the edge of the stove to clear it, and after standing a moment the coffee is ready to drink. Sugar or flavourings are added at the last moment, before pouring out. On festival occasions these are various, the ordinary difference of sweet and bitter does not suffice. We were once the guests of a veritable troglodyte, a solitary old man, said to be a refugee from justice, public or private (possibly the last), on account of some hereditary blood feud. There happened to be a pilgrimage to some tomb in his neighbourhood, and he was delighted at the opportunity to dispense hospitality and had a row of coffee-pots upon a clay stove filled with glowing charcoal, and he offered us a choice of more varieties than one could suppose possible. Having elsewhere sung the praises of coffee with *hehl*, I was afterwards so often challenged to produce the wonderful accessory that I succeeded in ascertaining that it is known to commerce as " cardamon " seed. (*In a Syrian Saddle*, p. 133, A. Goodrich-Freer.) It is easily obtained in Europe, but I am bound to say that it tasted very inferior in London as compared with its virtues in the mountains of Moab, where I first learnt its use among the Circassian tribes; whether the fault were in the seed or the coffee, I am unable to say. In some places ginger is added to coffee, some add cloves or mastic; and the highest luxury, employed only by the rich, is to perfume it with ambergris.

Like most domestic utensils, the coffee-service has lost much of the beauty of earlier days. The exquisite china of old times is becoming more and more rare, and ordinary miniature cups made in Germany, the Five Towns, or elsewhere, are in general use, accompanied by the usual saucers. This last novelty has even introduced a new habit of raising cup and saucer at the same time to the lips, which requires a little practice. The old *finjan* and *zarf* are in use only in a few better-class families, and even among these are seldom produced for the European visitor. The finjan (a tiny bowl holding little more than an ounce of liquid, and having no handle) was placed within the zarf (in shape like an egg-cup, with or without its stem). The little cups of delicate china—Arabic, Persian, Indian, Chinese, sometimes Dutch, French, Dresden, some of the best being of Meisner with Arabic mottoes—are now dear to collectors, and are of course already being imitated. There were others, also, of weird and primitive designs, made in Europe for the Oriental market, often

quaint and curious, sometimes even of artistic value. I have seen a particularly beautiful set painted with views of the English Lakes, and was asked whether such words as "Windermere, Derwentwater, and Coniston" signified hospitable wishes.

The *zareef* (plural of *zarf*) are also interesting, and equally varied in value, material or artistic. They were commonly of brass, richly engraved with Arabesques and letters, but often also of gold or silver, sometimes set with turquoises, amethysts, carbuncles, or even more precious stones. A full set included ten of the ordinary size and shape, with one of extra size and beauty for the host, or for a privileged guest, and they stood upon a tray of the same metal as the *zareef*. The orthodox Muslim of the old school did not allow the use of gold or of gems. The traveller carried his cups in a muff-shaped box, thickly padded within, for protection, and often decorated on the outside with quaint designs in embroidery or enamel. The *fanajeen* and *zareef* made in Damascus for the tourist, unlike most productions with that object, are often quite good copies of those of former times, being, so far as the metal-work is concerned, made by hand, and fairly good copies of the old.

It would be interesting to know at what stage in the history of coffee-drinking the Occidentals began to look upon it from so different a point of view as to desecrate it with milk. The drinking of black coffee after dinner is a revival within living memory, and is distinctly "Turkish coffee." It is, however, certain that it must have reached England first in the orthodox form, having been brought over, it is said, from Smyrna in 1652 by a Mr. Edwards of the Levant Company, who set up his Greek servant in a coffee-shop in the city of London—in order, it is unkindly alleged, to save himself from the importunate curiosity of his acquaintances, who besieged his house in search of the attractive novelty. An Ambassador from Turkey is said to have introduced coffee into Paris in 1665, when Louis XIV. was king; and the Austrians, who make better coffee than any other European nation, learnt its use from a Pole who had been interpreter to a company of Austrian merchants in Constantinople.

The coffee-house is so recognised a place of gathering that it is very common a find a *tarbush*-ironer and a barber, if not under the same roof, at least very near at hand. To the stranger it would appear that the drinking of four sips of coffee would be so quickly accomplished that it is hardly worth while to sit down to it. On the contrary, a visit to the coffee-house, to say nothing of circumstances when coffee is dispensed as hospitality, may not

be hurried. We have already seen that it is the occasion of gathering for conversation, for the discussion of public events, and for story-telling. It is also associated with much playing of games, and, especially during Ramadan and at other festivals, is often enlivened with music. The coffee-house is, or was formerly, the substitute for the public-house, theatres, concert-halls, and all else. A very few years ago all these things were utterly unknown in Jerusalem. There was not a single house of ill-fame, not a bar where spirits were obtainable, except at two of the tourist hotels. Even then there was a good deal of gambling, mainly among the inferior Christian officials, but it was carried on in private houses; and though there was much playing of cards and *tric trac* in the cafés, I have been repeatedly assured that the highest stake was the price of the next " coffees all round."

The older men, who belong to a generation less restless on the one hand, more thoughtful on the other, less quick-witted, too, than their sons, were much addicted to " making kayf "—a phrase quite untranslatable, but which means practically doing nothing, in company with a cup of coffee and a water-pipe. It is more poetically described by Omar Khayyam :

> " Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough
> A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> And wildnerness is Paradise enow ! "

It would have to be the wilderness if She were sitting beside him, for making love in Nature's own fashion was, till lately, the specialty of Nature's own children, the bedu. There was no reason why the fellaheen should not do it, but as a matter of fact they seldom did. The peasantry are not a romantic people, and marriages were generally arranged for reasons financial or politic.

Burton seemed to think it necessary to explain to his English readers how any race of men can persistently and for any length of time find pleasure in inertia, " deranging mind and body as little as possible; the trouble of conversations, the displeasures of memory, and the vanity of thought being the most unpleasant interruptions of his kayf." The Arab is not mentally inert; he is quick witted, resourceful, ready. He is capable of working rapidly and continuously; but, like a wild animal or a Scots Highlander, who after long nights at sea is capable of committing something very like kayf, he needs time to recuperate. " Kayf,"

says Burton very truly, " is the result of a lively, impressible, excitable nature, an exquisite sensibility of nerve "—a faculty for voluptuousness, unknown to northern regions, where happiness is placed in exertion of mental and physical powers, where niggard earth commands ceaseless sweat of brow, and damp chill air demands perpetual excitement, exercise, change, adventure, or dissipation, for want of something better. It may be that the superiority is not all on our side.

Doughty also gives to kayf, which he transliterates kayif, the broader interpretation born of intercourse with those whose life is passed in desert silences, with thoughts which range over the wider distances of time and space, who know nothing of the complexities of an existence where money is gained and lost, is craved for and is spent, and of the dull inert weariness which follows. He gives us a picture of the friendly passing of the coffee-cup, where coffee is a luxury, by one who says to his neighbour, " Drink and make thy head dream with pleasaunce. All that is genial solace to the soul and to the sense, is kayif, the quietness after trouble, repose from labour, a beautiful mare or *thelul* (riding camel), the amiable beauty of a fair woman."

A secondary motive for the frequenting of cafés is the " drinking of the narghileh " (smoking of the water-pipe). There is a certain art in preparing this luxury, and at a good coffee-shop a special attendant is kept for the purpose. The *tumbak* (a kind of Persian tobacco) must be thoroughly washed before using, and the sybarite in such matters avers that the quality of the water makes a difference to his enjoyment. Be the cause what it may, a narghileh in Cairo or Beirut is a very different matter from the same thing in Jerusalem, where a whiff or two, even, causes extreme dizziness to the inexperienced; whereas in Beirut, for example, the water-pipe is recommended by doctors as the most wholesome form of smoking, especially by those who suffer from asthma or bronchitis. It is certainly the most elegant form, and a row of well-prepared narghilehs, with scarlet leather pipes and a gay flower floating on the bubbling water, is a graceful adjunct to a friendly gathering. The narghileh might well be introduced into the smoking-room of a London club, though, it is true, it lends itself to conversation less than the cigarette. Occasionally, but less frequently than before the drug was introduced, as is now common, into cigarettes, the narghileh is made the vehicle of smoking *hasheesh*, which, so far as its effects are concerned, is the opium of the Near East. In Egypt active steps are now

being taken for the suppression of this degrading vice, but means are still found to evade the police inspection. The name "hasheesh" simply means grass or weed; the herb smoked is hemp, and was originally introduced—according to Herodotus—in connection with religious ceremonies, probably to produce the mental condition often noticeable on such occasions, and which is due to a form of self-hypnotisation. In Egypt one has often had to contend, as in China, with the unpleasant stupefaction, which is a primary result of hasheesh, among cabmen, porters, and one's own servants. In Palestine, however, it has been hitherto much less common, and when practised is confined strictly to private life.

Before leaving the question of social recreation, a word should be said as to the use of the rosary from that point of view, as differentiated from its use as a religious accessory. A string of beads is to the denizen of the Near East what the fan is to the Japanese, or, as viewed by non-smokers, what the cigarette is to other men. The Protestant has been taught that it savours of iniquity, but all other Christians, and Muslims of course, will bring a string of beads out of their pockets, and pass them slowly through the fingers during pauses in the conversation; and it may be observed that such pauses are frequent, for the idea that talking, as distinct from conversation, is a necessary part of good manners, is an Occidentalism which is but slowly penetrating the social customs of the East. The Oriental is seldom *gauche*, and is never in the position of finding his hands in the way; to such, one could fancy the rosary a solace in many a difficult moment. Though when I first asked its use I was told that it was 'perles pour s'amuser," I believe that the usage originated in piety. The small Muslim rosary of thirty-three beads, the *subha* or *misbeha*, one-third of the full rosary, and made of larger beads, is that in use, though a string having one long bead, of any approximate number, is specially provided for the tourist.

On the whole the custom, once almost universal, is becoming less and less usual, a part of the general submerging of all that is characteristic in the imitation of the lower classes of Europe and America. However, there are still, mainly in the class of house into which such visitors seldom penetrate, certain divans—they will soon be known as "parlours," and be furnished accordingly—in which in some fine old china bowl upon an inlaid tabouret there are a variety of rosaries, one of which will be handed to a guest on his arrival, with a courteous "Enjoy your-

self." Perhaps the old Scots phrase, "Play yourself," would be a happier translation.

One of the earlier signs of deterioration of manners and customs in Palestine was to be observed in the change of fashion with regard to the rosary. The beads were formerly strictly Oriental, though not always of the Nearer East, as a gift of a rosary was always a welcome compliment from friend or relative who had been to Mekka, or it may be to India, or further still. The beads were of amber, carnelian, amethyst, sandalwood, ivory, jade, mother-of-pearl, or coral, Mekka-stones (moss-agates) or the jet of the desert of Arabia; sometimes simple, at others carved or inlaid. They had some intrinsic value, they added to the graces of life. It was but a few years before the War that "fancy-beads" were introduced, made in Birmingham, Germany, or Bohemia, generally of celluloid or some other substance, pretentious, artificial, and of no artistic value. One of the old type was given to me not long before the War as a friendly souvenir by a Pasha in whose hands I had watched its serpentine revolutions for many months of pleasant intercourse. It is of, what is called in the East, "black amber" inlaid with silver, and the minarets, the long beads which hang down to remind the owner that it is intended for prayer, have silver caps. Close to these, and following upon the orthodox thirty-three beads, were three or four of coral, much worn and apparently irrelevant. These I removed before wearing the rosary as a necklace. In the course of the first day I was asked three times how I came to carry such a rosary without the supernumerary coral. Those interested gave no explantaion, but said "it would be better." The fourth who addressed me upon the subject was a Christian, and I felt less anxiety as to any lack of tact on my part in asking him what was the reason of their presence. "Ca donne des petits," he remarked. If the amber is worn alone it seems the silver may fall out. "It is good to marry the amber to the coral, for if it is married to the silver only, when the amber is enceinte, the silver falls out." A woman who was present gave another version: she said that under the circumstances the amber gets weak and flakes. The coral seems to act as a chaperon and hinders developments. It is needless to remark that the standard of propriety is different in conversation and manners from ours. I deny that it is inferior, but it is certainly different. No respectable woman in the East could possibly attend such cases as bring the cream of London society to the Law Courts, whenever the private affairs of their friends are being exposed to the public gaze.

I have seen this same silver-inlay in beads made of unpolished jet. Time is of no particular value in the deserts of Arabia, where the jet is found, and the polish which one sees on old beads is put there by time and use, and not by means of any instrument. One friend of ours, an elderly bachelor, used to make presents of such beads to the ladies of his acquaintance. He would collect the beads by degrees, as he came across them, often sold two or three at a time by some peasant, and when he could match the requisite thirty-three would have them threaded on the essential silken string with the proper tassels, and lend the completed rosaries to friends for a few years, retrieving them when friction through the fingers had brought them to the requisite polish.

CHAPTER XI

About Property

> Whoever desires the world and its riches in a lawful manner, in order to withhold himself from begging, or to provide a livelihood for his family, or to be kind to his neighbours, will appear before God in the last day with his face as bright as a full moon. But whoever seeks the riches of the world for the sake of ostentation will appear before God in His anger.
>
> *Mishkat*, Bk. XXII, Ch. 23.

I called upon a friend in Jerusalem one morning, who described a curious scene which had just taken place in her house. She had had to pay a considerable sum of money to a native Christian who could not read or write, and who, in fact, had begun life, it was said, as a beggar in the streets. Various scandalous stories were current as to the means by which he had acquired wealth, and he was known by a nick-name which was not complimentary. There were certain conditions of sale which required the presence of a lawyer.

Preliminaries being completed, the lady produced her cheque, but that, she was told, was not legal payment. Two witnesses must be present who could testify to having seen the money change hands, and the payment must be in gold. Two thousand five hundred napoleons in gold not being forthcoming, ten were produced, which she handed to the lawyer—another native Christian, naturally—who handed them to the creditor, and the witnesses testified to the payment of that amount. They were then returned to the lawyer, who paid them over again, and when this had been repeated two hundred and fifty times, the transaction was complete.

I remember that my husband was once commissioned by a friend to enquire into a certain matter of business when happening to ride through es Salt, a town east of the Jordan, which concerned the purchase of land, a matter much complicated by the fact that the witnesses could not testify to the payment, but only that they had seen a piece of paper handed by the purchaser

to the owner. In Jerusalem where few of the older generation can read or write, one cannot wonder at a preference for specie; moreover, a cheque is a modern introduction into a town where the first bank was established only in the 'eighties by a "converted" Jew, in his one living room it is said, and where the system of banking was not merely not understood by a large part of the population, but was regarded as sin.

It is not surprising that the bedu and fellaheen who cannot read even their own language, should be as suspicious of a cheque or even of a bank note as of any other paper soiled by printer's ink. Early in the war, when paper money came for the first time into circulation, the people found it extremely difficult to believe that it could be the equivalent of the round pieces of metal to be bitten, and struck on a stone, and rolled as tests of ultimate value. The story was told of a bedu who sold a camel and received the value in paper. For safe keeping he made a hole in the loaf he was carrying in his *churj*, saddle-bag. Another camel, nosing about, found and ate the bread, upon which he was heard crying out, "Allah! Allah! My camel has eaten a camel!"

Laurence Oliphant relates that in 1880, after travelling in Gilead, he came to the end of his ready cash and hastened on to es Salt, which, though on the verge of the desert, had a population of 6,000, in the expectation of converting his bank-notes into gold. "I had put a couple of Bank of England five-pound-notes into my pocket-book," he writes, "feeling sure that no Arab would understand their value should I happen to be robbed, and hoping they might stand me in good stead should I come across a partially civilised individual. Unfortunately, even at es Salt, there was no one who answered that definition. I could not find a soul who had the least conception what a bank note was, and I got tired of hawking about in exchange for money a suspicious-looking piece of paper which, after being carefully inspected, was handed back to me with a look of distrust that was anything but complimentary."

The theory that money must not be lent upon interest, combined with the fact that it was often convenient to borrow, and might be profitable to lend, led, as might be expected, to various abuses. An orthodox Muslim prepared to lend—let us say, a hundred pounds—to a neighbour, and anxious to acquit himself of the sin of usury, would, it is related, take a cat, and binding some trifle, two pieces of soap perhaps, upon its back, would ask the other man, "Do you buy of me this animal and its burden for twenty-five pounds?" The debtor consenting, he

found himself owing the sum of a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Such a practice is naturally identical with that of certain of the same Semitic race elsewhere, who lend to some foolish fly who has come into their web the sum of money required, less what is charged for worthless pictures or second-class wines, thown in, like the cat and the soap.

I once quoted this story in a newspaper article with the introductory remark "The Muslims have a tradition that," etc. The article, translated into Arabic and appearing in an Arabic newspaper, brought down upon me vials of wrath from orthodox Muslims, not on account of the story which some believed true and others ridiculed, although I had it on excellent authority, but because the Christian translator, whether from ignorance or some other motive, translated the word "tradition" by the Arabic word *hadeeth*, something *believed of obligation* like the Traditions of the Prophet, whereas I had naturally intended the word in precisely the opposite sense, that of a story handed down to be accepted or rejected according to temperament, and which should have been translated *tagleed*. The storm lasted until a friendly shech brought out a special number of his Monthly Periodical, translating the entire article in more intelligent fashion, after which, with Arab generosity, my critics stopped me in the streets on various occasions to give me a friendly handshake.

The Muslims, most of them, have found some sort of banking system essential to business, though it is regarded as contrary to the command of the Prophet to put money to usury. David, it will be remembered, when drawing the character of the man fit to stand in the presence of God (Ps. 15) says, among the twelve characteristics necessary that "he hath not put out his money to usury, nor taken reward against the innocent." The followers of the Prophet have for some centuries been loyal to the Hebrew ideal. In former times, like the man in the parable who hid his lord's money, they buried it in the ground, a matter of satisfaction to latter-day archæologists and numismatists; others, then as now, bought land and often began to build what they knew they should not be able to finish. There are unfinished buildings wherever one goes, many of them inhabited, provisionally. If one is absent from the country a year or two, one finds that houses one has known have grown another storey meanwhile. Others are never finished, and one finds the skeletons of quite ambitious buildings in use as stables, or with lean-to rooms built up in the corners inside.

The construction of a cistern is the first step towards building a house; every house, as in Bible times, being founded upon a rock. Foundations, in our sense of the word, can seldom be had, owing to the shallowness of the soil, and a cistern is hewn out either under the house or by the side of it; cemented wherever necessary, and covered with paving-stones, or, if within the house, often with a marble flooring. In any case the surrounding ground is paved, and is sloped so as to lead all rain which falls upon it to an opening in the top of the cistern. Every neighbouring roof is utilised, artificial mounds are often constructed out of the building waste and covered with flat stones called *ballât* so as to add to the surface of water-catchment. This is naturally quite an important detail in the construction of a house therefore, when a man has invested his savings in the purchase of a piece of land, the next investment is to construct a cistern upon it; later he puts up one storey of a house or one end of a house as he is able. Naturally if Jerusalem should ever attain to " water laid on " all this will be changed, with much else.

Often the various members of a family, or a group of friends or neighbours will unite to buy a piece of land, and in time will build upon it. Everything here in the way of property has always been divided into carats, twenty-four to a unit, whether of land, or of a business, or even of an animal, so that in buying a house one has to enquire carefully into the number of owners, as the possessor of even a part of a carat may complicate, or even neutralise, the whole transaction.

The question of treasure hid in a field was formerly a great complication to the labour of archæologists and excavators, who were supposed by the people to be looking for hidden treasure, and to have occult methods of finding it. In 1904 we made a never-to-be-forgotten journey into the unknown wilds beyond the Jordan in the land of Moab and beyond, under the auspices of Professor Euting, the great Epigraphist. He was known, as men like Doughty and Burckhardt were known, among the Arabs of the Hinterland of Arabia, having travelled as a bedawee, a part which he sustained so well on his return to Jerusalem that he was warned off the premises of the German Consulate, although the envoy of the Emperor himself. It was at Amman, the ancient capital of the Ammonites, that the people objected to our presence on the ground that " we were writing down the stones." It is, of course, in search for hidden treasure that in Syria and in Egypt every tomb has been violated, every cistern entered, every cave explored. In Cyprus, where the people are more Europeanised,

they have sought for treasure with divining rods. In Palestine the sorcery is of another kind.

Among the Circassians, a people less friendly and hospitable than any other Orientals we have met, an incident occurred which nearly put a stop to our investigations altogether. The military escort which we had brought from Jerusalem returned, at a certain point, and a new one had to be engaged. We were upon the edge of the country of the Emir Muhammad ibn Rasheed which the Professor had visited as the guest of the Prince himself. The intervening district was largely in the hands of the Circassians, and accordingly our new arrangements had to be made with them. A few hours before our intended departure they refused to carry out the arrangements on the ground that " a dog pig of an Englishwoman " was with the party. As there was no other woman present, I was forced to accept the accusation, but had fortunately presence of mind to deny the impeachment which I could not have done had the word " British " been employed. The matter was referred to our servant. " Do I know? " he asked. " She speaks this, she speaks that, God knows ! " and eventually, warned by my polyglot companions, German and American, never to let English be heard, I was allowed to pass muster. We eventually discovered that the objection was taken not to the English nation as a whole, but because a missionary to whom they objected had lately been in the district. I discovered later that my manœuvre was not original. Henry Blount, travelling in 1634, records the unpopularity of the English in the Levant, and says, " Upon all occasions I did profess myself a Scotchman which, being a name unknown to them, saved mee, nor did I suppose it any quitting of my own Countrey but rather a retreat from one corner of it to another."

As lately as 1832, during the time of disturbances in Egypt, the people of Bait Jala, a village near Bethlehem, mainly Christian, hid their money and ornaments in caves and under the earthen floor of their houses. Finds of hidden treasure have been made even during the last half century, especially in the Philistine Plain near Bait Dagon—the house of Dagon—and in the Jewish Colonies. Of such finds one naturally heard nothing until the various dealers in antiquities began to bring round coins of a given period, or ornaments of a certain kind in quantities too large to be wholly fortuitous, or until thieves fell out and honest men, represented by the Turkish Government, came by their own.

The people believe that such treasures are under the care of

a being called *rassâd*, which assumes many forms, and may appear as man, beast, or bird, but whose function is to frighten away intruders from the hiding places. The *rassâd* may appear as an old man making horrible grimaces, as a bull breathing fire, a camel foaming at the mouth, a horse striking sparks with his hoofs. They are bound to take charge of the treasure for a given period, say a century or more, but when the ordained period is past the treasure is often discovered. They may be put to flight by magical practices such as are employed by excavators and archæologists, as well as by certain specialists, generally Moroccans, or what are known to the Arabs as *Sâhir*, possibly identical with the Zahuris of Spain, who had the gift of seeing into the earth, *zahur* in Arabic meaning to appear. Debrio, writing in 1575 *(Disquisitiones Magicae)* relates that he came across a boy in Madrid who was a Zahur, and capable of discovering subterranean water, hidden treasure, metals, or dead bodies. A medium having been selected—generally a lad—he is prepared by certain magical ceremonies which, unfortunately, we have not seen, in order to stimulate the visual powers; then, in obedience to the command of the magician, the hiding-places, with their contents, are said to be minutely described. Fortunately, as is the case with most of such hypnotised mediums, the vision is forgotten upon restoration to normal conditions. This art is considered *hareem*—forbidden—and is carried on with much secrecy. In fact, divination generally is regarded with suspicion, and relegated largely to the women. It is indeed known as "distaff knowledge," or sometimes as "the science of K," which is the initial letter of *kimé*, a magical writing largely practised by the Jews.

Near the first of Solomon's Pools, on the way to Bethlehem, there is a *rassâd*, a beautiful woman, who combs her hair like the Loreley, and who is often seen on a Thursday night. This is probably the site of Etam where, according to Josephus, King Solomon had a country house, which he used daily to visit with a magnificent retinue. He drove a superb chariot, and was clothed in white. He was associated with many beautiful ladies and many treasures, so that this is a likely place in which to find the remains of both. (*Antiquities of the Jews*, viii, 2, p. 340.)

By the village spring in Urtas, in the same neighbourhood, a *rassâd* appears on the night of Thursday-Friday in the form of a ram. In Ain Karim there was a poor woman who had a vineyard. One evening, having cut her grapes ready to take to

Jerusalem for sale, she went to bed early, so as to be able to start in good time. She awoke during the night and saw the brilliant moonshine flooding the house and thought it was daylight and that she had overslept herself, so she dressed very quickly, put the basket on her head and went off. She noticed that the village street was very empty, and had not gone far from home when she was met by three girls, all of the same height, and well-dressed, and with white veils, so that she thought they had come from Jerusalem. They had many ornaments, too, and did not look like the people of the district, so she stopped and asked them where they came from. They answered, " We are the daughters of Finch " (which does not sound Arabic) " that is what we are. Our fortune is buried in the mountain over yonder. What we have taken we have, what we have hidden we have lost." The whole thing appeared so strange to the woman that she was afraid to hear any more, and she turned round and ran back home, where she became so ill from fright that she died the next day. " That," said my informant, " was told to us when children by our grandmother, who had a great many stories. She said it ought to teach us not to talk with every stranger."

I may remark in passing that deaths from fright are by no means rare. On one occasion when I was visiting the Hospital of the Soeurs de Charité, the only people except the Russians who concerned themselves with those whose minds were affected, I was shown some terrible cases of imbecility among the patients, in almost very instance the effect of fright.

That ancient treasures are found in Ain Karim as well as in other places long inhabited, there is no doubt. Another woman told me that a friend of hers went, with some other women, on the eve of S. John Baptist's Feast, to S. John's in the Desert, a short walk from the village. On this day the people come from all the villages for miles around, and make a *fantasìa*. Many remain there all night in order to attend an early Mass, celebrated by both Orthodox and Latins, next morning. They bring sick persons and weakly children to bathe in the Pool, a ceremony observed by many Muslims as well. The little group in question were seated in a shady corner under the locust-trees, when five doves fluttered down and began to peck at the grass. Being Semites the women naturally drove them away, for it seldom occurs to them that it is interesting to watch the ways of God's creatures. Again they came down, and again they were driven away. One only descended a third time, when one of those present said, " In this Holy place this may mean something, let

us watch." The bird pecked and scratched for some minutes and flew off. Then the woman who had expressed interest rose, went to the spot and picked up a gold coin of the period of Constantine and Helena, which is regarded by the people with great reverence, and used as an amulet. "What a pity," said my informant, "that they should have driven away the other four." It never seemed to strike them that the bird had found, not brought, the coin. I have had it in my hand and tried to buy it, but it has wrought so many cures, and averted so many disasters, that it was not for sale at any price.

Various acquaintances of ours have picked up valuable coins from the surface of the earth, while taking a walk. Boys playing at football upon open ground in a district where it is probable that the country houses of the wealthy Jerusalem inhabitants formerly stood, not seldom pick up coins after a game, especially if the ground has been recently softened by rain. They are generally of the Roman period and not of much value.

There was a poor family in the Muslim village of Siloam who lived in a little house which, like most in that district was built so that the rock came up through the floor, and formed part of the wall of the house. One night a Moghraby came and asked for hospitality, which, of course, was readily given. When they were all at supper he noticed the rock, but said nothing, and afterwards went with the family, the weather being warm, to sleep on the terrace, that is, the roof of the house. Next day he went away, but in a few days came back, and was again kindly received. After supper the master of the house said, "Let us go to bed. I have worked all day and am very tired." But the visitor said, "May I stay up a little longer, and so that I may not disturb you, let me sleep downstairs, while you go up to the terrace." So this was agreed, and as soon as he was alone he took out of his pocket some incense and a book, and began to do all the things which the book told him. Before long the rock-wall opened, and gold began to pour out like water from a spring. He took as much as he could carry and went away, leaving the wall still open.

In the early morning the eldest girl came down from the roof to grind the corn for breakfast, and saw the gold, and she began to fill everything that she could lay hands upon. But still the gold poured and poured. She filled the mill, and the oven, and the meal-jar, and the olive-jar, and then she remembered that she could fill her skirt, so she stepped into the opening which closed behind her and she was never seen again.

When the family came down an hour later they could find neither the Moghraby nor the girl, but they were overjoyed to see the gold, and were collecting what lay on the floor when they heard faint cries from within, and guessed what had happened. The father and the eldest son went off quickly to find a Moghraby to let her out, but it was long before they discovered one, so that by the time he came the girl's cries had ceased, and he said that it was evident that the Moghraby that owned the gold had come and taken her away. But her family were rich for ever after.

I was shown the house, and asked whether I did not know any *frenjy* charms which would be likely to open the walls again. I could think of nothing but *Abracadabra*, which had the advantage of being of Arabic derivation, and said it several times, but nothing happened. It was whispered to me that some Christian had proposed to say the Lord's Prayer backwards, but had been afraid to do so. As I was of known courage would I perhaps give it a trial? I said I preferred to let it alone. One never knew what might happen. They thought it would be satisfactory if gold happened, but my Muslim servant said he would not have me bothered and I got away. He himself had land in the neighbourhood, and had searched it carefully for gold, while others had bought land on purpose, and had kept the Moghrabys busy for some time. Nothing was found—perhaps they had stolen it, he thought. He himself had not employed them. Such things were *min Allah* and Allah had not sent him gold.

There are certain Arabs, who, like the American Indians, seem to have the gift of " trace." I have the following instances at first hand from one of the Lazarist Fathers in Jerusalem, a man well-known in the world of science as a distinguished naturalist, who has made interesting discoveries and observations in the fauna of Palestine and of Madeira. We were visiting the Lazarists in their beautiful little Hospice for travellers on the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, and were told that in that district there lived a certain Druse, who was the terror of the many thieves of cattle and horses in the district, which is somewhat wild and lonely.

This Druse, Achmed, appeared one day at the Hospice accompanied by some seventy men from the village of Rameh, in the neighbourhood. They were in search of three robbers who had stolen three asses from a neighbouring heath, first having overpowered and bound the women who were in charge of the animals. The women were found some hours later, and were set free, and the villagers set out in search of Achmed, whose help they were

anxious to obtain without delay. Returning with them to the spot whence the animals had disappeared, he, at length, after very careful examination, found himself upon the trace of the robbers. This he followed along the banks of the lake, behind the village of Capernaum. Then for some distance he lost all trace of the thieves, and made several false starts. At length he picked it up again and followed it to the point where the Jordan enters the lake, and still northwards to the district of a certain tribe of bedu, known for their frequent raids upon cattle of all kinds. A formal complaint was carried to the shech of the tribe, who thought it prudent to assure the villagers that if they would withdraw they would find the animals at a certain time in a place at some distance, which, to the satisfaction of the owners, came to pass.

Some young men mischievously undertook to perplex Achmed by confusing the traces of a robbery planned for the purpose. They began by removing his own donkey from his own stable, a sufficiently daring undertaking! Having bound the animal they carried it for some distance, so that no footmarks should be visible. After this they walked some distance barefoot, and then some distance in shoes. Reaching a cave in the mountains they put the donkey within, and arranged thick foliage in front of the entrance, so that it appeared to be growing on the spot and never to have been disturbed. When, the next day, Achmed discovered the theft, he began, as always, by a careful study of the ground, and was presently able to state that the thieves must have been four in number. After a time he added, "The donkey has been carried so as to leave no hoof-marks. Come with me!" He went rapidly along for half-an-hour, and then called out, "Here we come to the end of the footmarks of the four thieves, but here they must have been met by four others who wore shoes. Come along!" On they went till they came to near the cave, when he called out, "The donkey is hidden somewhere here." Barely had he spoken when the ass, knowing his master's voice, responded by a friendly salute, and revealed his hiding place. I have noted other stories of the man's powers of observation and deduction, all of similar kind.

We have ourselves often witnessed powers of this kind among the bedu. They find traces on the ground, which to ordinary eyes are quite invisible, and, moreover, have extraordinary powers of sight. During the war many curious stories were current of these powers among the bedu. One officer said that his bedawy servant would make a circle round his master's tent if he had

occasion to leave it at any time, and on his return would always know if any visitor had crossed it in the meantime. They have the power of remembering and distinguishing the footsteps of man or beast and of finding them under the most difficult circumstances—upon the driest sand where an ordinary man could find no trace, upon sunburnt earth, and even upon rock, they find indications often of a curiously detailed kind. Such abilities seem to be hereditary. In the case of Achmed, his father has it, also a brother, a sister, and one of his own sons. He undertakes no search with any confidence if called to the scene more than twenty-four hours later than the occurrence, nor if many persons have been over the ground in the meantime. He asks nothing for his help, but the custom established itself that the poorer people should give him a medjidi, the richer a napoleon, especially if the missing animal were of value, such as a horse or cow.

In the village of Ain Karim in the hill country of Judaea there is a small Convent, established some centuries ago by the Spaniards, and occupied, like almost all the Holy places, by the Franciscan friars. One of these, so say the Ain Karim people, had the power of finding hidden treasure. He used to go out walking with the servant of the Convent, visiting his flock, and carrying food to the sick of the villages around. Sometimes he would drive his stick into the ground and say, " Here is something ! " and they would dig and perhaps turn up a gold coin or other *antica*. One day he was walking with some priests on the slope of the mountain, east of the road between Ain Karim and Jerusalem, and striking his stick downwards, began to say, " Here is " (it was a Christian Arab of Ain Karim who told me the story) and then, remembering that among the priests with him some were Arabs and therefore given to talking, he added— " a dish of macaroni ! " They passed along their way with a laugh, but one Brother, a Spaniard, lingered behind, and marked the place so that it could be found. Having reported this to his Superior, he was sent next day alone to the spot and returned with a jar of gold wrapped in his long Franciscan mantle.

My informant went on to say that but lately—I heard the story about 1914—another thing had happened, equally true. Near the Convent are some small houses which are given free of rent to the poor. One of these was quite close to the Church, and I happen to know—what my informant did not—that the Order had acquired them hoping in time to enlarge their explorations of the ground on that side, so as to seek further evidence of the

presence of ruins of a former edifice of the Crusading period. In one of these houses lived a man and his wife who had convinced themselves that the house had been bought for the sake of treasure which was known of by the Franciscans. Why should not the occupants themselves turn their opportunity to personal advantage? Accordingly they sent for a wise man who brought a book in which such things were written, and he lighted a fire in the midst of the house and burned incense and made a circle in the midst of which he and the man of the house placed themselves. The woman meanwhile was to watch the walls of the house which would presently open and out would come a chicken which, of course, was a *jânn*, and which she must catch. This was the rassâd, the guardian of the gold, which would then be theirs, half, of course, to be given to the wizard. Nothing was said as to the share of the Convent which owned the house, and at the cost of which the man and his wife were living rent free.

The wizard then made the necessary invocations, reading out of the book. Presently the walls parted, and out jumped the hen, but the woman was so paralysed at the sight of the heaps of gold which she could see within the wall that the hen went out of the opposite window, the walls closed up, and the gold remains there until this day. I suggested the use of a pickaxe and was reproved for profanity.

The property of the women is largely invested in ornaments, which are of silver, often largely composed of coins. A single solid gold coin of especial value is often worn upon a silver chain round the neck. Even the poor lepers wear silver bracelets and rings as long as they have a stump of a hand to hold them. The beggar in the street wears rings if a man, rings, bracelets, and head-ornaments if a woman. Ornament is essential to the Semitic races, to whatever nation they profess to belong. At the great Feasts those of all races are to be seen represented here, and all decorated wherever decoration can find place.

The director of an important institution in Jerusalem was consulted as to the character of a girl brought up in his orphanage, one of the two or three in which girls have been enabled to learn practical housework and encouraged to put their knowledge to use in domestic service. As will be seen he was master of the art of graphic expression. He wrote: "She is a religious Christian with an upper mind, but somewhat slack in her doings. Give her not too high a reward, make her not an English Miss. For the first god of the Arabs is gold, the second silver, the third dress, and fourth or fifth the God Who made them."

In the case of the women of certain districts, their ornaments serve a further purpose. They are, like the mourning rings of Dickens' Mr Wemmick, "portable property." A woman of Bethlehem, Nazareth, or Ramallah, and several other places, carries her dowry upon her head. I have held in my hand a head-dress decorated with two hundred coins which had come down from a great-grand-mother to whom it was worth not less than 2,000 piastres. Most of these head-dresses are probably inherited. I have never seen one that looked in the least new, and they generally date from a time when cash was much less in use than now, barter having been a recognised method of dealing in the villages till a few years ago, eggs, as in the Highlands of Scotland, serving for petty purposes. Bread was not regarded as an article of sale on account of its sanctity as the staff of life. Moreover, wants which could not be satisfied from home produce were much fewer when field and orchard and vineyard produced food; and clothing, being home-grown, woven, spun, and dyed, lasted for almost a generation. Moreover, investment of money, as we understand investment, was impossible.

From the financial point of view these ornaments have greatly deteriorated in value, except in cases in which they are of interest to the antiquarian. During the war there were a great many antique Turkish coins in circulation, in excellent preservation, telling their own sad story—that the pressure of the horrors of the life of those terrible years, when the men of the house were far away fighting for their country, had been such that the women had had to remove the needed coins from the safe-keeping of the head-dress.

The coin in favour for use in the head-dresses of the villages is the double beshlik. The *beshlik*, as its name implies, is a "piece of five," and the double one is worth twice the other, which is of inferior metal. In the 'seventies the beshlik was reduced to half its value, and in the war time was worth only about two and a half of the piastres of commerce, rather more than half a franc. Burckhardt writes, about 1814, of the piastre as worth about a shilling.

The head-dress passed from mother to daughter and was never subtracted from except in great emergency, such as the redemption of a son from the army, or of some member of the family from prison. In a Christian village on a Saturday, or in the Muslim quarters on the eve of a feast, one may note the cooking-utensils newly polished, gleaming in the sun. There are the copper *tanjeras*—saucepans—the brass coffee-boilers, and perched

upon the top of a shining tin *imbreek*, jug, Madame's head-dress, the roll of red or blue woollen stuffed with wool which supports the coins, dripping with water, the coins themselves shining with sand, lemon-juice, and friction.

It is an oriental custom that rent, taxes, and many other of the larger expenses of every-day life are payable in advance. The landlord thus made sure of his money, a precaution the more necessary as it was he who paid the taxes. The tenant was thus able to leave without giving notice, unless a special arrangement were made to that effect. The inconvenience was the greater that a lease or contract was always co-ordinate with the Muslim year, and all removals were conducted on the first of Muharram, which is the Muslim New Year's Day. The incoming and out-going tenant accomplished their removal at the same time, so that there was a great demand for the services of every porter, cart, donkey, and camel, as well as for every whitewasher in the town, also for all the makers of beds which had to be put in order after removal. This last industry was mainly in the hands of the Jews, who beat up the cotton with an instrument like the bow of a violoncello, which gives out sweet sounds at intervals.

As the year consists of twelve lunar months, the landlord scored by the receipt of something like thirteen years' rent in twelve years of our kalendar. On the other hand, he paid thirteen years' taxes in twelve lunar years. Taxes, under Turkish government, were considered heavy, though they compared very favourably with those one paid in England, being much fewer in number as well as smaller in amount, speaking of the days before the war.

CHAPTER XII

About Weather

All that comes from the east is good except the wind. All that comes from the west is evil except the rain. Arabic saying.

Weather and water supply. Dews of Hermon and Neby Samwil. Khamseen or shiroko. Rain and snow. The Jaffa harbour. Ancient water supply. Years of drought. Jew and Muslim. Siloam's shady rill. Pool of Siloam. Waters of Zem-zem. Artificial irrigation. Changes of climate. Proverbs of weather.

As for eight months in the year there is no wet weather in Palestine, not so much as a shower, it is seldom spoken of except in connection with the water supply. In former days, when every well-built house—to the exclusion, of course, of most of those in the newer Jewish colonies—had its own cistern, with plenty of water of excellent quality, the water supply depended as to its efficiency mainly on the ordinary care and common-sense of the householder, and was a topic of purely personal interest. We reported the contents of our cisterns, and speculated as to whether we should have water to sell or, if charitably disposed, to give; for, in the interests of cleanliness, the possibility—not always easy—of emptying the cistern before the rains was always a matter of speculation. There are certain days in the year when people complain of cold, not because of ice or (very exceptionally) of snow, or even of wind (for the high wind is seldom a cold one), but because of the sponge-like quality of the local limestone, of which the houses are built. To ensure coolness in summer, the walls are, or should be, about three feet thick, and after rain they are difficult to dry, while fires seem only to draw out the damp and make it worse than ever.

The subject of Jerusalem weather has been a good deal misrepresented. In Egypt—which even before the new railway, built during the German occupation, was but a day's journey away—one was asked such extraordinary questions that it would almost seem that the matter were purposely misrepresented by those who had an interest in keeping the tourist from leaving the banks of the Nile. From long familiarity with both countries, I would say that the Palestine climate is the more attractive of the

two. In winter, in spite of abundant sunshine, it is far more bracing than Egypt; while in spring, summer, and autumn it is seldom anything but delightful. Even in the hottest weather the nights are cool and refreshing, and the mists come down as in the Garden of Eden. If one sleeps on the roof, or even in a tent, one does wisely to return to the house before the fall of the morning dew, for the hour after sunrise is the time when one is likely to fall victim to malaria. The roofs glisten as if rain had fallen in the night, and such dews are precious for the ripening of vines, olives, and sesame, and keep the air fresh and pleasant.

The ancient writers accepted the dews of Jerusalem as a literal fulfilment of the words " Like as the dew of Hermon, which fell upon the hill of Sion, for there the Lord promised His blessing." In the travels of Anthony of Placentia, about 570, we read that " at the foot of the hill of Hermon is a stream, from which a cloud ascends at the third hour, which, with the rising sun reaches Jerusalem and stands above the Church in Sion, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, and the Church of S. Mary, and the Church of S. Sophia which is the Pretorium, where our Lord was judged. Upon these places the dew falls like rain, and the doctors collect it, and all the preparations of the Hospital are cooked in it, and many diseases are healed in those places where the dew falls. This is the dew of Ps. CXXXIII 3."

The people say that En neby Samwil (the prophet Samuel) collects the dew and distributes it to the surrounding districts. The mountain, 2935 feet above the Mediterranean, is a conspicuous height which dominates the entire district, and was known to the Crusaders as the Mount of Joy, because it was in crossing its summit that they had their first glimpse of Jerusalem. The old mosque, with its fine old minaret, upon the site of a Crusading chapel—the oldest architectural landmark in the country—was destroyed during the War. It had been already threatened in 1916, and for ten days in July of that year no dew fell, for the first time in history. The Prophet's tomb looks down upon the Jaffa Plain, and a bomb had been thrown upon the town of Ramleh, destroying and mutilating a party of Arabs who were celebrating a wedding after the harvest. The Neby was so much grieved that such a calamity should have befallen his innocent people that for ten days no dew collected. Everything in the garden withered away; flowers, fruit, trees even, lost their leaves. The seeds which had been planted came up as dwarfed abortions.

The two months in the year in which it is undesirable for Europeans to visit Palestine are May and October, on account of

the hot east wind, which sometimes prevails for twenty-one days at a time. All who know the coasts of the Mediterranean, know the " shiroko " by reputation—and a very evil reputation it has. Man, and beast, and bird, and vegetation; body and soul, temper and intelligence, are all affected by it. It is a season of quarrels; it is the season of gossip—for neither of which, however, is there a close time in the Levant, one might even say " on the Mediterranean," the cause being racial as well as climatic. Shiroko (from *shark* = east) may occur at other times, but in May and October it will certainly occur, and its duration is for any number of days—so say the natives—divisible by three. True, it may last but three days at a time, and then one seeks to cultivate a thankful spirit and makes much of the reprieve. The name *khamseen* (fifty) is better known to the Arabs, and is said to be derived from the fact that the hot east wind is prevalent during the fifty days which surround the equinoxes.

The desert Arabs dig pits and lay themselves within when they see it coming laden with the hot desert sand. In this they imitate their own camels, which bury their noses in the sand, cooler below the surface. During the squalls the rapid motion of the air often causes death to man and beast. The wind always passes across the desert, and the direction is not always the same. In Jerusalem the hot wind is east, in Egypt it is worst from the south-south-west, in Mekka from the east, in Baghdad from the west. In Cyprus it is less trying than in Syria, because of the passage across the Mediterranean. There the north wind from Asia Minor is the worst, both in summer and winter, whether hot or cold. In Constantinople the same wind comes from the south. The Turks call it *shamyell* (the wind of Syria—Es Sham)—a name it richly deserves.

The average rainfall used to be reported as equivalent to that of London, though it is difficult to believe the fact: so few, comparatively, are the days upon which rain falls at all. From 1861 to 1892 the average annual rainfall was 25.23 inches. Then began a drier period, including a serious drought towards the end of the century. It became the custom to say that this decrease in the rainfall was one of the various blessings brought about by the completion of the great dam of the Nile, and there was much talk of providing Jerusalem with a water-supply. The fact that every householder was responsible for his own provision had many advantages, for if his supply was not sufficient and pure and wholesome, he had only himself to thank for it. His neighbour could not contaminate it. Epidemics of cholera and

smallpox visited places all round, and seldom reached Jerusalem. In 1902, remembered as the great cholera year, when Jaffa and the villages in the Plain, with their abundant water-supply, were almost decimated, Jerusalem was free. I remember the Turkish official whose duty it was to make provision for quarantine, in case of a visitation, told us that he had arranged a station in the Valley of Silwan and asked the Sœurs de Charité to take charge of it, should necessity arise; but, said he, " thanks to the nature of the water-supply, it is little likely to do so "—and it never came, although there were cases in villages quite near by.

Professor George Adam Smith reports the mean temperature of Jerusalem to be about 62 degrees, and relates that in the fifteen years he had it under observation there was an average of eight days above 90 degrees Fahrenheit. He speaks of snow in fourteen seasons out of thirty-two. I can speak personally of snow twice in ten winters, the first being in 1903-4, when, with some difficulty, we made a snow-man, who survived but a few hours. Crowds of fellaheen came to look at him, one of whom, I remember, was greatly impressed by the muff I was carrying, and which he thought an admirable arrangement for warming the stomach.

Snow seldom falls till about the time of the latter rain, and the natives associate it with the month of March (Adar) and have many sayings to that effect. " Save up your largest charcoal for Adar," they say, " for it is the time of earthquakes and showers." " Adar will content you with seven snowfalls. Nevertheless (and this is characteristic of all intervals even in the worst Jerusalem weather) the shepherd can dry his drenched sheepskin without a fire." " The sunshine of Adar for my daughter," the old women say, " and of Shebat (February) for my daughter-in-law." February is said to be the month of headaches, the sunshine being very capricious.

All the same, it is fair to say that snow can be quite a serious matter in Jerusalem. I remember that in February 1911 the roof was blown off the new German Convalescent Home on the Mount of Olives, and that three carriages sent, one after another, to the relief of some English guests who were spending the winter there, failed to reach them, and finally a man on horseback, who followed, found himself within the enclosure without knowing at what point he had crossed the wall! Early in March we were in Jaffa trying to take the boat for home, and, looking over the cliff, I was puzzled by the magenta-coloured appearance of the shore. This was produced by the pink wrappers of the oranges

with which we are all familiar, and which were evidence of the great number of orange-boxes which had gone to pieces from wreckage and from difficulties in embarkation.

Although there has been much exaggeration as to the difficulties of the Jaffa landing, there is no denying that every winter a certain number of boats go past and have to land their passengers in Haifa, or on the return journey. It is alleged that all these difficulties will be smoothed away under the new conditions which have already obtained since 1918. No doubt the same promise has been often made since the occasion when Jonah experienced the same difficulties which have discouraged the modern tourist. Wishing to take ship he paid the fare thereof, and went down in it to go to Tarshish, but the Lord sent a strong wind into the sea, that the ship was like to be broken; " then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man to his god." They do so still. They are a brave and skilful set of men, and the wide-bottomed tub which carries you to the ship which rides at anchor outside the bay, is rowed out to the cry, repeated harmoniously and at intervals, of " God is the Merciful One, God the Compassionate, God the Ruler, the Holy, the Mighty, the Great." And at each utterance the rowers rise to their feet. They are a splendid set of men, and an accident very rarely occurs. Things must have been worse in old times, and, as an album in a certain local convent records, " Jaffa is fast so old as the civilisated world. According to tradition Noah built in this harbour the ark, in which should be kept the mankind."

So much of interest in connection with the historic water-supply is now being " improved " out of existence that it may be worth while to describe for the non-archæological what provision was made in former times for the various old fountains, now broken, dried-up, and dusty, of which the remains—often of great beauty —are still to be seen all over the town by those who know, or care, where to look for them. The ancient water-system has a special interest for the English, in that an enquiry into the possibilities of its restoration, undertaken at the cost of Lady Burdett Coutts, was the means of bringing Sir Charles Wilson to the Holy Land —incidentally, also Lord Kitchener—and indirectly of establishing the Palestine Exploration Society.

There is probably no city in the world the history of which has been so much determined by the question of water supply as that of Jerusalem. The city of Sion was erected upon the hill sloping down to what we now call the Virgin's Fountain, probably because it was the only fresh-water spring in the neighbourhood.



LANDING LUGGAGE AT JAFFA.

In the background note the rocks which make the landing difficult. The boatmen are a hardy and skilful race and their calling is generally hereditary.

PASSENGERS LANDING AT JAFFA.

The hill is crowned by the tower of the ancient Franciscan Church. At the adjoining Hostel pilgrims have been entertained since the time of the Crusades. Now disused.

The Muslims say that it is one of the wells of Paradise. They call it " the Mother of Steps," so far below the surface is now what may once have been an open pool sparkling in the sunshine, and sending its fertilising waters down what, in Solomon's time, became " the King's Vale." Perhaps it was joined by the then perennial stream of the Kedron, and later by the overflow of the *Bir Ayoub* (Fountain of Job), all being then lost in the *Wady el Nar* (the Valley of Fires—Gehenna), where the rubbish of the town was consumed, and which probably provided the imagery for the picture of " the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched." But this lay far below the great area of the Temple and its adjacent buildings, a circumstance which provided other imagery of Old Testament poetry, the Songs of Degrees, the going UP to the Temple, the hymns which accompanied the rites of fetching water in a golden ewer on certain feasts, and much else.

Thus it became necessary to bring water to a higher level, and the great reservoirs, some nine miles away, were provided, possibly by Solomon. We must, however, remember that any striking achievements here are named after the great king, just as in Egypt they are named after Pharaoh, and we thus have Solomon's Stables, Solomon's Quarries, and the like. Whatever may be the age of these reservoirs, they are connected with various interesting facts of history. Two great aqueducts led to them, collecting the water-supply from springs and artificial reservoirs on two different levels, thus known as the high and low-level aqueducts. Merely to indicate their course is to suggest an interesting contrast with work such as is accomplished to-day. The high-level aqueduct is unconnected with any spring, but collects water from a chain of some fifty wells in the course of about four miles, its channel being from twenty to thirty feet below the surface. Later, after running for 600 yards in the open, it tunnels its way through a ridge of hard limestone, 1700 feet long, often a hundred feet below the surface. It conducted its treasure to the highest of the four pools, and later we find it continuing its course near Bethlehem. In 1901 a part of it was examined where the road from Hebron divides, and turns towards Bethlehem in one direction, Jerusalem in the other. Here it crosses the valley by means of pipes, consisting of immense blocks of squared stone, perforated with cylinders having a diameter of 15½ inches. Some are inscribed with the names of the Roman centurions who severally directed this or that part of the work. These belong to the time when Jerusalem was a Roman city,

called Ælia Capitolina, when a Temple of Venus stood over the Holy Sepulchre of Jesus, a Temple of Jupiter above the remains of the Temple of the Jews. This stood over the great rock which has seen so much, upon which—as many believe—flowed the blood of the ram which laid down its life for Isaac, the blood of the sacrifice of David when it was the threshing-floor of Araunah, the sacrifices of the temples of Solomon, Nehemiah, and Herod. At the time of the Roman occupation, too, it flowed with that of the goats, the sheep, the white bulls—in which their god, too, was supposed to take delight.

Yet here, just at this turn of the road, some such little dome as we now see may have sheltered the grave of Rachael in insignificant security, and some Roman soldier have paused beside it to pray, as men and women in all ages have prayed there, for the little children in his far-distant home, or for an ailing woman, wife or mother : having, it may be, some fragmentary knowledge of the story of the beloved wife who " died and was buried in the way to Ephrath which is Bethlehem." It is still sacred to womanhood; and mothers especially—Muslim, Christian, or Jewish —gather there still, as they have done for so many centuries.

The low-level aqueduct, still older, is in use to the present day; its sources are yet more distant than those of its neighbour, for the water comes—at least in part—from Wady'Arrub, near Hebron, thirteen miles from Jerusalem. It is probably the aqueduct made (as Josephus says), or at least restored, by Pilate, who, as it was to furnish water for the sacrifices, paid for it out of the Temple funds, and so caused a riot among the people of Jerusalem. Can the necessity for propitiating the people of the town, already suspicious of his relations to their sacred things, have influenced him when he delivered One to them to crucify, in Whom nevertheless he could find no fault?

This wonderful aqueduct seems to have been twenty-eight miles long, even before reaching the pools, and then, we are told, it wanders yet another eleven and a half along the hillsides before reaching Bethlehem, where it is still in perfect condition, and hence, as already said, so late as 1898 it carried water into the Haram Area (the Temple Court), as it might still be doing had it not been for the jealousy of the Christians at Bethlehem, who claimed that water carried to Jerusalem was so much subtracted from their own use.

The description of places is no part of the purpose of this book, and we do not linger over the great pools, which are, at least, seen by every tourist on his way to Hebron. How many are there

who remember here that little human touch which at every turn in this historic land comes to redeem from the commonplace even such objects as the mere guardian tower which overlooks the pools? When Jacob had buried his dead by the wayside and set a " pillar " over her grave—the little cairn of stones such as marks many a similar resting-place of the bedu, who love to lie beside it now—" he journeyed and spread his tent beyond the tower of Edar." He had not the heart to go on to the town, a few miles beyond. A grim old Saracenic tower still stands beside the well, Atan, probably the Etam which supplied the Temple, and—so the learned would have us believe—represents also " the habitation of Chimcham which is by Bethlehem " (Jer. xli. 17), the companion of David who returned from a solitary journey beyond Jordan to mourn for Absalom alone, as Jacob his ancestor had mourned his dead in the same spot so long before.

One treasure of antiquity sacrificed to the widening of the road down to the railway station, is an inscription—long half-buried by the accumulation of earth at its base, so that the date was illegible—recording the fact of the restoration of the older aqueduct at a point north of the Sultan's Pool, now the cattle market, and said to be the spot whence David first saw Bathsheba. The Sultan in question was Muhammed ibn kelann, who belonged to the Beharite dynasty of Egypt, and reigned between 693 and 741. The same aqueduct is mentioned also by Arculphus, who visited Palestine in 697, and who remarked the arches a little further south, where they bear it across the valley at the foot of Mount Sion, and where they were still visible but a few years ago. This is the aqueduct which, till quite recent times, carried water to the Temple area. The supply still reaches the Temple, and water was till very lately still drawn from the fountain upon the station road and at other points within the city; but the glory is departed, and as one looks at the fine old fountains—Saracenic for the most part, but many constructed from still older buildings, Herodian or Roman—one could almost without irreverence join in the mourning of the Jews down yonder in the Wailing Place :

" For the palaces desolate, the walls overthrown, the majesty departed, the precious stones burned, we sit solitary and mourn ! "

Some of the fountains served by the aqueducts were erected in the time of Suleiman the Magnificent, one of the earliest Sultans in Constantinople, and contemporary with our Queen Elizabeth. He was not satisfied with beautifying his own capital, which owes almost all its finest buildings to this reign, but he restored the

walls and gates of Jerusalem, and brought it to a higher degree of magnificence than it had ever enjoyed.

After the opening-up of the question of the restoration of the aqueducts by Sir Charles Wilson half a century ago, the subject continued to be talked of at intervals, and Lady Burdett Coutts was prepared to assist with her wonted liberality. A good deal of money was spent, and a little patching and tinkering was accomplished from time to time, and one or two kitchen taps were installed below the fountain of Sultan Muhammad ibn Kelam. Something further was accomplished as part of the general furbishing-up of the town in 1898 in view of the visit of the German Emperor, and a really interesting development was the restoration to use of the great circular stone basin in the Temple area known as el Kars, and which may be described as the only piece of ornamental water in Jerusalem. This had been supplied, probably in connection with the ceremonial ablutions in the Temple, from the Sealed Fountain of Solomon. There is no obvious reason why this supply should not be kept up, as there is an immense storage of water in the court of the Dome of the Rock, commonly called the Haram Area, much of it probably dating from the time of Solomon and his successors, as necessary for ritual cleansings.

One cistern alone, known as the Great Sea, will contain (as Sir Charles Wilson ascertained) two million gallons of water. The total storage accommodation, he tells us, was more than ten millions. Since his time, however, cisterns have been added, and many others cleaned, repaired, and restored to use. The catchment arrangements also have been enormously improved by the paving of a great part of the Haram Area, so that it is probable that something like the amount which Sir Charles Wilson believed to be the original capacity has been restored. This, of course, has been effected by the Wakf, the Administration of religious endowments. Hanauer, perhaps of all men most intimate with the Mosque and its secrets, is of opinion that many of the storage places were never intended as cisterns at all, but were rock-chambers—for what purpose, we do not know. This large storage of water has always been at the service of the Muslim poor of Jerusalem, these alone having had free entry to their holy places. In the same way the immense cisterns, said to date from the time of Constantine, under the Church of the Resurrection, commonly known as the Holy Sepulchre, and the adjacent buildings, were equally at the service of the Christian poor. Unfortunately whole suburbs, built by European charity for the

benefit of the Jews, had no provision whatever for water for any purpose; others had provision which was very inadequate; and it is therefore natural that their consequent sufferings should have given rise to the notion that the water-supply of Jerusalem was insufficient and insanitary. Probably the world cannot show any monument of engineering more interesting than that which of old was furnished for the benefit of a city which, however beautiful for situation, could have been built more advantageously almost anywhere else.

In 1901-2 when, owing to the absence of the early rain—a circumstance without precedent in the memory of man—the cisterns were not filled, Jerusalem was threatened with drought. A ship-load of water-piping was sent by the Sultan from Constantinople to meet the emergency, and was laid upon the lines prepared some three thousand years ago, but unfortunately it did not reach further than Bethlehem. This, however, made it possible, however regrettable, to bring a sufficient supply as far as a tap inserted into the fine old fountain—another monument of Suleiman the Magnificent—across the valley of Hinnom. This, however grotesque an anachronism, has ever since been of great convenience for watering cattle, especially since the ancient pool above was unhappily filled up.

Another period of drought occurred in 1910-11, which for the first time within living memory threatened to become very serious, because the Jews made corners in many articles, especially those that bore most hardly on their own poor, notably flour and petroleum. No rain fell between March 1910 and January 1911, and according to the *Jewish Chronicle* (April 21) milk was a shilling a pint, and butter four shillings a pound. I was told by the headmistress of a large school for Jewish girls that little children of five in her school fasted a whole day for rain, and that there was talk among the Muslims of begging for a formal fast among the Jews, especially the little children. The inhabitants of Jerusalem in general have a curious superstition on the subject of the association of the Jews with rain, and their folk-lore is full of stories in justification of the idea. Often, when towards October the whole earth seemed to be parched and dry, I have heard the people say cheerfully, " The Feast of the Jews is coming "; and as a matter of fact the latter rain does begin, as a rule, about the time of the Feast of Tabernacles. A never-forgotten story in Jerusalem is that of the intervention, at a time of drought, of the great local saint of the Jews, Simon the Just, about the end of the seventeenth century. Because God loves

the prayers of little children, great numbers had been kept without water for many hours, that they might pray with the more conviction of the needs of the moment. The schools went in procession to church and mosque, the Jews to the Wailing Place, but rain was still withheld.

At last the cry was started that the presence of the Jews in the sacred city was displeasing to Allah, and the Pasha sent for the Chief Rabbi and told him that, unless rain came within three days, they must be driven out. The Rabbi Galanti was a man of faith, and he assembled his people together and desired that prayer should be made without ceasing, day or night. At early dawn on the third day they were bidden to dress themselves in their most impenetrable clothing, and go with him in procession to the tomb of Simon the Just—still a favourite place of pilgrimage—in order to give thanks for the great relief which should come before nightfall. As they passed through the Damascus Gate, the Muslim sentries mocked at the heavy clothing they wore, under cloudless skies, but they passed on their way up the Valley of the Kedron to the point where it is crossed by the north road to Samaria. Hope—thank God!—is the most communicable of all the virtues, and the Jews gave thanks fervently. Suddenly the sky was overcast, as happens here at times when the clouds are blown up from the west wind, "mother of rain"—just as it did when Elijah prayed on Carmel—and in a few minutes they were all drenched, and returned to find the mocking sentinels convinced that a divine blessing rested upon the Hebrews.

A Jewish rabbi once related to me a story, which he declared was contemporary with Jesus of Nazareth. A certain Nicodemus ben Gorion had charge of the water-supply in the Temple courts. At the time of a certain feast the supply ran short, and Nicodemus asked a neighbour to lend him twelve cisterns of water, to be repaid by a certain date, or in default he would have to pay twelve talents of silver. The day came, but no rain fell, and the owner asked for his due. Nicodemus replied that the day was not yet at an end; and, when he came again later, that the sun had not yet set; and the creditor went off, laughing, to his bath, sure of his money. Then Nicodemus prayed, "O Lord of the Universe, Thou knowest that I have taken this obligation upon me for Thy glory, that those who keep the feast may have water." The sky became at once overcast, and the rain fell so that the cisterns were shortly overflowing. Then the creditor came again, to ask compensation for this very troublesome state of things—from which those whose cisterns (as often happens) are within the

house may sustain great inconvenience. At another prayer the rain stopped, and thus God showed forth His love. Ewald relates that in 1842 the Jews prayed for rain at the tomb of Zechariah, near the Kedron.

It is recorded that the Prophet was never seen to pray with so much fervour as when praying for rain (*Mischat* liii). When his companions remonstrated with him for deliberately getting wet during heavy rain, he said " This has just arrived from my Lord." In a time of dearth he came out of his house in his oldest clothes, and prayed " O Lord, grant to thy servant, and the quadrupeds, and scatter thy compassion, and revive thy dead land. Replenish us with water to our fill, to free us from hardships; and not to hurt us, bring forth the fruits of the earth profitably, without damage, quickly without delay." Then the rain began.

The Muslim, like the Scots Highlander, is taught not to complain about weather. In times of threatened drought I have never heard more than ' The rain will come, Inshallah.' It is said that the Prophet, hearing a man curse the wind, rebuked him severely. " It hath been ordered," he said, " and is not deserving of being cursed, and verily whoso curses a thing which is not worthy of it, the curse returns upon him."

The Muslims tell a story that in the time of Moses, the Israelites (as we learn from the Pentateuch) grumbled about everything, and especially the weather, and insisted that Moses should ask Allah to allow them to choose their own. This was permitted, and the barley grew higher than ever before. However, when threshing-time came, the ears were empty, and famine followed. Then they came to Moses again, and sent him to ask counsel of God, who ordered that they should plant gourds. Those who obeyed had abundance of fruit, which proved to contain big grains of wheat, and so they learnt that He Who could put wheat into gourds must know best.

In the second week of December 1916 the people were again suffering from the delay in the rainfall. A fellaha from a village near Bethlehem told me that she and the other women had been praying for the delayed blessing. The village, containing about 365 Muslims and a few Christians, consists of two quarters—two *harat*, a distinction irrespective of religion. It is carefully observed, even by the dogs. If a resident from one quarter appears in another he is asked what he wants, not inhospitably, but in recognition of the fact that he is on foreign soil. Accordingly the women of the two quarters gathered separately, on the

housetops or in the open spaces between the houses, wherever there was room for a dozen or so to assemble. They put a white *kumbaz* (a long garment shaped like a shepherd's smock) upon a stick, and danced round it. The white flag is God's flag, it is the flag of rejoicing and thanksgiving. I tried to find out what the idea was of dancing, which is a sign of joy, when they came together to pray for deliverance from calamity. It seemed to be a part of the general spirit of resignation to the will of God, the true acceptation of the idea, for pain or pleasure—Thy will be done.

Among Christians as well as Muslims a good deal of the folk-lore of water is associated with El Khudr, the Evergreen, one whom we know as S. George. During the drought of 1896, already referred to, one heard of prayers being offered among those of all creeds, on behalf of cisterns, gardens, and harvest-fields. In the village of Ain Karim, the Well of the Merciful One, known as the birth-place of S. John Baptist, he appeared to a certain woman in the guise of a mounted stranger. (S. George is seldom represented except on horseback). She was laboriously collecting water from a spring, nearly dried up, when he ordered her to empty her little store into a trough at hand, such as one usually finds near a village-well, and to water his horse. Constrained to obey, she was horrified to find that the water turned into blood as she poured it out from her jar. Then she recognised the sanctity of her visitor, and dutifully accepted his command to inform her fellow villagers that had God not sent the drought, they would have been visited by cholera and other diseases. He appeared shortly after to a Muslim woman at Hebron, with the same message, adding that the rain would fall at the time of the Greek New Year, the second week in January, for which they made due preparation, and when the rain fell abundantly.

There is an admirable little book upon Palestine customs, by a Presbyterian named Mackie, who is remembered for the educational work he effected in the Lebanon, and who describes a characteristic incident. A missionary observed to a Muslim, "This is a dreadful day of rain!" and the Muslim, looking upward, replied, "Do you think HE does not understand His work?" a reply especially in tune with the training of a Highlander. The Muslims pray much, but little for material benefits, believing that all is in the hands of God, and is pre-arranged, so that what we most need to ask for is the spirit of acceptance and cheerfulness. A Muslim who lately accompanied me to church liked

all the service except the Litany. He thought it lacked the spirit of leaving our needs in God's hands.

In face of the fact that there is but one spring of fresh water in Jerusalem, it is easy to understand that some degree of imagination enters into Bishop Heber's statement

> By cool Siloam's shady rill
> How sweet the lily grows!

There is no rill and there are no lilies. Moreover, it is the hottest district in the neighbourhood, being entirely without trees, with the exception of the one which, till lately, marked the place where Isaiah is said to have been sawn asunder. The valley is deep and narrow, and the Kedron flows some score of feet or more underground. Nevertheless it is exceptionally fertile, and grows most of the salads and vegetables of the neighbourhood—upon the town drainage! The Jerusalem artichoke especially flourishes in great abundance, the market gardens being kept up mainly by women, who have always had very modern views on the subject of married woman's property, and retain their own earnings.

Water, however, exists there as no where else, and it is the site of a powerful spring well known to history.

The spring has many names. In Scripture it is En Rogel, to the Arabs it is *Ain Sitti Miriam*, the Well of our Lady Mary, from the story which dates from the fourteenth century that the Blessed Virgin once drew water here, as is quite probable, a variant being that she here washed the clothes of the Child Jesus, just as the women from all around wash here to-day. In any village in which she lived, be it Bethlehem, or Nazareth, or Jerusalem, we may safely assume that the village well is certainly a spot she would be likely to frequent. An old woman of Silwan, as the Arabs call Siloam, explained to me that the occasion of the washing of the clothes was the eve of the Presentation in the Temple just above, when the Holy Family passed some time in the house of the aged Simeon, which was almost certainly in this neighbourhood, as apparently, though an old man, he frequently attended the daily services.

The Well is perhaps what Isaiah means when he speaks of "the waters of Shiloah that go softly," although he may refer to the Pool of Siloam into which these waters are conducted as part of the well-planned water system of Jerusalem. This is at a short distance, and we read of its being repaired by Nehemiah when he rebuilt the Temple (Neh. III, 15). He speaks of it as "by the

king's garden, unto the stairs that go down from the City of David." Esdras calls it the Well of the Dragon (II Esdras II, 13) and he calls the canal the King's aqueduct. The Arabs call this Pool Birket el Hamra, the Red Pool. Milton speaks of the " Brook that flowed hard by the oracles of God." Tacitus writes of the *fons perennis aquae*.

The Well of the Virgin is also known as the *Ain umm dareji*, the Well of the Mother of Steps, of which sixteen have to be descended to reach the first level, and almost as many more to arrive at the water. It is probable also that this may be the Spring of Gihon (I Kings I, 3). Some archæologists have thought that the water came from below the Temple, and there is a very old tradition that the sound of water may be heard in the crypt, that is the natural hollow under the *Sachra*, the great rock, by putting the ear to the ground. I confess that I believe myself to have heard it. There is also the tradition that Solomon built the Temple upon water. All over Palestine one finds that Churches, often founded upon buildings of an older faith, are built over a sacred spring.

Others have believed that the Pool of Siloam is itself the source of the water, but in reality it seems fairly clear that the spring is at the bottom of the second flight of steps. It is intermittent, and flows from three to five times daily in winter, less often in dry weather.

The story of the discovery of the famous Siloam inscription in 1880, a cast of which may be seen in the British Museum, the original being in Constantinople, is well known.

The Pool of Siloam is, of course, most familiar to Christians on account of the miracle of the restoration of sight to the man born blind, and who was sent there, as probably the nearest running water, to wash his eyes. Tradition relates that his name was Sidonia, and that he afterwards went to France with Lazarus, S. Mary Magdalene, and two others named Trophimus and Maximilian, and that he died there, and was buried in the Church dedicated to Maximilian, in the department of Var. In the early ages of Christianity, the Pool of Siloam was much frequented by the sick, and a Church was built there dedicated to the Saviour Illuminator. It was ruined in 614. The Tower of Siloam, referred to by our Lord, is said to have been near by.

I learnt from the Shech of the village that the water, which is revered by Muslims as well as Christians, is said to be identical with that of the famous Zem zem of Mekka. We had repeatedly urged upon our young house-servant to drink only boiled water,

for his father and sister had died of malaria while in our service, and who himself, as well as his mother, was often ill from fever although their house in Silwan was well situated and clean. The lad, however, disregarded our warnings and declared that the water of Silwan was "very good." Unfortunately, the valley has an ill name for fever, and the water of the Pool, if not of the Well, is certainly contaminated by drainage matter. To silence my importunity he took me to the Shech, who told us the following story.

"There was a certain *Moghrabi*" (Moor, a class of Arabs descended from the emigrants from Spain and Northern Africa).

"How long ago?" I asked.

"Oh, a long time, but not so long ago as Salah ed din. He was on pilgrimage to Mekka. He was drawing water from the Zem zem, when his leather pail fell into the Well. To lose the pail was bad enough, but, unfortunately, also there was money in it, as much as seven liras. Shortly after, a woman was drawing water at Ain Silwan, when a dark object came up with the water which was rising up in the basin. It proved to be a pail of different make from any known in the country, so she carried it to the Sachra (the so-called Mosque of Omar) near by, and there it was hung up on a nail. Some short time afterwards the Moghrabi came, as his duty was, to complete his pilgrimage by a visit to Jerusalem. In the Mosque he saw his pail, and claimed it. The Shech of the Mosque said it could not possibly be his, as it was found in the Ain Silwan and he had but just come from Mekka and could never have visited the Well. 'I will prove to you,' he said, 'that it is mine, and has come from the Zem zem. If you look within you will find seven gold pieces.' The gold was there, and the credit of the Holy Well established, which is a far more precious treasure than anything which gold can buy. Whatever may be the cause of the fever in the village there is no doubt that the water, at any rate, is blessed."

Josephus speaks of this water as "agreeable but slightly brackish." Burton tells of the great esteem in which the water of the Zem zem is held. It is used only for religious purposes, whether for drinking or ablution, and the pilgrims are always advised to break their fast with it. He adds, "It is apt to cause diarrhœa and boils, and I never saw a stranger drink it without a wry face. The copious supply of water is considered miraculous; in distant countries it facilitates the pronunciation of Arabic to the student; and everywhere the nauseous draught is considered meritorious in a religious point of view. The water

is transmitted to distant regions in glazed earthen jars, covered with basket-work and sealed by the Zem-zemis." (*El Medinah and Maccah*, p. 186.)

As early as 1099 William of Tyre describes the sufferings of the Crusaders from scarcity of water, with all its natural consequences. He speaks of the destruction of the ancient irrigatory systems, especially in the Plain of Sharon, where in passes cut through the solid rock, leading to the sea, the means of drainage were so much choked that swamps, unwholesome and inconvenient, formed in many places. Nasr-i-khusran, an Arab writer about 1047, describes an interesting anticipation of nineteenth century tar-products, in the use of asphalt from the Dead Sea for the protection of trees from vermin, so we may conclude that agriculture had made some progress under Arab rule.

One heard nothing in Palestine in the old days of the deterioration of land under artificial irrigation, such as is alleged in other countries. This seems to occur mainly where the irrigation is incomplete, that is, where the salts brought by reservoir waters are not completely drained away. Much land, formerly cultivated, has been abandoned in the United States, in France, Algeria, India, and South Africa, in consequence of the results of irrigation by means of stored-up rain waters. There was at one time a prejudice in Cyprus against the establishment of irrigation schemes, but the people learned by degrees that to soak the land in water was not sufficient : the water must pass through it. In Palestine, and still more in Cyprus, there is much gypsum which prevents the formation of sodium carbonate, the presence of which is easily recognised, as it turns the earth to a blackish colour, and is injurious to vegetation.

It seems probable that the decay of timber, the destruction by time, accident and neglect of systems of irrigation, and the waste of cisterns of which many hundreds, perhaps thousands, are disused all over the country, have had their effect upon the temperature, even if we do not admit that there have been here, as elsewhere, direct changes in climatic conditions.

Within three days of Christmas, 1901, I was sleeping every night in a hammock, not in a tent, but directly in the open air, and being absolutely an invalid at the time, getting much benefit from it. I remember that three years later, about the same date, I escaped by a mere accident from being a passenger in a train between Beirut and Damascus so deeply buried in snow that it took five hundred men seven days' work to dig it out.

In discussing climate in Palestine we have to realise that just

as there are no twilights, no illusiory effects of mists and clouds, so there are no intermediary seasons. There are summer and winter, seed time and harvest. " The harvest is past, the summer is ended " is no mere poetic phrasing, the harvest, or most of it, comes before the summer. No picture could be more literally true than that of the poet.

> So the winter is past
> The rain is over—is gone.
> The flowers appear upon the fields,
> The time of singing is come;
> The cooing of the turtle dove is heard in the land.
> The fig tree sweetens her green figs;
> The vines blossom,
> They diffuse fragrance.

Equally rapid are the changes after the early, that is, the autumnal rains. I recall one seventh of November when there was a night's rain followed by two days of bright sunshine. On the eleventh we rode over the mountains northward to Emmaus. The bare earth, till now dry and dusty, wore a veil of green as of an April woodland, and in every hollow among the rocks where a little earth had been washed into crevice or corner, was a fairy garden of the delicate blossoms of the autumn crocus, some lilac, with threads of crimson, others with white petals delicately pencilled; the golden blossoms of the sweet gale; and the glowing discs of the so-called " African " marigold, a veritable miracle of Nature's bounty.

Again, the unusual variations of climate in so small a limit of space make it difficult to generalise about the temperature and products of the country. While Lebanon and Hermon are in the snows, the Jordan valley is in the sub-tropics. The Arabs have a saying, " They asked of the cold, ' Where shall we find thee? ' and it answered, ' In the Balka ' "—the district south of Damascus—" But if we meet thee not there? " ' In Baalbek is my home ' "—probably because the mountain tops are covered with perpetual snow.

The importance of the part which rain plays in the life of the people may be shown by the number of proverbs and sayings which refer to it. The following are a few of them.

In a good year the heat by day, the rain by night.

When the wind blows from the north-west take off your clothes for a swim.

All that comes from the east is good except the wind. All that comes from the west is bad, except the rain.

The rain of March is pure gold (the latter rain for the harvest).

If rain comes in August (though rare, it is not unknown) it makes the olives wormy.

The blessing of the olives is rain in May.

Ploughing in the autumn after the rain is a guarantee against harm, before the rain it is a mercy to the trees.

The grain says in March, " Rain every day is too much, and rain every two days is not enough."

CHAPTER XIII

About the Camel

> It is recorded of the Prophet that when, being on a journey, he alighted at any place, he did not say his prayers until he had unsaddled his camel.
>
> Poole's "Mohammed."

Our Father Adam, say the fellaheen, had three sons; one was a hunter, one a farmer, and the third, a bedawee, received from Adam the camel to live by. After a time he came to his father and said, "My camel is dead. What shall I do now?" "Go," said Adam, "and live on what you can get from your brethren," and so it came to pass that when the bedawee has no camel—well, he must live by "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can."

The mare, as we all know, plays a very important part in the life of the desert, but the camel, after all, is what the Arab has "to live by." Many of us find him unresponsive, uninteresting, disdainful, but as a matter of fact most of us know very little about him. *Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner.* The Arabs says that to have a good Arabic accent one must drink of the water of Zem-zem. Those who have struggled with the Arabic gutturals are in a position to testify that the acquisition of those sounds, so unsympathetic to the European throat, is facilitated by much association with the camel in the rare moments when he is inclined for conversation.

Ikh in camel language means to kneel, the act of kneeling is *nakh*. *Yahhh* means to go on, *haiii* means caution. He responds mainly in the gutturals we transliterate, *gh* and *kh*, so discouraging to the student.

The people say that a grey camel is strong and patient, and does not complain of his lot. Hence a person who has courage and endurance is called "a grey camel," while the white ones are more delicate, have less power of resistance, and are less valuable as burden-bearers. "It was in the war-time," said an old desert shech, "that many a grey camel came by its due!"

They say it is like a bride in the house; *mitl el aroos fil bait.* It needs care, and seldom fails to get it, though some of the treatment it receives appears to us elementary, not to say brutal, but like so much oriental cruelty it proceeds from ignorance, an excuse we cannot allege in favour of the sport and the wanton vivisection, and the destruction of animals for purposes of mere vanity, which we indulge in in the West. His hide is burnt for every ailment, and a camel is often covered with scars, but the same may be said of the people themselves, and for the same purpose. They act up to their lights, and when the camel is ill they blow a trumpet to cheer him just as in the Zoological Gardens in Cairo, before the war, when the baby elephant was off his feed, they gave him a band of music and he marched about the grounds to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," with, so the keeper assured us, excellent results.

Moreover, the camel-bell is quite a feature of his personality, and an Arab will pay as much as two napoleons for it, or did in the old days when he counted in napoleons, and money was more plentiful than now. Also he usually wears a necklace of blue beads, and often an amulet of some kind. These are very various. In addition to the favourite crescent, I have seen shells, bones, alum, teeth of wild animals, writings, a child's shoe, and even what we call the Cross of the Holy Land, the cross, with the four crosslets. The bell is of brass, beaten, and instead of a tongue a smaller bell is attached inside. The result is often very melodious and the passing of a long camel-train with its score of bells in the silence of the night is a delightful music. I have read in Margoliouth somewhere, that singing without accompaniment is forbidden to the strict Muslim, except in the case of the camel-driver. The rule is probably kept only by ascetics, for the people are often very fond of music and sing on all occasions. A testimony to the dignity of the cow-camel is that she may be milked by a man.

Among the bedu a camel which does hard work, such as carrying water for irrigation, or working a water-wheel, is relieved after two months and sent to pasture for the next two months. The poor creatures, old and nearly worn out, who go round and round in the sesame-mills in the towns, seem to follow their weary monotonous way to the end. The bedu, however, are more considerate of their animals than are the fellaheen and still more the townspeople. In the desert the male animals only are used for burdens, the cows are too precious to be allowed to take part in work which may exhaust their strength and bearing capacity.



CAMELS IN THEIR NATIVE SURROUNDINGS ON THE MOUNTAINS OF MOAB.

WATER-WHEEL.

For irrigating the fields on the Philistine Plain. The camel which drives it is blindfolded to prevent giddiness, as he goes round and round.

When one sees the camel-herds pasturing among the hills beyond the Dead Sea, hordes of scores or hundreds together, the males are easily recognised by their lower humps and general gaunt appearance. The cows have an air of conscious superiority, and the baby-camels trotting along beside the mothers or playing together like young foals, are very charming and are the first step in one's education in appreciating the camel-kind, which, like some of their betters, improve on acquaintance.

One may never forget how largely they enter into the desert-life; giving clothing, for the *abai*, the inevitable striped mantle impervious to cold and wet, is always made of camel's hair, as is the cord which the bedawee binds about his head, holding in place the graceful veil which protects him from heat and cold. Shelter, too, they give, for the tents of the desert are known as "houses of hair," also the ropes by which the tents are held in place, and by which animals are tethered, and which serve also as reins for the horses. The precious mare depends on the camel's milk when, as so often happens, forage is scarce. The milk, too, is for the people the great luxury of desert life, and I know of nothing so refreshing and invigorating as a cup of fresh camel's milk after a long dusty desert ride. It has also the peculiarity of keeping fresh much longer than cow's milk, and an aluminium field-flask hung at the saddle-bow will provide one with sufficient nourishment—the better for a flap or two of unleavened bread—for days. The dung of the camel provides fuel, and the urine serves various purposes. Babies are washed in it to strengthen them, and the desert Arabs, men and women, attribute their magnificent hair to its use as a cosmetic. It is regarded as ceremonially clean, and may be used for washing the hands when water is not obtainable. I have myself seen even Europeans make use of camel dung in place of tobacco, in an emergency. It is said that before the time of Muhammad the camel was forbidden as food, but it is now considered as a luxury, though naturally the animal is too precious to be slaughtered for that purpose, and the meat is only to be had when the camel has met with an accident, for it is said that its bones do not set when broken. During the war there was a good deal of camel meat in the market, from animals which had been killed. The people set great value on the *wedduk*, the fat of the hump. When boiled down it is, they say, better than *semn*—butter—and very nutritious. It is by the hump as well as the teeth that the age and condition of the camel is estimated.

The camel is wonderfully well adapted to desert life, whereas

the horse is always exotic, and in need of special care. He is the only animal than can feed upon the prickly cactus, a plant which even the horny-handed fellah does not touch without precautions, and of which the small sharp thorns will penetrate even the leather of a boot, and often cause wounds which are difficult to heal. He delights in the fleshy leaf which is cool on the hottest days. His ears are small, so that they are protected from the entrance of sand, his nostrils are large, and admit much air but they can be closed tight against the hot wind, *shiroko*, of the desert, his cushioned feet make travelling easy both to himself and to his rider; he has five horny pads which allow him to kneel comfortably, four on the knees and one on the breast. He has an arched backbone which supports the hump and allows him to support great weights, the usual average being about 600 pounds, though in case of necessity he can bear up to 1000. As we have seen, during life he provides his owner with food, shelter, clothing, and fuel, and after death with food, and with leather for shoes. His great smooth shoulder blades are also the writing-tablets of the desert.

The well-known missionary to the Arabs, Zwemer, declares, perhaps not too seriously, that association with the camel has helped the Arab to his utter disregard of straight lines. The mason never uses a plummet, the houses are never square to the road or to each other; the lines of ordinary handwriting are never straight; nothing in a building balances anything else, the windows have no relation to each other, the doors are placed wherever an exit happens to be desired. The Mosque at Mekka is called a cube, but none of its angles or sides are equal; no street is ever parallel to any other. Of the famous street in Damascus, Mark Twain points out that " it may well be *called* Straight " for, though straighter than a cork-screw, it is not so straight as a rainbow. In short, the zig-zag is to the Arab the natural outline, for every primitive road was first traced by the camel, who, as he progressed, perpetually turned to right or left in search of food.

The ordinary caravan progresses at the rate of about three miles an hour for six hours a day; the dromedary, of course, being much quicker. The post-rider in Maan, in North Arabia, used to go to Damascus, two hundred miles, in three days. The Mekka pilgrims recognised special rates of travel as the *tayarah*, the flying caravan, and the *bakh* in which no baggage is allowed except a pair of saddle-bags to each dromedary. The *Hedjazi* pace, the camels of the Hedjaz being small and poor, is but two

miles an hour. It is said that any camel may be made to gallop by hanging on to his tail, and that this is how thefts of camels are effected. They are loosened and then the thief, hanging on to the tail, gets away at a rapid pace with his booty.

The laden camel is always restless till he starts, and the people say that standing after being laden hurts the feet. One never sees ordinary camels walking in pairs, but invariably head to tail. The same may be said of the caravan horses, unaccustomed to roads; and those who have made long journeys on horseback have been struck, some of us with thankfulness, by the consequent difficulty of carrying on prolonged conversations, and the delicious silence in which one may enjoy the scenery of mountain or of desert. Even at night, when the animals are hobbled, they stand as they travel—head to tail. At the beginning of the war when so many unwonted sights appeared in Jerusalem—one-horse vehicles, mountain ponies, troops of magnificent Bactrian camels with long manes and hairy feet, nothing surprised the people more than the swift dromedaries sent up from Egypt and the Arabian desert, the dromedaries, often females, which are known to the Arabs as *delul*, and who walked or ran side by side.

Camels breed best on a lofty table-land, which is why the Nejd, the district which used to provide camels for Palestine, has become so famous. When riding over the country of the Beni Sachr tribe of bedu we saw hundreds at a time, wandering like the ponies on Exmoor. They are said to own a hundred thousand of them, part of the great wealth with which the tribe is credited. Burton says that the Arabs told him that the camel was created to caricature the horse, who was discontented because his neck was too short to snatch at the rare herbage of the desert, his feet were ill-adapted to the sand, and he had nothing on his back for the support of his burden, upon which Allah called upon the south wind, as that best acquainted with the desert, to furnish an animal perfectly adapted to his environment. One cannot but admit that from this point of view the camel is a complete success.

His capacity for enduring thirst is proverbial, and when food fails he lives upon the reserve of fat in his hump. During the first winter of the war in Jerusalem, before the Germans had taken over the transportation of food, ammunition, and stores of all kinds, constructing bridges and railways north to Damascus and south to the Suez canal, all transport was carried out by camels, and the Turks, who understood them less than the Arabs, mis-

managed their food and water supply so that we often saw the poor creatures come into Jerusalem with no sign whatever that they had ever possessed a hump which, however, re-appeared after nourishment and repose. The Prophet, addressing the unbeliever asks, "Do they not consider the camels how they are created; and the heaven how it is raised? and the mountains how they are fixed, and the earth how it is extended?" (Sura 88) thus placing the camel among the sublimest works of the Almighty.

We read in Isaiah (xxi, 7), "And he saw a chariot with a couple of horsemen, a chariot of asses, and a chariot of camels." The camel is not adapted anatomically for a draught animal, though I have occasionally seen one in a plough in combination with a horse or bullock. In the spring of 1915, however, after the first attack on the Canal, all horses being required for the transport of the troops, the railway as yet only just begun, some carriages which remained at Beersheba in the desert, were brought up to Jerusalem by transport camels.

It was in 1915, the second year of the war, in the early summer, that one day Jerusalem was suddenly enlivened by the arrival of a host of bedawee warriors. One has heard a good deal of the pomp and luxury of the East, and has found as a rule that it consists of bad imitations of the West, of "suites" of furniture, "Brumagem" decoration, and glass lustres. For once, however, we felt that we had a glimpse of the world of the Arabian Nights. We saw magnificent horses with henna-dyed manes and tails, with silver chains, and silken fringes which swept the ground, with necklaces in which gold coins were threaded with blue beads, with saddle-cloths of such carpets as should have been in a Museum of Art, with saddles covered with leopard-skins and gazelle skins, with marvellous reins of camel's hair, plaited in intricate patterns of shaded colours, and with riders—! Only a Beaconsfield or a Ouida could do justice to the riders! to those Men of the Desert with their magnificent carriage, their small heads, their flashing eyes, their small lithe hands and feet, their movements as strong, as light, as graceful as the desert mares that caracolled—no other word can express the incredible ease and delicacy of every movement—that "caracolled" beneath them. And the wonder of their garments! The snowy white cloak of finest hair, the silken *kumbaz*, the long flowing veil, the flashing accoutrements, the jewelled weapons, the long lances, the ostrich feathers! They were a joy and refreshment to eyes which had looked on little lately but an alternative of

khaki or rags. They represented the wealth and influence of the Desert Arabs, and they had come up to offer their services and sympathies and possessions, these warriors of the wilderness. Later we learned their conditions, which were two : the one that they might be placed under German, in contradistinction to Turkish, leadership, for they came from beyond the regions which had submitted formally to Turkish rule, of which they always maintained that the garrison of Kerak was the last and southernmost outpost. The second condition was in keeping with the picturesqueness of all else about them, with the romance and chivalry, and, if one will, the superstition of a Past of which they were perhaps the last representatives we shall now ever see in their own country. It was that when they went into battle they might keep up the old custom used on all great occasions, of being led by a woman!

A shech of one of the most important tribes was called upon to explain the usage, and I quote it here because the camel plays an important part in the story. A girl is chosen for her beauty and virtue; the last is specially insisted upon, meaning something more than the word in its technical sense, for a girl who—technically—is not " virtuous " is put to death among the bedu. She is seated in a car called the *utfa* which is placed upon the back of the finest possible camel, and which, as well as the camel, is richly decorated with ostrich feathers. She is regarded as the leader, and always closely accompanies the chief of the warriors. Her duty is to encourage and stimulate the fighting men. The silken halter which leads the camel is placed in her hand, and one by one the men are made to pass before her until she has chosen the one to whom she decides to hand the rein, and whose duty it is to conduct the camel. If the utfa is captured, the tribe which furnished it is debarred from the privilege of possessing another. The one in question, it was said, belonged to the tribe of the Roala. We never heard in how far the conditions were accepted.

The camels in ordinary use are, as an Arab tactfully expressed it to me, " all unmarried." Geldings are, I believe, unknown, but as there are certain physical difficulties as to matrimony, the male camel can be safely used without inconvenience except at certain times of the year—from about February onwards for a few weeks—when they are sometimes dangerous, and when one often meets them wearing a net over the jaws, something of the nature of what grooms and horse-trainers call a " Coventry bit," which prevents them from snatching at objects they pass on the

way. Many foam at the mouth, and it is well to give them a wide berth, as they are very irritable.

It is said that the dromedary, the thorough-bred camel, has his name "*hajim*," from being in former times the steed of the Haj or pilgrim. Already the Haj pilgrimage is shorn of much of its dignity and poetry, now that much of the journey can be performed by train or boat; probably there will soon be a "through-line" with automobile omnibuses at the stations, and the camel will have had his day. It has been a long one, for although he never appears on the older monuments, he must have been one of the earliest beasts to enter the service of man.

As a matter of fact there are but two kinds of camel, the *camelus dromedarius*, which has only one hump, but which is further divided into the ordinary beast of burden and the swift riding camel, and second the Bactrian camel, *camelus bactrianus*, the big handsome creature which comes from Central Aisa, has two humps, is dressed for a cold climate, and suffers much when brought to Syria or Egypt.

Doughty maintains that the donkey is just as much a beast of the desert as the camel. As a matter of fact I have never seen a bedawee mounted upon an ass, nor leading an ass. They are, however, employed largely—odd as it seems—as leaders of camels. I have seen as many as twenty huge camels roped together, head to tail, and at the head of all, and responsible for all, a little donkey, literally a *little* donkey, often one too small to serve any other purpose. The Syrian donkey, however, is supremely intelligent, and there is no denying that the camel is frankly stupid. If he loses his way he cannot find it again; if his owner falls off he does not wait for him. Moreover, he is proverbially ill-tempered, especially the black of his species. The Arabs say that the black are never so well formed, and they are little liked among them. The Sufis say that in a future life people will rise up in forms of those whom they resemble—the angry passionate man as a black camel.

In connection with the ass and with the camel's ill-temper, the Arabs tell the following story. There was a man who had grown rich by supplying camels for the Mecca Pilgrims. When the time came for him to die he lay, day after day, more dead than alive, but unable to obtain his final release. It was suggested that there was perhaps someone whom he had offended, and who withheld his forgiveness, and for that reason the Angel of Death held aloof, wishing to give him the chance to die in charity with all men. Accordingly, all his acquaintances were called together,

especially those with whom he had had any business relations, but no one was found to bring forward any grievance, and he lingered still, though longing for his release. The Muslims have much religious teaching as to our responsibility to the lower animals, and as to what will be demanded of us in this connection at the Last Day, so it was natural that it should next be suggested that as the sufferer had had much business with beasts, they, too, should be asked if they had suffered injustice at his hand. So the camels, in particular, were invited to come forward, not only because he had been a camel-merchant, but because their vindictive temperament was well known. The camels of the mountains assembled in thousands, while those in the town demanded a holiday to consult together upon the matter. Grievances enough they had, so said they all, and reason enough to think ill of the *beni* Adam, the sons of men, but for which of his evil deeds he was now being punished, no one of them separately was able to say. When they came to compare notes, however, there was no longer any question as to what was his most serious offence, and finally they sent their shech, a fine beast with long neck and hairy feet to express their views.

"We have suffered long under the hand of Man," he said. "He lays heavy burdens upon us, he drives us into towns, where the roads are hard to our feet, and we are hurried and jostled; he keeps us standing after we are loaded; some, not the owners, have dared to beat us; but the climax of all their insolence is that of sending us upon a journey led by a miserable donkey."

The dying man feebly entreated forgiveness, which the camel generously accorded, and he quietly passed away. I have found a variant of this story in Sir Charles Eliot's *Turkey in Europe*, Introduction, p. 9. He tells it of a certain Hassan Effendi camel-driver of Konia.

The camel-driver is not a man taken from other work to drive camels, he is a camel-driver *per se*. He does nothing else, and no one else can do his work. The people have a saying, "What is in the head of the camel is in the head of the cameleer." This, we hope, expresses only the closeness of their relation, and does not limit the cameleer to that knowledge alone. By degrees he often becomes a camel-owner as, especially in the camel-country beyond Jordan, his annual wages often consist in a camel, out of which he may make profit in various ways. This he often supplements by weaving up the cast hair of the animals, and the cap worn by a *mukari* (groom or driver) is commonly made by the cameleers and brought from time to time into the towns for sale.

The fellah also wears one under the *mandeel* (flowing veil) and calls it *wabar* (hair).

The camel-driver is furnished with a short stick called *machhad*, cut from the almond tree, the crook being formed by cutting off a piece of the larger branch from which the stick grew. It is thus shaped for facility in seizing the nose-ring of the camel. According to Burton, the cameleers of Egypt obtain the *machhad* from Syria. The *majaneh* carried by certain derweeshes is somewhat similar, though the crook is longer. It also is cut from the almond trees, and the growth of the trees is carefully watched in certain districts, as the manufacture of the *machhad* and *mahjaneh* is a profitable industry.

The camel has his own special recognition in Islam, and is often mentioned in the Koran. It will be remembered that our Lord Himself quotes two of the many Eastern sayings about him. The first blood shed in the cause of Islam was by a young convert, who slew an opponent with a camel-goad. The mosque at Quba, three miles from Mecca—which ranks after those of Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem—is said, in the Koran, to have been "founded from its first day in piety," in allusion to the story that the Prophet's camel al Qaswa knelt down on the spot, a fact which was commemorated by the building of a mosque. One of his companions says, "Our chief food was milk. We had twenty milch camels. I had one called Aris, Ayesha the Prophet's wife one called Samra. The Prophet had one also."

A camel is never sacrificed except on some great occasion, and always with much ceremony by the Shereef or other dignitary, or sometimes by the envoys of kings—in the days when kings were less rare—at Mecca. It is slain by one of two methods—*zabh* (which is the cutting of the throat) or *nahr* (spearing in the hollow of the throat).

The Arabic language, like the Gaelic, is rich in fine distinctions, and the people have a great variety of words to indicate the camel. Among the bedu the collective name is *jamal*, and is that one hears most often. A calf of one year is *howwar*; of two, *libny*; of three, *hej*; of four, *jitha*; of five, *thenny*; of six, *rabba*; of seven, *siddes*; of eight, *shag en-naba* or *wafiat* or *mufta*. A *naga* or *naka* is a cow-camel; a *thelul* or *delul* is a riding-camel, a dromedary; a *ga'ud*, a young camel in general. These are all bedawee words. A fellah told me in addition that *mheerân* is a camel which is beginning to carry burdens. A camel which has given birth to ten, or the daughter of one who has given birth to ten, has the honorific name of *bahirah*. In "the days of

ignorance " the heathens slit the ears of these, but it was forbidden by Muhammad. A milch camel is called *bint labun* (daughter of a milk-giver). One past the first year, capable of bearing, is *bint makhāz* (daughter of a pregnant one). In her third year she is *higgah*, and in her fifth *jaz'ah*. Only a milch camel in her prime is *zakāt* (that is, legal alms), but with characteristic charity the Prophet said that such was not to be exacted from anyone possessed of less than five camels.

Just as the Founder of Christianity swept away the Mosaic ceremonial law, making it not unlawful to eat with unwashed hands, so, we are told, the Prophet's primary task was the sweeping away of false notions about the Divine Being (cf. Margoliouth, *Mohammedanism*, p. 47). Many of the taboos recorded in this connection are connected with the camel, which was the basis of Meccan civilisation. The importance of the camel and the way in which it has entered into the thought of the East may be somewhat measured by the extent to which folk-lore has gathered about it. Though this can be appreciated only by those who have entered into the life of the fellaheen, and still more of the bedu, a few instances will illustrate the point.

Eliot Warburton points out that the familiar expression which calls the camel " the ship of the desert " is a paraphrase of a still older Arabic term which calls the ship " the camel of the sea," a figure of speech natural to those who have watched a fleet of camels towering over the undulations of the desert. The ostrich is known as the " camel-bird," and there is a proverb, " They said to the camel-bird ' Fly,' and he answered ' I cannot for I am a camel.' They said to him ' Carry,' and he answered ' I cannot for I am a bird.' " This is used of the people who can find an excuse for everything. There is a variant, which sounds more modern, " The ostrich says ' If thou come to take camels, am I not a bird; but come thou with a fowling-piece, am I not a camel? ' "

The bedu have a saying, " He has shown his five to get six." This, I was told, refers to their custom of training their camels to drink only once in five days. When they have reached this stage they can easily support the thirst one day more. The saying is used of one who is cunninng or sly, meaning to practise one thing in order to gain another.

A patient camel is called *abu Ayoob* (the father of Job).

In the Leper Hospital in Jerusalem one of the German Sisters, who had cared for these poor sufferers for over thirty years, had many quaint sayings gleaned from her devoted patients. She

told us of a man who was informed that after he had been taken to the hospital his wife had married again. " When the camel is lost, who cares for the bridle? " was his philosophic remark.

Ana jamalak means " I am your camel "—at your orders. Of an offended wife jealous of another woman, or of a *doora* (secondary wife), they say *Mafeesh arda min el jamal illi boohroob wil-fars fil bait* (There is nothing worse than a camel which flees if there is a mare in the house). Just as we speak of " the last straw," they say If a camel is loaded a straw breaks him down. The saying *ma bishbe' il-jamal wa rer il choorfesh* (the camel is satisfied only with the milk-thistle) is said of people who will not adapt themselves, the tiresome people who say " I am not accustomed to this or that." The milk-thistle (*silybum*, the *carduus Marianus* of Linnæus) is one of the commonest weeds of Palestine, known in Britain only as a cultivated plant. The bright green leaves are veined with white, and the flower-heads are large, somewhat drooping, and grow solitary at the end of the branches with purple florets. The people say that its variegated appearance is due to its having been splashed with milk from the Virgin Mary.

Il jamal dookân maftooah (the camel is an open shop—it is always accessible) is another saying. To a greedy person they say *inte zai il jamal wal-shibrika-l-wa'hade u 'ainoo 'al oochra* (You are like a camel [eating] one rest-harrow with his eye on the other). The *shibruq* is the *ononis antiquorum*, which grows very abundantly for a great part of the year, where anything will grow at all. The Palestine variety is thorny, like most of the weeds of the country, and grows more erect than the branched and spreading variety common in Europe. It has the same pink flowers, but the pod is coarser and rougher.

Other sayings in common use are as follows. " The ants kill the camel " is equivalent to our saying " A falling drop at last will cave a stone." " The camel of high stature does not listen when the dogs bark " is an excellent saying which explains itself. " The camel mourns no little one but his own "; " Like the head of the camel, good for neither meat nor soup "; " The camel makes one mouthful of the provisions which the ant puts away for the year," have all their familiar equivalents. " The camel laughed till he split his lip " signifies that what is done to excess brings its own punishment, the split lip being characteristic of camels of every variety. One would like to know what sort of joke appealed to so morose an animal. " Make the camel kneel

and load him at your own convenience " is said of the advantage which may be taken of those who buy on credit.

In illustration of the manner in which the existence of the camel has influenced even the language of the Arabs, it is said that the word " camel " appears upon almost every page of the great Arabic dictionary *Qāmus*. The Prophet constantly referred to it in his teaching, saying, for example, that to repeat two revelations of the book of God was better than to possess two camels, or three revelations better than three large fat camels with young. When he wished to enforce quietness in prayer, he said " Verily you do not repeat to one deaf or absent, but verily to one who seeth and heareth, and he is with you, and he to whom you pray is nearer to you than the neck of your camel."

Times change and we with them, especially in the matter of estimates and the relations of things. In the year 1909 we were travelling in a Russian steam-boat between Alexandria and the Syrian coast, and overheard the conversation of two Jerusalem Muslim notabilities, who related to a third that a rich American had lately brought the first automobile within the walls of the Holy City. The vehicle had been so mobbed that the owner had been thankful to accept for it the hospitality of the Latin Patriarch, who alone in all the town, it seemed, possessed a shelter having an entrance through which the exotic monster might safely pass.

" It is a pity he did not let me have it," said one Effendi thoughtfully; " I offered him a camel for it."

" Well, he wouldn't let me have it, and I offered him two camels."

" To tell you the truth—are we not friends?—I offered him two camels and a donkey for it! "

CHAPTER XIV

About the Horse, Mule, Donkey, and Other Domestic Animals

When Allah's breath created first
The noble Arab steed
The conqueror of all his race
In courage and in speed,
To the south-wind He spake: "From thee
A creature shall have birth
To be the bearer of my arms
And my renown on earth."
Then to the perfect horse He spake:
"Fortune to thee I bring,
Fortune, as long as rolls the earth
Shall to thy forelock cling."

From the Arabic. Rendered by Bayard Taylor.

The bedu, who are considerate of animals in general, nevertheless distinguish. They say *el hal lil bela, el jémal lil hela, bal beker lel fakeer* (the horse for the gentleman, the camel for the desert, the cow for the poor). The cow is the last step between the bedu and the fellah. It is an animal which requires some sort of consecutiveness in the matter of grazing; it cannot be fed with thorns like the camel, or with locusts or dates or milk like the horse. The true desert-dwellers have camels, horses, and hounds, the richer have also hawks. There are donkeys, but they don't count. They have small cattle, that is, sheep and goats, but only when they are, for the moment, settled. While they remain near water and grass in the winter and spring, they will keep sheep and goats, but are obliged to sell them before the summer. All their beasts have names, down to the donkeys and sheep, and they call them up by turn at the watering-places. The fellaheen seldom give names, but they have calls which the creatures understand, as meaning to come, to stay, to drive, to go forward, and the like. We have often seen the sheep brought together at the Damascus Gate at the end of Ramadan, when thousands come up to the town for sacrifice. There they stand or lie in

undistinguishable myriads, when suddenly a wild-looking bedawee standing at a distance, will give a peculiar call when, from among the countless flocks assembled, here one or two, there half a dozen or half a hundred, will raise their heads and, disentangling themselves from the rest, will rise to their feet and stand, awaiting further instructions. Then comes another call, when all will come towards their owner, or go forward, or remain standing as directed. In the desert they wander far in search of herbage, but they know their watering-places, and even if they should not return to the tents at nightfall, they will join the others when they go to some further spot, perhaps many miles away, to be watered. If it should occur that they get lost, which is less likely to happen to them than to the stupider camels, they may be found, even a year or two later, at some other watering-place, known and recognised by their tribal marks, the *wasm* of the *beni* Adwan, or Aneeze, or whatever tribe to which they may belong. Nearly all the sheep around the Dead Sea belong to the bedu, also most of those on the hills to the east in the district of Es Salt. Considerable trade was done before the war in wool, which was cleaned in the Jordan and sent to Liverpool, via Smyrna.

The hireling shepherd bears as bad a name now as two thousand years ago. He has so many opportunities of robbery and cheating, as Jacob cheated Laban, that his dishonesty is assumed in advance, and in the village tribunals his evidence is not accepted upon any matter, any more than that of the man who uses decoys for birds. As far as possible the sheep are cared for by those of the family of the owner, as in the case of Saul who sought his father's asses, and of David the shepherd. The bedawee shepherd has generally a dog, rarely the fellah. These are large fierce animals, capable of offering battle to a wolf, for the sheep are far more defenceless than the goats against any kind of enemy. The goats gather together and form a solid front, while the sheep often scatter and run.

There is much less intimate relation between the goat-herd and his charges than in the case of the shepherd. The goat is more independent, attaches itself less. Although goats are said to bring a blessing, nevertheless the goat is an accursed animal, and received his erect tail, shamelessly revealing what modesty should hide, in consequence of his refusal to protect Abraham when fleeing before the persecutions of Nimrod, who, in Muslim scripture, has a chronological position somewhat later than with us. On the same occasion the sheep received the fat tail for which he is so famous in the East, as a reward for collecting around

and concealing the same Patriarch as he lay upon the ground. In spite of frequent assertions by tourists to the contrary, I may mention that the fat tail is not the tail at all, but an enlarged fatty deposit at the base of the spine, and what some may find still more surprising, is not a favourite oriental dish as alleged, and is never eaten in the Near East, but boiled down and stored for the winter for various kitchen purposes. These stories of the goat and of the sheep, like many others, are also told with the necessary variants in connection with the Prophet's flight from Mecca.

The Muslims say that three things were born without a father: Adam, Jesus ibn Miriam (the Son of Mary), and the ram of Ishmael. This was the ram which was offered by Abraham as a substitute for Ishmael to whom, in Muslim theology, the story of Isaac is transferred. They say that the animal was black and white, and that it had been pastured in Paradise for forty years, having been created in especial view of the coming necessity.

Speaking of Abraham, it should be recorded that though himself a desert Shech, he nevertheless knew the value of the domestic cow, little appreciated among the bedu of to-day. In addition to the Castle, the remains of which may still be seen outside of Hebron beside the Jerusalem road, in which he showed hospitality to every comer, he had a home, tent, or what not, at Aleppo on the spot where the citadel now is. Here he kept a grey cow, *es shabba*, which was milked every day for the use of the poor. When the time came, proclamation was made *Ibrahim haleb es shabba*, "the cow of Abraham has been milked," and the poor came to the tent to receive their share. Hence the origin of the name *Haleb*, the Arabic form of Aleppo—"has milked." It would take more than one cow to feed the poor of Aleppo now, even if we took only the other descendants of the Patriarch, not counting the Arabs.

One often hears the saying in regard to one who is tenacious of his own opinion, "They are goats, even if they have flown away." Two men disputed as to whether some black objects in the distance were crows or goats. When they flew away, "You see, I was right," said the one. "No, they are goats, even if they have flown away," said the other.

It was during the war that for the first time we saw buffaloes in Jerusalem, though we had long been familiar with them in Egypt. They had been brought from the upper Jordan, the district of Lake Merom, or Huleh, in the tribe of Dan, where they are largely used for agricultural purposes. They are not

indigenous, either here or in Egypt, and it is said are not represented on any ancient monument, nor mentioned in any ancient inscription or document, relating to either country. They are of the Indian variety, *bos bubalus*, and were brought from Persia, when that country was overrun by the Caliphs. They are little adapted for use in Palestine, as they require plenty of water to wallow in, which they get only about Lake Merom. They are said to be ill-tempered, but so far as we have been able to observe, they are pathetically patient, and of great endurance. We have seen them draw heavy artillery up the Jerusalem hills, with great pluck and persistence.

The Prophet had three horses, a she-camel called el Kaswa, a mule called Dul-dul, and an ass called Urfa. Nevertheless he forbade the breeding of mules and declared their flesh unlawful as food. The mule was accursed because she carried the fuel to Jebel Arafat for the opponents of the Prophet, and she has been barren ever since. They were not subject to *zakāt*, the paying of the tenth. The Prophet's mule tried once to throw him in passing through a grave-yard, and he explained that the animals can hear the groans of the dead under punishment.

The flesh of the ass is also unclean, and *zakāt* is not required from the owner, nevertheless there is one ass, just as there is one dog, known to be in Paradise—that of Ezra. (See Koran, Sura II, 261.) The asses ridden in old days in Jerusalem were often stallions, and much addicted to braying. It was such a bray as one can hear nowhere else. It is not the cry of alarm, or of excitement, it is not a call to others, it is not a song of love or an incitement to amours, but is one long, continuous, heart-broken wail of anguish, ending, strange to say, with a most mirth-provoking little chuckle, a performance likely to produce distress and perplexity to the uninitiated rider, especially as, with the chuckle, there is a sudden run forward, following upon a determined stand, with neck stretched out and fore-feet planted wide. The occasion of it all is that the devil whispers into one ear, " All the lady-donkeys are dead." Hence the wail. Then he passes to the other and adds, " But there is one left for you." Hence the chuckle. No one who has passed through the experience will doubt the authenticity of the explanation. It fits the case precisely.

There is a well-known Arabic proverb, beloved of servants and messengers, " Hurry is of the devil ! " In Damascus they say it is written on the hoof of the donkey.

Solomon, as is well known, was the first who had the gift of

understanding the speech of birds and beasts, but the gift is not yet wholly extinct, and is revived now and then among those who deserve the privilege. It is within the memory of certain old fellaheen that there was a man who, very fond of animals, used to feed the fish every day with bread, an act the more worthy that the Arabs do not appreciate fish even as food. One day a jann, who observed him, asked what he did it for. " They are God's creatures like ourselves," he said, " and they are creatures nobody else feeds, so I feel it is my duty to see that they are not forgotten."

The jann replied. " I wish to reward you, but I shall not give you money, for that you had much better earn. I will give you something quite out of your own reach. I make only one condition; if you tell anyone about it you will lose the gift. As you are fond of animals you will enjoy hearing what they say to each other, and you will henceforth have the knowledge of their language."

The man, delighted, often made use of his new treasure. One night he listened to the ox and the ass as they chatted after their supper. The ox complained that his dignity had suffered from his having been put to the plough, which was, moreover, hard work. The ass, who in Syria is one of the most intelligent of beasts, advised him to declare himself ill, and to fall down when put into the plough next day. This he did, and the ploughman, perplexed, went to his master for orders.

" Let the ox have a day or two of rest," he said, " and let the donkey draw the plough. I shall not be riding him to-day."

This did not suit the donkey at all, especially when the ox said to him next evening that his advice had been excellent, and that he intended to act upon it again when they should attempt to put him to work. The master listened with interest, wondering what the ass would advise.

" Don't do that," said the donkey, " for I heard the master say that if you were going to be ill it would be best to kill you at once. If you are wise you will go quietly to work to-morrow morning."

This amused the fellah so much that he burst out laughing, and his wife insisted on sharing the joke. He was not inventive like the ass, and could think of nothing to say, and he lost his temper and told her to mind her own business. She, too, got angry, and said she would go to her eldest brother—the maternal uncle who plays so important a part in Arab life—and say that her husband ridiculed and insulted her. Rather than engage in a

family quarrel he told her all, and the privilege was lost to him for ever.

To a great many people, especially in these days of automobiles, a horse is sufficiently described by the essay of the town-boy who wrote, " The horse is a square animal. It has four legs, one at each corner." But there are some of us to whom a horse means one of the most precious of God's good gifts, a companion and friend, possessed not merely of beauty and grace, but of some of what we are accustomed to consider the finest qualities of human nature; affectionate, faithful, courageous—" tender and true, and strong, and pitiful, and in his limbs and mien Apollo's self." But the true horse-lovers are born not made. They are getting more and more scarce, and those who race horses for money are not among them. An Arab who loves his horse does not sell him for money, unless under dire necessity, still less *her*, for in this corner of the animal creation, and for once in history, the female is the more precious and beloved.

Here is an authentic copy of a document, the like of which seldom falls into Christian hands, and which, further, serves to show the place of a horse in the estimation of a desert Arab.

> *Pedigree of the chestnut horse;* the mother was the mare Argub, the father the stallion Jedrani. Praise be to God and worship, and the blessing of our Lord Muhammad upon the pure in heart and upon his house. Upon the followers be peace, and the salutation of peace, that they may equal in perseverance the flowing of the river, and the uprising of the mountain peak.
>
> God the Exalted and the Highest, created his Creatures, and established them according to various degrees. He delivered to each its usefulness and its special excellence, and favoured the Sons of Adam with special grace as the most reasonable of beings. He gave to them the favour of mounting the Horse, the animal which He had set above every other animal on earth, by means of His exalted utterance, " The horse and the mule and the ass have I given to thee in order that thou mayest ride upon them." His lofty word in which the Koran speaks of the glory of the horses is as follows. " In the early morning they sniff the air, and at the time of the evening fire they strike sparks with the hoof, and they greet the morning pawing the air, and our Prophet, upon whom be peace, has said Salvation is associated with the forehead of the horse until the day of Resurrection.
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> o

Since the Arab tribes of the Desert have given attention to the pedigree of their horses for hundreds of years and examined them, sitting in the coffee circle, therefore the pedigree of the chestnut horse—Kamar—is well known to be excellent. This horse has a white fleck between the two eyes, and white fore-feet [sign of noble race] of which the Arab proverb says The horse with white fore-feet you may mount and ride without anxiety. His age is six months. He belongs to the most famous of the old Arab race of horses in this district. His origin on the mother's side was Umm Argub, mother of Argub, and on the father's side, Saklawy Jedrani, a stallion which was born of the race of es Sind. He is still to be found with the noble Fahim Bey, the Commandant of gensdarmerie in Liwa Kerak.

In order that the pedigree of this horse shall not be lost by a purchaser who does not know [*i.e.*, value] him, we testify that the eldest of the race and the most famous in the pedigree of the Liwa Kerak is as given above. Herewith our trustworthy testimony. God is the judge of the trustworthy!

This was concluded on the thirteenth day of the Rabia el awal [that is the time of the first spring grass] in the year one thousand three hundred and thirty-two since the Hijra of the Lord of the Saints.

(Signed) The Shech of the shechs of the Liwâ Kerak Haj Ali Kadir

Shech of the tribe of the Shimalîye Abdul Mejid

. . . .

Shech Muhammad Jaffer

Shech Azizel Jelame

The over Shech of the Christians Jacob Subh el Mihrab

Shech of the Zerafât Abdul Kerûn

Those who have sealed this with their name seals, herewith testify that the stallion above-mentioned is of pure blood as well on the father's as on the mother's side. This testimony is to be officially received.

The Deputy of the Liwâ Kerak.
Tewfik el Mejelli.

It takes an Arab or an Irishman to appreciate the statement that the Creator's recognition that man was, in spite of all, the worthiest being of His creation is expressed in

the fact that he was endowed with the faculty of riding upon the horse! the animal which was set above every animal on earth. The little poem about the horse comes quaintly into the middle of an official pedigree signed and sealed and delivered. It reminds one much of one addressed to another desert Shech by the Creator Himself.

> Hast thou given the horse strength?
> Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
> Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper?
> The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
> He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength.
> He goeth on to meet the armed men.
> He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted.
> Neither turneth he his back from the sword.
> The quiver rattleth against him
> The glittering spear and the shield.
> He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage
> Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
> He saith among the trumpets Aha! Aha!
>
> (Job xxxix.)

It has a truly oriental sound, and one can imagine the chestnut horse Kamar whose pedigree his owner cared more about apparently than did the buyer, coming along with the white star on his forehead, his white fore-feet swallowing the ground, and tossing back his chestnut mane as he cries among the trumpets, "Aha! Aha!"

Where is he now, one wonders, that noble creature sold in evil days of poverty and hunger, and still worse, the compulsion of the Frank, for it was in war-time, and his bones are probably whitening in the desert sands.

Did the Frank who got him appreciate those bones, one wonders? Those close-knit fine-textured bones like ivory, so different from the bones of any other race of horses? so light, so small, so marvellously strong and full of endurance? To those who do not know, the Arab horse does not deserve his reputation in the matter of beauty—there are certain conventional ideas that we abandon with difficulty, and Kamar would look no better in the Lady's Mile in Hyde Park than would his mistress, who stands caressing him, her long blue dress lying a couple of yards on the ground in front of her, her plaits of blue-black hair falling far below her knees, her face and hands tatooed in sign of

race and of noble descent, her fine eyes resting upon him, none of the meaningless goggle eyes which we weary of in the towns of the Near East, but keen, piercing, well-set in the head, not large, but resolute and keen, eyes that have gazed upon far distances, and have judged every undulation of the golden desert sands. How long will it take to wipe out the dignity and distinction and grace of woman and of horse?

"Salvation is associated with the forehead of the horse until the day of Resurrection," says the Prophet. More is bound up with the noble beast than any but his master knows. To possess a horse is the bedawee's earliest dream—a horse of his own is his pride, his joy. The house in which there is no horse has no good fortune, they say. He is literally *in* the house. The black tents stand in a hollow square, and the tent-door, that is the curtain which happens to be looped up at the moment, faces the side from which the breeze may enter. Unless there is someone to watch them, the mares are kept within the hollow square, sometimes hobbled to prevent their getting away, but otherwise wandering as they will, often, in search of food, or company, or of shelter from the sun, within the tents themselves. Stables there are none.

"Let him who has no horse at least possess the skull of a horse," says an Arabic proverb. Let him have it as an incitement to something better, as a study. When he markets his flocks, his wool, his corn, grown probably in partnership with some fellah who does the labour, there is always something put by towards the horse, which is to be his one day. As the time approaches, his friends, as they return from wandering to some distant village among other tribes, among scattered clansmen, bring him news of horses to be had here or there. When he goes to consider one of these, many friends accompany him. It is in the tent of a fellow-tribesman that they assemble; they drink coffee, they enquire after the health of every relative, near and far, of the man they are visiting.

Finally, the horse for sale is produced, a handsome, well-grown animal, with every sign of race, but he has two white feet both on the same side, a foreboding of evil. Two white feet are good, but they must be opposite, diagonally, if possible, so that the owner may mount and descend always on white. That is perfection. "The evil will drive the good from the house," says the would-be purchaser apprehensively. The Arab mounts on the right side and descends on the left. He likes the right front, and the left hind foot to be white. Another is produced, specially

distinguished by the beauty of his well-formed head, but an officious friend points out that beneath the fore-lock are two marks, two splashes of white, of which the two points are directed towards each other, and which signify an open grave.

The purchaser is disheartened. Let someone who has many horses buy such as these. He is looking not merely to bring home a horse, but with it good fortune—and he leaves the scene.

It is many days before he has the heart to try again, this time in quite another direction. It is in the town, one of those desert towns, Kerak, perhaps, or es Salt, or Damascus, as it was in old times, where the bedu met and news was exchanged. A wonderful horse of race is to be sold, as swift as the wind, with a pedigree of many generations, a pedigree on paper that is stamped and sealed. What could be more tempting? But the wise old Shech who has come up from the desert with our friend, shakes his head, and says, "For us it is not decreed. Is it not written, 'A horse with one white foot, especially one white fore-foot, carries the grave-cloth of his possessor?' What is more, he has on the neck pointing toward the body, one white splash known to all as the sword of the enemy in the heart of the rider. The evil signs overweigh the good. Of what avail the swift foot, the power, and endurance, when the death and the grave of the owner are already indicated?" In view of these signs of evil, the price will be open to bargain, but it is in vain. It is not so easy a matter to buy a horse. And, again, there is disappointment, and some weeks of waiting, for luck must come to you, it must not be sought.

A neighbour has met with misfortune. For this reason only will he offer his mare for sale; otherwise no money would suffice to purchase her. The beautiful creature is brought out. She is of shining coal-black, with one white star upon her forehead. The right fore-foot is white, too. "The free hand of the rider," says the bedawee. That means "victorious in battle." The beautiful little ear is pricked, and as he gently handles it and then allows it to fall forward, the point rests on the tip of the star upon the forehead, one of the best of signs. Under the mane is a white splash, but the point is toward the head and signifies "the sword of the rider in the heart of the enemy." The would-be purchaser nods his head, and they slowly return to the tent.

The bargaining begins. A fancy price is asked, as is expected, that is all part of the business; friends, relatives, guests, join in the bargaining. "For my sake," says one, "reduce the price by a napoleon." "Because of our long friendship," says another,

" give him ease and remit a small gold piece "; and so on, and in the end the price is fixed, and the purchase is completed with the help of witnesses. The seller places the halter in the hand of the buyer, and taking his right hand into his own he asks, " Hast thou bought from me this mare with all her faults for such a price? " And he answers, " Thou sayest it." " *Allah jubariklak*," says the seller. " May God bless [her] to thee."

The purchase is complete, but there are certain details which are mutually understood in such cases, and which are a point of honour among the bedu.

The sentiment of race and of its privileges, so inexplicable to those " who smile at the claims of long descent " still linger, God be thanked, in desert places and among those who have not yet forgotten that race has its responsibilities. In order that a noble breed of animals may not die out of a district, or of a family, it is usual for the seller to have a claim upon the first foal and the third.

As has been seen, it takes more than physical perfection to constitute desirability in an Arab steed, and there are some with faults so grave that they are fit for nothing better than to be sold to the frenjy, the enemy of horse and man, but possessed of the gold which, according to the teaching of which they have been the missionaries, is the world's highest good. A splash of white upon the breast which runs towards the body, indicates " the tearing of sorrow," that is that the owner will tear his clothing for mourning. Specks of white on the hind-quarters indicate blood, and foreshow the violent death of the owner. Certain qualities go with colour, just as we say that a black animal is affectionate, a chestnut quick-tempered, a white apathetic, and so on. A black horse is valuable, for they say he can see a white hair in the milk on the darkest night, so keen is his sight. A grey horse should not be chosen for a thorny district, having a tender skin, or a black one for riding over ploughed land. For such a purpose a chestnut is to be preferred. His weakness, however, appears on rocky ground. A brown is, on the whole, the most practically serviceable animal.

In our sense of the word an Arab horse is never trained. He is handled from the very beginning, and at two years old the children are encouraged to ride him. In spring he receives green fodder for forty days, but is not used during this period. In the evening the mane and tail are washed, and the feet massaged and the coat well rubbed, with much use of massage at any point which is feeble and needs development. The mane and tail are



FELLAH WATERING HIS HORSE.

Note the single rein and the peaked saddle.

not cut till the fifth year. The foals suck for six or seven months, and often, when forage is scarce, the horses are nourished with camel's milk. Dates are valued as food and even locusts are given, carefully prepared, sometimes pounded. In times of drought every mare has a camel foster-mother and thrives upon her delicious milk. Moreover, when on the march, she has a camel to carry her water; a camel-load will last her for two days. Moreover, when the camels are taken away to find pasture, the mares go with them, not to lose the advantage of the milk. Otherwise the mares have to drink *mareesy*, dried milk made into balls which will keep good for two years and which are merely stirred into water before use.

When the Muslim pilgrims come into the Khans the first care is always given to the horses, and when a hard ride is in prospect they are kept close to the tent for some days beforehand, and specially fed, not only with extra forage, but with camel-milk and stoned dates.

There was a shech among the *beni laws* who had a renowned horse which he seldom allowed anyone to see, so great was his fear of the danger of the evil-eye for his favourite, for he could not conceive that anyone should see and not covet such a treasure. It was known that he had refused five hundred Turkish pounds for her—gold, of course—also carpets, camels, and herds of sheep. The mother had saved his life by a wonderful jump when he was escaping from the enemy. The foal was born too early in consequence, and had needed especial attention, and out of gratitude to the mother he had made the creature his friend and comrade ever since.

There are five well-known races among the horses of the desert. (1) The Seklawi, (2) the Maneki, (3) the Kehalan, (4) the Abojan and (5) the Trafi or Jilfer, the horses of the Nejd. The Kehalan or Kachlan are perhaps the best known, and those which most often come into the European market, being those in fact with which the Arabs are the least unwilling to part. Our mukari once told me that the shech of the mukaris was King Solomon, and that he it was who first taught the horses the *rahwan*. The rahwan is a light canter, which, so far as my experience goes, is quite peculiar to the desert-trained horses of Palestine, and is not to be confounded with a sort of blind trot cultivated for the benefit of the tourist. On long rides when one has, *nolens volens*, to ride till you come to water for man and beast, whether over mountain or desert, whether the ride may continue for eight, ten, or fourteen hours, the rahwan is a heaven-sent alleviation well

worthy of the wise king. This pace is taught by tying up one foot, and the tradition as to Solomon may have originated in a passage in the Koran (Sura xxxviii) "Remember when . . . after the commencement of the declining of the sun the mares standing on three feet and touching the ground with the edge of the fourth foot, swift in the course, were displayed before him."

Solomon was riding one day on one of his rahwan horses and was feeling dissatisfied that its paces were insufficient. He was at Damascus, and riding along among the magnificent fruit-orchards, was addressed by a mole who complained that it had no eyes and could not help itself along the path of life. Then came a serpent who complained that it had no feet, and was no better than a cripple. "My judgment seat is in the Holy City," said the king. "Meet me there." After several days of hard riding he arrived in Jerusalem and found his clients awaiting him. "Take these creatures away," he cried. "If without eyes and legs they get along faster than my splendid horses, if they had eyes and feet they would outrun the world!"

In the desert, service is counted degrading with three recognised exceptions; what a man does for his guest, for his household, and for his horse.

"The horse depends upon the rider, and the woman upon the man," they say; both are to be treated with tenderness and consideration.

CHAPTER XV

About Birds and Creeping Things

. . . Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything.
And nothing may we use in vain
Even beasts must be with justice slain.

Andrew Marvell.

During the second year of the war when, for some months, there was a German Governor of Jerusalem, nothing among the great changes brought about astonished the people more than the amount of attention given to insect life. At the corners of every street were portraits of one which may not be named in polite circles, with his life-history in several languages, including his attributions as a bearer of cholera and typhoid. He was an old acquaintance, the people maintained, whereas cholera and typhoid had been hitherto unknown in Jerusalem. Mosquitoes, too, received notice. When every cistern was visited and punishment inflicted for failure to comply with very strict rules as to waste-matter and standing-water, it was considered an interference with the ways of Providence, and it was not at all surprising, said the inhabitants, that the new authorities should be obliged to set up a hospital on purpose to deal with malaria, or to arrest sufferers in the street, and bear them off for examination and treatment with quinine. Europeans of all kinds had long been in the town, and such interference with the liberty of the home and the individual had never been perpetrated before. It is true that when English and German doctors came in fifty years ago they had brought new diseases. Formerly, there were only fever and the evil eye and small-pox. Now there were a hundred diseases at least, all with their own names, and people died just the same whether it was from consumption or one of the old complaints. Inoculation for small-pox they had always practised, and their fathers before them, but now they were inoculating for all sorts of diseases that were not here, and might never come.

Then, again, there was this fuss of insisting that food for sale should be covered up, especially meat. There was, however, something in that, because it is not good for the food to be looked at with eyes of longing, and it is true that the gauze upon which the authorities insisted was given to the tradesmen so cheap that there was no excuse for not using it. Still, flies were in the course of nature, and though there was no denying that flies had never been so scarce in the town as this year, and that great numbers of households were free from fever for the first time within living memory, still, it was all *min Allah*, and do what you will it was *maktoob*—fore-ordained. "Do we know? God knows." This Teutonic energy was very surprising, and when the German General Back was succeeded by Jamal Pasha, the Turk, and even this ultra-orthodox Moslem insisted upon the same conditions, and enforced them with even more surprising severity, it became very perplexing indeed.

There are seven kinds of flies, say the Arabs. There is the *dubban balady*, the fly of the town; the *dubban shurran*, the donkey-fly; the *dubban hhail*, the horse-fly (a most abominable animal equalled only by the "cleg" of the Scots Highlands); the *dubban azrak*, the blue fly, a specially severe horse-fly found only in the Plains and to whose existence we owe the graceful trappings and swinging tassels of the horses in summer-time. In the Philistine Plains, towards evening, this fly is so exasperating to rider as well as horse, that one is not surprised that Baal-zebub, the god of flies, should have been specially propitiated in that district. Finally, comes the infernal mosquito, the *namoos*, with his still more infernal brother the sand-fly, the *heshes*, and finally, and above all, the *barghosh*, the sand-fly of the Jordan Valley, with its glistening wings. This is probably what attacked the army of Richard Cœur-de-lion near Hebron, and put his men to rout with more effect than Salah ed din and all his Saracens. I remember an occasion in September, the month when this beast is at his worst, when after a ride of some eight hours from beyond es Salt in the mountains beyond Jordan, we were thankful to throw our weary limbs upon an exquisitely clean bed in a spotless Russian Hospice outside of Jericho. In spite of mosquito curtains of special quality we were so tormented and distressed that there was nothing for it but to re-dress entirely. I even put on high riding-boots, a gauze veil and gloves, but life was still so unbearable that, weary as we were, about midnight, my husband woke up the grooms, ordered the horses, and we rode on our way till we reached the Inn of the Good Samaritan,

some hundreds of feet above the Jordan Valley, and succeeded finally in sleeping. It is alleged that it is the *barghoosh* which carries the poison of the " Jericho boil " of which medical science seems to know so little, and which makes impossible the cultivation of the Jericho Valley with its wonderful sub-tropical climate. Russians, Germans, Jews, have attempted it, but it is not a climate in which it is possible to live the year round, and the undertaking has been again and again abandoned. Such as are compelled to live there are almost always disfigured by traces of the so-called " Jericho button." I have seen it treated by specialists of various nationalities, and always with the effect of making a scar far worse than when abandoned to the indigenous method of merely keeping dry and covering up the boil for a period of from five to nine months. I have seen various systems practised at the same time upon various parts of the body of the same patient; the " blue " treatment, the " freezing " treatment, the " injection " treatment; and the final results were definitely in favour of the good old oriental method of neglect; the recovery a little slower, but the scars, which are often very disfiguring, decidedly less.

Among the most interesting insects of this country are the ants, and it must have been the oriental variety that Solomon had in view when he commended their conduct to the imitation of the Sluggard, for here they lay up stores for the winter as do the squirrels in other countries—I have never seen a squirrel in the East—whereas in Europe, I believe, the ant is dormant during the cold. They begin their labours as soon as the crops are cut in April or May, in the first hours of settled fine weather. It was in the end of May that we once followed a procession, about a mile and a half long, across a bare hilltop into the cornfields beyond. We were so sorry for them, their patient labour was so appealing, that we filled our pockets with grains of corn and followed the procession back to their home, where we piled our gifts about the entrance. Alas ! our well-meant interference was a failure, for it took them longer to remove all traces of the nasty, human-smelling stuff to a remote distance, than to fetch the same quantity from the source of supply. We were afraid to help lest that should constitute a fresh offence, and oblige them to construct a new entrance.

The people have a respect for insects in general, do not kill them needlessly, and tell many stories about them. There was a Muslim saint so pious that he forgot to eat, upon which the ants came, when he was sleeping, and crawling over him cast grains

of corn into his mouth. They have a story of David when he was in the Cave of Adullam, which it must be remembered is not a mere Bible name in this country, but a familiar spot which still shelters the discontented and those in debt and distress as in the time of David, with a discreet reservation of a certain part of it not too far from the entrance, for the admiration of tourists. Here David was worried by flies without, and spiders within, and he wondered why God should have made so many useless creatures. It was shortly after this that he ventured into the camp of Saul, and took away his arms and his cap when his attendants were asleep. As he was leaving, his feet became entangled in those of the faithful Abner, asleep by the side of his king. David's position was critical, he was afraid to move lest he should awake Abner, and he knew not how to effect his escape. At this moment a fly stung Abner and he moved his leg, and David got away. When, later, he was pursued by Saul, he took refuge in a cave, and as he lay watching the entrance from the dark corner where he was lying, he saw a spider spin her web across the opening. When the enemies came, "It is useless to seek here," they said, "the web of the spider is unbroken, no one can have entered for a long time." Then David understood how God reveals Himself in the smallest of His works, and blessed His Name for the meanest of His creatures. The story was told me by our house-boy who, feather-brush in hand, had destroyed a web in a place where it was unsuitable. "Must I kill the spider, O lady?" he asked with hesitation. "Certainly not," I answered, "My people never kill spiders," and I told him of King Bruce. He capped my king with a greater.

The same story, though not, of course, with the same details, is told of the Prophet himself. It was on a similar occasion that the lizard, perched on a ledge of rock, called out, "He is inside, he is inside," and wagged his tail toward the entrance. The accursed creature was condemned to go on wagging his tail for ever, and has done so ever since. This was what the people call the *skink;* he burrows in the sand and in the cement of walls. The *gecko (ptyodactylus hasselquisti)* who suns himself on the stones in the olive groves was no better. He called out *Yacktoo yacktoo,* "he is in the cleft," and has been calling it ever since. He can run up perpendicular walls, and get into houses, and the Arabs turn him out as accursed. The friendly little common lizard *(lacerta agilis)* is blessed, because she carried water in her mouth to quench the fire with which they burned the angel Gabriel.

The tortoise is a cursed woman punished by the Prophet for

disregard not only of the sacred rules of hospitality in general, but of those which concern bread in particular, which, as we have seen, are of special sanctity. Fatme, the daughter of Muhammad, asked a neighbour one day to allow her to put a loaf of bread into her *taboon*, a favour which should never be refused by anyone whose *taboon* has been once heated, as the person asking may require the bread for a guest, and to heat a *taboon* is a work of time. The woman churlishly refused, saying that her taboon was already cold. Fatme went to look, and, finding that it was still hot, reported the offence to her father, who condemned the woman to creep on four feet for ever, and to carry for ever on her back the marks which the hot loaves would have made on the wall of the oven.

The tortoise in question is the *testudo graeca*, one of the commonest reptiles of Palestine. In the summer one finds them creeping about in sunny places, and as soon as cold weather comes, they make holes for hibernation at the foot of a wall or under a bush. In spite of the possession of what one would have supposed a very efficient umbrella, they cannot endure wet, and seek shelter at the first autumn shower. They are the prey of various large birds, and also of the natives, who, moreover, eat not only them but their eggs, which are round and hard and about the size of a pigeon's egg. In spite of Sidney Smith's saying that "to caress a tortoise was like stroking the dome of S. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter," they make very interesting pets, coming at regular times for meals, and recognising those accustomed to feed them. We had one who made great friends with two kittens, followed them about at a speed one would have supposed impossible, joining in their play, and finally sleeping with them, all three in a heap, on a sunny balcony. I do not know whether the animals are more friendly to each other in the East than elsewhere—it may be so, as less interfered with by man—but it is the land of strange friendships of this kind. I have seen a gazelle and a pig—a greater contrast could not be conceived—who played daily together; a donkey and a sheep who were inseparable. When the donkey went to work the sheep would go far down the road to meet him on his return towards sunset. In the course of over twenty years' intimacy with various countries of the Near East, I have never seen a dog attack a cat, unless set on by a European. Friendship between cats and horses are common, as in many well-kept stables in Britain, and in Persia a pig is often assigned to a horse as a companion, so I am told by a Tabriz Muslim. Finally, I may mention the

intimacy of a peacock and a porcupine. When we called the peacock to be fed, " Taoos, Taoos ! " he would go and stir up the porcupine, somnolent during the day, to share his dinner.

The porcupine is valued only to be killed and eaten. It is an amusing pet, and easily tamed, but the Arab will tell you, not only that he is destructive, which is true if he has the run of the kitchen-garden, but that he is accursed, which is a more serious matter. He was in fact originally a negro, who one day visited a shoemaker, and discussed with him the mending of a pair of shoes. As he sat and talked, he took up one tool after another and played with it. When he left—without giving the man any work to do—the shoe-maker missed his awl, and having sought carefully, was obliged to come to the conclusion that the negro-stranger had taken it. It was a serious loss, and he was so much hindered in his work that by the end of the day he had gained very little instead of earning his usual two beshliks, about a shilling, which in the good old times before the war supported a family for the day. In his anger he called upon Allah to curse the thief. " May Allah make awls to grow all over his black body ! " which came to pass, as the porcupine testifies to this day.

Before passing on to other animals we may quote a few proverbs. Of the ants and their untiring persistence, the bedu say, " The ants killed a camel." Of the type of man we call " a beggar on horseback," they say, " If Allah wishes to destroy the ant, he gives him wings." Of desires never to be attained they say, " The tortoise died without having ever scratched her back."

Travelling often between Egypt and Palestine, we were struck by the absence, in the latter country, of the snakes so familiar in Cairo, possibly on account of the difference of climate. A curious thing which I have never heard explained is the sudden appearance of poisonous snakes in the Jerusalem district during the last few years—say since 1910. There were, it is said, sand-vipers in the desert, which attacked the horses, but we never saw one, nor heard of an authentic case within what may be called the Jerusalem district. Frère Liévin, the well-known Franciscan who conducted so many pilgrimages in the days when there was still a certain amount of adventure in travel in the Holy Land, when there were not hotels in every village, and automobiles on every road—has left on record that, for thirty years he carried with him remedies against snake-bite, for the pilgrims rode on horses and slept in tents, but never had occasion to use them. In the

Lebanon, snakes were fairly common, but one wonders why they should suddenly have begun to appear on the Mount of Olives, and even in the town itself, where, of late, one has even heard of a horse being killed in his stable by a viper, said to have entered his mouth. It was in 1914, after the beginning of the war, that a young man brought me a skin, over four feet long, of a snake he had killed in a cave on the Mount of Olives. He said that when he was skinning it, a fellah stood by for the reversion of the body. Asked what he wanted it for, he replied that he should open it, sow barley in it, and when it should be ripe make an infusion from it for his daughter's hair, which was scanty, so that she was not sought in marriage; as the Oriental of every race values quantity rather than quality in a woman's hair.

It is the business of so many people to approximate the Scriptures with Palestine life, that I have avoided doing so for the most part. I think it interesting, however, to relate what I have never seen mentioned elsewhere, that from time to time one sees a curious corroboration of the story of the descent of quails into the camp of the Israelites. Early one morning, in September, an Arab left at our door the present of a couple of brace of fine fat quail; later another brought a basket full of live ones; by midday the salesmen arrived with quantities at a very low price. When I went out I found our neighbours all round constructing temporary cages in which to keep live quail for future consumption. It had happened that the quail, coming north from Egypt, through the Jordan Valley, and flying low, as is their habit, with the wind, had met a contrary wind and become so much exhausted that they fell down in immense numbers, and were so weary that the bedu had caught them with their hands and, as we read (Numbers xi, 31-32) "they *gathered* them." As in the case of the Israelites, the whole town soon became sick of the sight of quail, and let a great many of them fly. They ran about our garden for days, getting up their strength, and could easily have been "gathered" again. The Arabs call them *salwa*, which is, I believe, the scriptural name. Moreover, I was told that the people eviscerated and dried them in the sun, as did the Israelites.

There is, however, a more sporting way of catching quails, practised by the fellaheen of the mountain districts. When the fields are green with the young crops and the quails collect on the ground, the fellah takes a large net and a long, bottle-shaped, empty gourd. He takes, too, a framework which he

attaches to his shoulders, and then walks slowly forward with his back to the sun, casting a long shadow before him. This, the fellaheen say, the quails take for the shadow of a great bird on the wing. They are feeble and timid creatures, and crouch to hide themselves, upon which he casts the net over them, and carries them home alive in his hollow gourd.

Their fashion of catching partridges is somewhat similar. "As when one doth *hunt* a partridge in the mountains," says the psalmist. The bedawee provides himself with a frame, about four feet by three, upon which is stretched a white cloth gaily decorated with coloured drawings, or even with coloured rags. He crouches on the ground, and pushes the shield before him. The desert partridge, so wild he is almost tame, is impelled by curiosity to examine it, and at twenty paces or less, the man shoots. This is the beautiful "Hey's partridge," a small variety with exquisite plumage, blue, white and a warm grey or dove-colour.

There is another kind of partridge, abundant in the hills, which the Arabs call *shunnar*, so timid that he is hunted by the fellaheen who, unlike the bedu are sparing of shot, by the simple process of getting between the bird and the sun and flapping their *abai* at him. He crouches in fear, against the earth, and is simply picked up. It is obvious that the oriental bird differs in many ways from the western species, accustomed to rise when startled, and to find its habitat in cultivated districts, whereas those of the Levant, both the desert-partridge and the so-called Greek partridge, live in mountain or desert, and run before the enemy when they cannot hide. There is also the francolin, well worth preservation, which the people call *shukka* or *Kahal*, nearly as heavy as a pheasant, and with richly-barred feathers like the French partridge. This we have seen only in Syria, and near the Caspian Sea. Now that the Near East is the prey of the occidental sportsman it is to be hoped that some measures may be taken to preserve it from total extirpation.

There is unhappily a certain amount of decoy-hunting carried on among the Arabs, but much less than in Egypt, and the use of bird-lime and of living decoys, that is, of one animal made use of to catch another, was, under the Turkish Government, a punishable offence, a rule of which the Society for the Protection of Animals has been glad to avail itself, especially in Constantinople. An attempt, made in 1922, by one of the Allied nations occupying the town, to introduce pigeon-shooting was in consequence not difficult to avert, so strong was the public feeling



SHEPHERD LEADING HIS SHEEP ACROSS AN OLIVE GROVE.

He carries a newly born lamb in his arms.

against it. The prevention of bull-fighting and cock-fighting, also threatened as occidental forms of culture, had presented much difficulty, but, not merely among Muslims, but among Oriental Christians, too, there is a sort of superstitious regard for the pigeon which has a stronger hold than one would have believed possible. The Shech ul Islam would have been appealed to if necessary, but even the civil authorities of the town, difficult to move under the conditions of the Armistice, were firm in their opposition to this form of wanton destruction and cruelty. It was in this connection that I made the interesting discovery that the evidence of a pigeon-breeder is not acceptable in a court of law, on account of his using decoys. I have since seen the fact referred to elsewhere. (Mackie, *Bible Manners and Customs*, Ch. III, i.)

Ludovicus Vertomanus, a gentleman of Rome, who made the pilgrimage to Mecca in 1503, writes that the pigeons there " are said to be of the progenies of the dove that spake in the likeness of the Holy Ghost into the ear of Muhammad, . . . and are seene everywhere as in villages, houses, tavernes, and graniers of corne and ryse, and are so tame that one can scharceley drive them away . . . a certain penshion is given to nourishe them in the temple." Burton, too, tells us of these sacred pigeons of Mecca—large " blue-rocks." The sacred pigeon of Palestine, a little red bird, *turtur senegalensis*, with a long tail, is little bigger than a thrush, tame with centuries of impunity, and alighting on trees in the gardens to sleep. A recent pilgrim to Mecca tells me that it is still an act of piety to feed them, and that women sell barley for the purpose. Burton has also the story of the bird that whispered into the ear of the Prophet.

The sanctity of the dove doubtless owes something also to the story of Noah, for in Jerusalem the mark of his fingers is still shown upon the wings. The movement which they make in cooing is said to resemble the ritual prostrations. They are called " Allah's proclaimers " and are never eaten. In the Constantinople Mosques, grain is sold for the pigeons, especially in the specially sacred Ayoub Mosque, and in the Bayazid known also as the " Pigeon Mosque," from the story connected with its foundation.

The sacredness of the pigeon, however, did not prevent the Prophet from ordering the destruction of a wooden pigeon over the door which he found at Mecca. He even supported upon his shoulders the disciple who undertook this piece of iconoclasm.

King Solomon was the more interested in animals that, as will

be remembered, he understood their language. Near the south door of the Mosque of Omar there are two marble slabs, joined in such a way that the veining appears to depict two birds perched on opposite sides of a vase. Hanauer (*Walks about Jerusalem*, 194), tells a legend to the effect that they were turned to stone, the male for vain boasting, the female for encouraging him. He had in fact declared that he could kick down Solomon's famous edifice if he were in a mind to do so. As the tradition related to me by one of the Muslim Shechs in charge of the Mosque, was different, and as I have not heard it elsewhere, I think it worth preserving.

When Solomon had finished his Temple he ordered that all the beasts should testify in some form to his power and glory, by placing at his feet a possession in which they took pride. Accordingly, the lion brought his mane, the elephant his ivory, the unicorn his single weapon of defence, the bees a cell of honey. The ants sent a deputation bearing a triumph of war in the shape of a box filled with locusts. All brought some token of respect except the birds, who, instigated by the magpie, most pert of his kind, refused to surrender themselves. "Why," said the magpie, "should we obey this insolent order? In spite of all his wisdom is this king capable of following us into our own domain or to deprive us of the liberty of the air which is our birth-right? Let us show him that the whole of Nature is not under Man, and that we are the servants of God alone."

King Solomon, to whom these words were reported, convoked a second assembly to consist of birds alone, all of whom were ordered to appear. He then hid himself behind the famous Sachra, the great rock of the Temple, in order to listen to what might pass. Two magpies appeared, and the first again addressed his fellow-birds. "We must find a way," he declared, "to assert our independence of man, and to give praise and allegiance to God only. Why should we put ourselves to the trouble of saluting a pile of stones put together by mere men? Are not all the forests our kingdom and the mountains our home? We are better architects than he; each species among us can build for itself a better house than this Temple, which we are expected to admire."

Then spoke the second magpie who, like his brother, had made himself beautiful, his feathers all glossy and his beak sharpened to a point, always a sign of war, as Solomon could see for himself. "What is this Temple?" he cried. "Can the hand, even of Solomon, prevent us from casting dirt upon it—from using it

at our convenience? Let us show our contempt in the usual manner."

At this King Solomon could not longer restrain himself, but coming out of his hiding place, he cried in a terrible voice, "The hand of God working through His servant can imprison even the air. To show this to all the bird creation once and for always, I command you chattering pies to remain slaves to the end of time, imprisoned forever upon this House of God which you insolently despise." The two birds were at once struck with insensibility, and became incrusted into the building, where they remain to this day. Moreover, to prevent the possibility which they had suggested, of soiling the roof, Solomon ordered that gilded spikes should be placed there, where they glistened royally in the sunshine, and reminded all comers of the power and greatness of the Creator. They are described by so late an author as Josephus (Gl. v, 14), therefore the story cannot be disputed.

My informant told me also that every morning the birds used to have prayer with Solomon. They gathered together by degrees, and when all were there he would begin. He noticed that the eagle was always last, and so one day he sent for him, and asked why the king of birds did not set a better example. So the eagle confessed that he had a very old father, so old that he had no longer any feathers and was nothing more than a piece of meat. As the other birds flew past they would peck at him in scorn, so the son made a rule never to leave him until all had passed, and that was why he was always late. Hearing this, the king praised him for a dutiful son instead of scolding him for unpunctuality. "Let your father come to me," he added, "that I may speak with him." When the old eagle arrived, Solomon laid his hands upon his neck and blessed him, promising him eternal youth. "You shall always have feathers, and be always young," he said, and so it has been ever since, for he lives, as has been noticed in captivity, for at least a hundred years, and renews his feathers at his yearly moulting. The head and neck, however, are covered only with down, in remembrance of the touch of the king. Even the sacred book of the Jews refers to this story, and says of the blessed that "they shall renew their youth like the eagle."

Among all his bird friends the one whom Solomon best loved was a little sparrow which he found sprightly and amusing, and which was his faithful attendant. One day he missed his little friend, and sent to desire his immediate attendance. The messenger found him engaged in making love, and the little

creature refused to leave his mate. Again ordered to follow the messenger, and feeling humiliated at receiving orders before the lady, he said, " If you trouble me you will force me to extremes. I shall be obliged to destroy this Temple of the King, to which you summon me so inopportunely." The messenger returned to Solomon. " Where was the sparrow? " " In his Hareem, your Highness." " Ah, then all is excusable. When one has a woman to please one forgets oneself." Solomon was himself an experienced authority upon the subject, and made the sparrow one of his boon companions.

One more story of Solomon and the birds. He had a favourite wife upon whom he bestowed every pleasure and indulgence, and she was supremely happy until one day an old woman—they are always the mischief-makers in the East—came to her and said, " Think of being in a position such as yours, and being content to take only whatever the king chooses to give you ! You could get many a fine thing that other people have not got, and you are satisfied with the same as others."

" I can think of nothing to ask for," said the Queen.

" Well, for instance, you have not a castle in the air. Let the King build you one between heaven and earth, something really beautiful. One of birds' feathers would look well."

So when the King came in she looked cross and sulky, and was not pleased with anything, till at last he asked what was the matter, and after dwelling on her hard fate, she explained that she had become an object of pity and ridicule for want of a castle in the air made of birds' feathers. Solomon assured her that this could be easily remedied, for he had only to call the birds together and ask a few feathers from each one. This was done, and they cheerfully said, " You are welcome," as each brought his little offering. The only one to hold aloof was the owl, and she was always inclined to be a little jealous of the pretensions of the King, being herself the bird of Time and possessed of much wisdom. The King sent for her, but she was long in answering. When at last he sent an angry message bidding her come at once, she felt she had gone a little far, and said, " I will come if you promise that my head shall not be cut off." The promise was given, on condition that to exhibit her superior wisdom she should answer three questions, to which she agreed. The first question was, "Are there more days or nights in a year?" To this she answered without hesitation that there are more days, for not only are there the days when the sun shines, but those when the moon shines as well. You can see your neighbours

when you talk with them, you can go on a journey, or you can stay at home and work. The next question was, " Are there more dead or living? " To which she answered that there are more dead, because all the sleepers are dead. You can talk about them and they will not hear you, you can sit beside them and they will not know it, you can steal from them and they cannot protect themselves. Then came the third and most important question. " Are there more women or men in the world? " It was expected that this would certainly baffle even the owl, for it was before the great war and she knew nothing of the proportions of the British population. She certainly could not go all over the world and count. " That is easy enough! " she cried, " anyone knows that there are more women than men, for all the men who are managed by women, are themselves women! " So her head was safe, and Solomon had to ask why the owl had not brought feathers for his fine new castle in the air. " Why should I waste my feathers? " she asked. " Who can build without a foundation? "

And then the king, who was much wiser than many of whom the questions have been asked since, saw that more than the material was necessary, and that he had reasoned very badly (which still does not prevent his being the wisest king that ever lived) and it was only a beast that was wise enough to look at the question all round. So he gave the owl a special reward. " Your fortune to your hole," he said, which means that all she needed should come to her. She should never go to seek it, and to this day she sits at the door of her house, and catches little birds as they fly past, and mice as they creep past in the dark, seeking to find their way, while she sees everything better than by daylight. I had the story from Alia who said she herself had the nickname of " the owl," for though she is old and half-blind and alone, she is full of knowledge and gets help where many a one would starve, " as now, when you will no doubt give me a basin of hot soup, O lady! "

As to building without foundation, Solomon might have retorted that the Temple itself was founded upon water. So, at least, we are told by Khalil es Zaharis, who died in 872, and the Jews have a similar tradition. To this day one is invited to listen to the sound of water flowing under the Sachra, the sacred rock. It was, however, built with the help of the jinni.

This same Zaharis tells the story, often quoted, about the chain, hung up, he says, in the Temple of Solomon, but which in Jerusalem is commonly said to have been hung up in what is hence

called the Dome of the Chain, a small building beside the Mosque. I remind my readers of this story for the sake of quoting an addition which I have not met with elsewhere. A certain Jew borrowed from a Muslim a thousand dinars. When the creditor asked for the sum he lied about it, and so they went with witnesses to the chain which had the power of drawing up any one who spoke falsely while holding the chain in his hand. The debtor put the money into a hollow stick which he gave to the creditor to hold while he took hold of the chain, swearing that he had given the amount already to the owner. The chain remained in his hand, but was so disgusted by this enforced complicity with falsehood that it afterwards went into the air and never came down again. Zacharis adds to the story, " One wrote a verse ' *The time is disappeared of the Highest God and of revelation, and with the chain Nobility of mind has gone up into Heaven.*' " It is a curious fact that precisely the same story is told in the Mosque of Mustafa Pasha, formerly the Church of S. Andrew in Crisis in Constantinople. The chain, known as the " Judge," now hangs in an enormous aged cyprus-tree.

In those former days there were other miraculous powers exercised in the Temple Court. There was, for instance, a dog of wood which barked when any one came by who was concerned in sorcery, probably related to the stone dogs at the Holy Sepulchre who barked at Jews. Moreover, there was a place out of which fire sprang and burnt up any evil doer who inadvertently stepped upon it. Also if any one threw a stone at the Temple it came back to him. The building stands forty ells higher than any place in the world. That must have been in Solomon's times.

The pelican is a sacred bird, for it brought water in its beak to help in the building of the Mosque at Mecca. I have never seen a pelican in Palestine, though it comes inland as far as the Lake of Tiberias, and is occasionally seen in the Jordan Valley. They live, however, only in desolate places.

The lovely little hoopoo, a summer visitant to the Holy Land, and who calls his name to all the hills like the cuckoo, is held in great esteem by the Arabs. He is found in ruins and is about the size of a thrush, and with his russet coat, wings and tail barred with white, and crown of white with black tips, it is no wonder that he is a personage in folk-lore. The Arabs call him *el hakim*, the doctor, and unhappily they use his beautiful head as an ingredient in sorcery, and even in medicine. They say he is very wise, and that he listens to secrets, and has the power of discovering underground water. It was by his cleverness that

he acquired his crown. Solomon was accustomed to receive homage from all living things, and when he married he required that the same courtesy should be shown to the Queen, to which all agreed except the hoopoo, who went away and hid himself. After search in all directions, the birds found him at last beyond seven seas, and compelled his return. To justify his absence the hoopoo related seven stories all bearing upon the worthlessness of women, one as to her faithlessness, another as to her shrewishness, the third as to her curiosity, and so on. The other birds made known these stories to Solomon, who was so much impressed by them, having by this time been married for several weeks, that he took off his own crown and placed it on the head of the bird, who has worn it ever since. Later, however, in the interest of the hoopoo, Solomon changed the gold into feathers.

The lark is much respected, and the crested-lark especially. They say that he points the way to God and praises Him every morning.

The swallow visits Mecca seven times every year, both the common house-martin and the *cypselus*, which the Arabs call *sûs* from his cry. He is said to bring a blessing to every house which shelters his nests. The Arabs have a great veneration for Religious Orders, especially for the women. They come to do good and not to gossip in houses, they say, and look for husbands. They watched the Convent of the Reparatrice Sisters when it was first built, to see whether the swallows, who so liberally frequent the Assumptionist Convent over the way, would approve the new arrivals, and were greatly impressed by the fact that they made nests under the eaves of the chapel the first year. They appear very suddenly in March, in large numbers, not in small groups as with us, and leave without the deliberations on telegraph-wires we are accustomed to, with equal suddenness in August. Another species remains through the winter. For an hour before sunset they dash screaming through the streets. Tristram tells us that the speed of these little creatures has been estimated at eighty miles an hour, and one realised this when the locusts were in Jerusalem, for the swifts encircled the immense clouds of these insects so rapidly, that the locusts, rapid as they are themselves, seemed to be hindered and perplexed. The swifts and swallows are a valuable aid in their destruction.

Great numbers of swallows have their home under the eaves of the Mosque as they had on the same spot in the time of David. "The swallow hath found her a house—even Thy altars, O Lord God of hosts." About the middle of February the large alpine

swift may be seen flying overhead in immense flocks on its way to the mountain gorges, but except in very bad weather I have never known it to linger.

Not all birds are good, unfortunately, to say nothing of other creatures. The lapwing, crow, scorpion and gazelle bring ill-luck if met with early in the day. The raven, too, is an evil bird, and still walks clumsily in the chains which, though now invisible, were put upon her by Noah when she failed to return from the errand upon which he sent her.

CHAPTER XVI

About Dogs and Cats

By these dumb mouths be ye forgiven
Ere ye are heard pleading with heaven.
" Pearls of the Faith." Sir Edwin Arnold.

Among the many absurdities and exaggerations in regard to the faith and customs in Islam which have been promulgated largely for purposes of religious propaganda, none have been more widely accepted than those which concern the position of dogs. When one goes to an " At Home " in a Turkish Hareem where there are ten men, twenty ladies, thirty children, and probably eight or nine dogs, one realises that any prejudice against them is rather racial than religious. " If thou wilt have torment," says an Arabic proverb, " get thee an ass and a goat; if thou wilt have noise get thee women and dogs." The Arabs, more conservative in everything than the Turks, are less addicted to dogs as house-pets. After all, the Arabs are Semites, and one has only to read the Scriptures to realise the attitude of their cousins the Jews. The author of the Book of Revelation says that dogs will be " without " the gates of the heavenly city, but then nobody takes that book *au pied de la lettre*, or we should feel ourselves condemned to gold streets and pearl gates which would give pleasure to no one except the race for whom the statement, as well as the remark about dogs, was apparently intended.

However, the Prophet was himself a Semite and an Arab, and he was certainly friendly towards dogs. He allowed them in the Mosques as freely as if they were in the Highlands of Scotland, on condition that they should not be wet, for what smells worse than a wet dog? and Muhammad had a strong antipathy towards evil smells, especially leeks and onions, still beloved of his race in both branches. Moreover, quite reasonably, and with the same attention to hygiene which we find in the laws of Moses, he declared the saliva of the dog to be unclean, which it certainly is, and the better the breed of the dog the more sure he is to forage in unpleasant places.

The Prophet always showed great consideration towards beasts, and in the Koran and the Traditions we have many admonitions as to kindness and many warnings as to cruelty and indifference in relation to what we call "the lower animals." It is related that on one occasion he was discussing with his disciples the subject, a favourite in all creeds, of the connection of faith and works, and as an illustration he told a story of a woman that was a sinner and who, according to his own law and that of the Jews, deserved to be stoned to death. As she went on her way she came to a well near to which, with hanging tongue and longing eyes, stood a dog, unable to reach the water. She took off her shoe and gave him to drink. "For that one action," he added, "her sins shall be forgiven her."

It is satisfactory to know that one dog, at least, has his place in Paradise. He is called Katmir, or sometimes er-Raqim, and belonged to the Seven Sleepers whose slumbers he guarded for over 187 years. He is a symbol of fidelity and his name is often engraved upon seals to ensure the safety of the goods or papers which they protect. (Koran Sura xviii, 8.) A certain number of dogs follow the Haj, the Mecca Pilgrimage, every year, or did when it was conducted on the time-honoured lines of former days. As they would certainly be rent by the town dogs—who admit no strangers over their frontiers—on approaching the sacred city, they stay outside and watch over the tents and the luggage. They are of great value in the desert, as protection against wolves and snakes.

The Prophet gave his approval of the use of dogs for hunting (Sura v, 6), on conditon that they should be trained not to kill the prey which, if for food, must be slaughtered according to the Islamic law. A European sportsman of our acquaintance once perceived that the bedawee who accompanied him neglected this rule, although he let the dog slip with a *Bismillah*, "in the name of God." He excused himself with the surprising statement that *es slugi jins min el-buzzun*, "the hound is a kind of cat," and, therefore, we may infer, not unclean. This is less of a libel than might appear, for if ever there was a dog destitute of every noble dog quality it is the *slugi*, the hound of the desert, often called Reesh, a feather, in honour of his feathery tail and feathered legs, and of the extreme grace and lightness of his movements. He is beautiful in colour—white or coffee-cream—in movement, in outline, but he is not intelligent, nor faithful, nor obedient, nor courageous, and the better bred he is, the less virtuous. The socialists might make a parable of him. He is too

fine bred. His family has never condescended to mix with vulgar blood. He is to be seen on the oldest monuments exactly as he is now. He is known technically as the Persian grey-hound, but he really belongs to the desert. We had a specimen once, irreproachable as to type, but so densely stupid and helpless in his new surroundings, that he could not be trusted to leave the house without the companionship of the fox-terrier who, with the capability and good-humour of his race, took him in hand. He was the only dog I never loved, and we parted with him without regret to King Edward, who, dog-lover though he was, found it possible to give him up, and he went in the end to the Queen of Spain. The slugi is very sensitive to heat and cold, and in winter the bedu generally put him on camel-back for travelling. In summer he walks in the shadow of the camels. They are the only dogs allowed to enter the tent.

The Turks and Arabs say unpleasant things about each other like other co-religionists elsewhere. The Arabs of Mosul relate that once when the trees were all in bloom, and the meadows full of flowers, the Turks came to their Shechs and said, "Why do you not come out and smell the air as we do?" When they accepted the invitation and left the town and came into the open country, the Turks fell upon them and killed them. Allah changed them into jackals, who come at night and sniff about the gates, and cry *Ma shibu' tu?* "Are you not satisfied?" To which the Turks, whom Allah had changed into dogs, reply *Yôk, yôk!* "No, no!"

In addition to the slugi of the deserts, and the big sheep-dogs that appear now and then with the Kurds and Turcomans, there is perhaps no other breed of dogs indigenous to the Near East, except the Pariah, which resembles the Scots collie. It is quite a mistake to suppose him a mere mongrel. He is of a definite race, with its own characteristics; faithful, teachable, affectionate. No dog is a more delightful watch-dog for the house. Alas! like so many of the best things of the Near East, they are becoming extinct, hounded and massacred in the name of hygiene. In Damascus, during the war, we used to see two little homeless boys curled up at night among a score of Pariah dogs, and sharing with them the waste bread and other food which the German soldiers distributed to the homeless. Thus encouraged, the dogs came in from outside the town, and became so numerous that an order was given for their destruction, on a certain night. The night arrived, and but few could be found. The dog-loving population had hidden them in the Mosques and in the public

ovens. There is a pleasant story told by Jessup, a missionary of Beirut, whose Memoirs contain much of interest in regard to Syria. In 1897 there was a scare of rabies in that town, and 1,300 dogs were destroyed by order and buried in the sand. After a few weeks the Muslims felt so lonely that they sent to Sidon and to Tripoli and imported two ship-loads of dogs!

There was a great deal of talk a few years ago, quite deservedly, as to the cruelty of the municipal authorities in Constantinople who, with the characteristic oriental dread of taking life, had sent some hundreds of street dogs on to a bare island in the Marmora, where naturally, many died of hunger. The same scare was repeated in 1922, and in spite of all that we of the Society for the Protection of Animals could do to secure more humane methods, thousands of dogs, half-killed, half-shot, half-poisoned, lay dying in the streets. We were flooded with letters, beseeching, angry, threatening, from those of all nations, but especially orientals, as to the horrible cruelty unknown till the rule of the Occupation. We sent out our officers to put the poor beasts out of their pain, but could do no more. I have seen unspeakable horrors of the same kind in Cairo in the years 1911-1912 in spite of a specially active Society for the Prevention of Cruelty.

The near relative of a former Ambassador in Constantinople writes (*Diary of an Idle Woman.* Frances Eliot, Ch. II), that Sultan Aziz (1861-1876) on his return from Europe, " was so much ashamed of the homeless dogs in Constantinople that he wanted to send them to a barren island where they would have starved " (a creditable result of his contact with a " higher " civilisation) " but the chief Imam came to him and protested. ' The Koran,' said he, ' commands the protection of all beasts, and it will be a breach of religion if the Commander of the Faithful departs from this rule.' To this the Sultan, fearing a revolt, at once yielded, and commanded that they should remain." It was not till the reign of his successor, Abdul Hamid, who was more Armenian than Turk, that the idea was put into practice. I have been repeatedly assured by Turks that their sufferings during the Occupation were a punishment for the Sultan's cruelty. To be just, however, I wish to record that to my personal knowledge, a veterinary surgeon regularly visits the domestic animals, horses, dogs, birds, which that unhappy monarch left behind at his dethronement, and for which he and his family have made permanent provision.

Ahmed I (contemporary of our James I and VI) ordered that the dogs of the town should be transported to Scutari on the opposite (Asiatic) coast. From thence, possibly at the desire of the inhabitants of Scutari, they were removed to a distant island where they were without food. The lives of the dogs were deemed of such importance that the Sultan thought it fit to ask the Mufti (whose specialty it is to expound the law) whether it were lawful to kill them. After due deliberation the Head of Islam answered (for he can give no *fetwa* unless first consulted) that every dog had a soul and therefore it was not lawful to kill them.

It is said that, as on the last occasion, many of them swam back to their old haunts.

This dislike of taking life, racial rather than religious, in the Orient is one of the great difficulties which the Protectors of Animals have to contend with. A lady near Jerusalem who had destroyed half a dozen puppies had occasion to reprove a servant for leaving the mother and remaining puppy without water. "You blame me that I make one dog thirsty," he protested, "you who killed six dogs this morning!" That is the oriental attitude, in a few words.

In the old days when the Arabs were still a great nation, before their contact with occidental gold, those who took charge of the dogs held quite an important position among the servants of the Rulers, both at home, and even with an army on the march. The story is told that on one occasion these officers complained of their rations. "Hunger even thy dog," said the Sultan in his anger, "and he will still follow thee." Upon which one of the men answered, "Not so. It may be that another will throw bread to him, and him will he follow, for it is said that to refuse to give to him that is faithful to thee, is to invite him to seek the friendship of another." It is to be presumed that the Sultan took the hint.

There is, on the other hand, a little apologue on the same subject more to the honour of the dog. They say he not only guards his master's house, but also his honour. When the cat has dined and they say, "Have you eaten well?" she replies, "I am not satisfied"; whereas the dog, even if hungry, will make eructations—according to the Arabic mode of showing appreciation of hospitality—to show that he is satisfied with what he receives. *Ma feesh asal minu*, added my informant ("There is none so noble as he"). During the first few months of the War we used to go out at night, when the streets were empty, to feed the

miserable cats and dogs which the Europeans had left behind in their precipitate flight. The watchmen became used to us, and often they would say, when the cats came out and clamoured, " Save for the dogs ! The cats will look out for themselves. The dogs feel their homelessness." Later, when the Germans came in, they established a lethal chamber, where these miserable victims were brought to a painless end. They gave an excellent example to the people on the care of animals, and at the time when forage was dear gave free dinners daily to the horses and donkeys of the poor.

The Orientals are fond of cats, though they admit the superiority of the dogs. A man once reproved his companion for giving me the greeting reserved for Muslims. " She is a Christian," he said. " Yes, but she feeds the cats." During the latter part of the War, when the Americans having entered into the War we were ourselves prisoners, and had little enough to eat, we had something to spare for the beasts, and I remember that on one occasion we received permission to utilise, as a short cut, the sacred enclosure of a *Tekye* (Derweesh monastery). One of the inmates, who had observed our interest in the dogs, called us in to look after a sick puppy, and made us free of the place in consequence.

In Syria—perhaps one should say among Arabs—the dog is less of a house-friend than among the Turks, their co-religionists, but they make up for it in cats. The Muslim love for cats may have in it something of religious as well as racial. I remember when we were doing relief work in Armenia in 1920-21 I enquired in one town, occupied largely by wealthy Armenians, whether the cats had died off from want of food during the War. " It is always like this here," said an inhabitant. " You will see neither dogs nor cats—try the Tartar quarter." There, sure enough, were animals of all kinds—dogs, birds, cats, but especially cats, of the long-faced, long-legged kind peculiar to Turkey and the shores of the Black Sea. The Prophet loved cats. The story of how he cut the sleeve of his *kumbaz* (long coat), rather than disturb the cat asleep upon it, is well known. Less familiar, perhaps, is the story of how the cat came to be endowed with her nine lives. The Prophet was asleep upon the terrace of his house, his cat beside him, when a great scorpion approached him with the unpleasant *démarche* which it shares with the crab and the octopus. The cat at once fell upon it and killed it, and the Prophet, awaking in time to realise his escape, cried " Peace be upon thee, O cat ! Henceforth none shall be victorious over

thee, none shall turn thee on thy back, thou shalt alight upon thy feet. Thou shalt be thrice blessed!"

Moreover, Muhammad declared the cat clean, so that it is recorded that he once washed his hands, ceremonially, in water out of which a cat had drunk, and allowed his wife Ayesha even to drink from a vessel already used by the cat. One of his most intimate friends was nick-named, in Arab fashion, Abu Huraira (Father of a kitten), on account of his devotion to his little favourite. He it is who has related that the Prophet declared that a vessel out of which a dog had lapped must be washed seven times. This was no doubt a useful precaution, but it may be that Abu Huraira recorded it out of jealousy for his own favourite. It is an interesting fact that the Metawilies, a sect of Muslims in the northern Lebanon, who aspire to extreme purity, place intercourse with the Christians under the same restrictions as the Prophet decreed for the dog. According to Laurence Oliphant, who studied them in their own district, they will not touch a stranger if his clothes happen to be wet, nor even allow him to enter their houses in this condition, except in emergency; moreover, if a Christian drinks from a vessel, they do not allow him to touch it with his lips, under pain of paying for a new one. But Laurence Oliphant is not always unprejudiced.

The great Sultan Beibars (1260 A.D., 685 A.H.) left an endowment for the feeding of homeless cats, as well as an enclosed garden—Gheyt el Quoltah—for their use near his mosque in Cairo; and up to the time of the War one could often see people depositing at the gate cats who were in need of shelter and sustenance. Up to a few years ago a familiar feature in the Mecca pilgrimage was a lady on camel-back, in company with her cats, it is said to the number of six. There is an endowment also for cats at Aleppo in Syria, another town mainly Arab—said to be the richest animal endowment of the kind that there is. It has a Board of Directors, who maintain a hospital in an old mosque, where the sick are nursed and the homeless sheltered and fed. Hundreds of cats swarm in the court, in the corridors, on the terraces. Why not cats in a mosque? I have seen many in what is known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most sacred place in the world. I once saw one jump on the knee of a certain Patriarch during a solemn ceremonial. He was evidently a friend, and she felt sure of her welcome. I am bound to say that the first few times he put her down, very gently, but there is a quiet persistence about a cat that takes no account of ceremonial vestments nor the presence

of spectators. The great Moltke, at the time that he was a mere teacher among the Turks, recorded the fact of cat endowments in Scutari, near Constantinople, and also in the Bayazid Mosque, which have fallen, I fear, into disuse since the Occupation; and the endowments at Florence, Geneva, and at Boston, U.S.A., are generally known. The earliest animal hospitals were founded in India. One of later days in Bombay, in the centre of the native quarter, was endowed by Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy, of cricketing renown.

With the help of boys and a ladder, we lately rescued a wailing black kitten from the roof of a house, next day from a high tree, and the third from the roof of a mosque. "Whoever put her there will find a higher place to-morrow," said one of our helpers; so there was nothing to do but to adopt her. "She is as black as the devil," said the Armenian maid. "Who wants a black cat in the house?" I explained that they brought luck. "Who knows? The devil, too, has luck." On enquiry it was discovered that a black cat is indeed often the devil in disguise; and, as we have seen, is often Lillith in disguise; so that it is evident that we were in serious danger. Nevertheless the cat grew up strong and handsome, and, what is even more rare, so grateful that she constantly brought us offerings of lizards, snakes, rats and mice. On one occasion she treated us to a scene I shall never forget. We were sitting with friends on the terrace of the house (the flat roof) when, out of the darkness into the long, narrow ray of electric light from the room behind us, there emerged a singular procession. It was headed by a large black scorpion, in manifest fury, with tail erect, seeking flight, but being urged forward with short cries and admonitory pats by the black kitten, our Karakedi. Behind them came an admiring crowd of other cats, shyness forgotten in curiosity, for they are the most inquisitive beasts in the world. Having allowed this latest offering to come near enough to be admired, one of the party put an end to his existence, and the procession retired. The courage of the cat is expressed in the Arabic saying, "The lion spat, and a kitten was created!"

The Arabs may not appreciate animals in our sense of the word, but they are clever enough to admire their qualities. *Hune el fahaiem, ou nahna el bahaiem*, they say ("They are the clever, and we are the brutes"). They compare the candour of the dog with the egoism of the cat, as we have already seen. "My master gives me what is right," says the hungry dog. While she washes her face after dinner, the cat purrs and says,

" When my father and mother were alive, I had shelter and food. Now they are gone, and I lick bones." The mouse fell from the roof. "Allah ! " cried the cat. " When I get away from YOU, I'm all right," says the mouse (*bas aslam minak ou ana bcher*). This they say when a person who talks piously takes advantage of one who is weaker. They have quoted it rather often lately. Also they say, *mitl hmar il mootran hoo shaitan* (like the donkey of the Bishop, he [looks quiet and] is a devil). Some of the people have sense enough to know that an ill-fed cat is no sportsman. They say, *illi biwaffer moonit il biss il far bicharrib baito* (he who spares the cats' food, the mouse will destroy his house).

In general, however, the dog enters more than the cat into the proverbs in common use. The Arabs, for all their good humour, have a certain cynicism, as appears in sayings such as the following : " Honour the dog on account of his master "; " The dog is always a dog, even if he wears a gold collar ", also the variant, " Do not drive a dog away without knowing who is his master "; " He who has a gold collar is beloved, even if he be a dog and the son of a dog." Of the gratitude of the world they say, " Let a dog taste of it [*i.e.*, of something good] and not a human being." Of the self-interest of the world they say, " Every dog barks before the door of his own house "; of its self-conceit they say, " The dog barks on his own account, and the master thinks it is for him." Of the uselessness of protestation they say, " The dogs bark, and the caravan goes on "; also, " The barking of the dogs does not hurt the clouds." If help does not come when it is needed, they say, " In the night of misfortune the dogs do not bark." Of the utility of persistence at all costs they say, " Kiss the dog on the mouth till you get what you want." Finally, "All that my own dog does is right ! "

CHAPTER XVII

About Locusts in the Jerusalem District

> What did the stork live on before the locusts came? [*i.e.*, One man's poison is another man's meat—there is good in everything].
>
> Arabic proverb.

It was an interesting experiment, at the time of the locust invasion of 1915, to read aloud to a bedawy audience the classical description of such a visitation, as written by the prophet Joel. It was accepted as a current newspaper account, and the Shech remarked that for a frenjy (Frank) paper it was surprisingly accurate, and that, as the plague was undoubtedly sent from Allah as a punishment for our faults, we should do well to turn to Him as the writer suggested, and then "Inshallah!" (if it be His will) "He may send us a strong wind from the west, and drive all the locusts to the Wilderness and into the Dead Sea, and then the trees will bear again and man and beast be satisfied." It was then explained to him that all this had happened long ago, and that Allah had indeed seen the sorrow of His people, as the story goes on to show.

"Then will the Lord be jealous for His land, and pity His people. Behold I send you corn and wine and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith, . . . and I will remove from you the northern army and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the East Sea [that is, the Dead Sea] and his hinder part towards the utmost sea [the Mediterranean]. And his stink shall come up, and his ill-savour shall come up, because He hath done great things."

"Undoubtedly," interrupted the Shech, "this is the story of what happened seventeen or eighteen years ago, when the locusts were driven by the west wind in one day into the desert beyond Jericho, and their bodies made islands in the Dead Sea, and you could smell them for miles around. And what a harvest we had next year! what fruit!—vines, and olives, and figs, and cucumbers. The cattle became fat and the people rich, and the heavy cold rains and snow destroyed the eggs, and the land was glad again."

The reader continued: "Fear not, O Land! be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things. Be not afraid of the

beasts of the field, for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine do yield their strength. Be glad then, ye children of Jerusalem, and rejoice in the Lord your God. For He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain and the latter rain. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the vats shall overflow with oil, and I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

"It is well said," approved the Shech, "and just as I told you."

It was during the second week in March that we first heard rumours that locusts had appeared at various places in the plain between Jerusalem and Jaffa, and that they had even reached the Plain of Rephaim, just south of the town, but that they had been promptly dealt with by the inhabitants of the German Colony, who had contrived to keep them out of their own well-cared-for orchards and gardens. On Sunday, the 21st, my husband returned from an archæological visit to Hebron, with news of the terrible devastation wrought there in field and garden. Still it all seemed far off. However, the next day, about noon, it suddenly became so dark that I went to the window, expecting rain, and noticed numbers of people in the street and garden below, all looking in the direction of heavy clouds to the south-west. These clouds covered the district of Bethlehem, Beit Jala, Bettir, and Sharafet, and seemed to be travelling from Hebron. The servants were calling to each other "*El jerad!*" (the locusts!), and a shout from my husband brought me to a north window of the house, where he had already set up his camera to photograph the swarms when they should pass over our house in the direction of Mount Scopus, away to the north. They were flying high, and I was unable to distinguish them from any ordinary heavy rain-cloud, without powerful field-glasses. The Arabs call these clouds "pillars" (*am-'dan*—the same word which is used in the Book of Exodus for the pillar of cloud which led the Israelites in the wilderness. The air was filled with a strange rustling sound—the sound, intensely magnified, of the falling of autumn leaves under a passing gust of wind; or, as the locusts came directly overhead, of a heavy shower falling upon a thick forest. The insects were a compact mass, no stragglers were visible, although there were ragged semi-transparent streaks here and there, which only perfected the likeness to heavy rain-clouds. In a quarter of an hour there was not a locust to be seen, although the roofs, balconies, and pavements were black

with their droppings, and traces of them lingered in the streets for days. Experience soon taught us to hasten to shelter if out of doors whenever they passed overhead, so destructive were their droppings to clothing.

On March 23rd we had rain, and on the 28th (Palm Sunday) a heavy storm of thunder and lightning—an unusual event so late in the year. This, we hoped, would mean death and destruction to the enemy, but the fellaheen shook their heads and assured us it would only encourage the hatching of the eggs, which had probably been already laid. Two or three times we were thankful to see storks flying in the same direction, but we were sorrowfully assured that these valuable birds, which on former occasions had been the deliverers most to be counted upon, had been mainly destroyed by the scientific experts, who had adopted the system of administering poison and disease to the grasshoppers and locusts in South Africa, and had succeeded mainly in destroying the beautiful birds who had followed their prey, and who might have done so much for us now. For the last two years few had found their way to Palestine, and this year especially, in spite of the attraction of the locusts, but very few had been seen.

The worst mischief was to be expected in the plains, and the colonists—German and Jewish, as well as the fellaheen, were withdrawing their children from school to help in the fight, which was now becoming desperate, and which occupied the minds of the people far more than the World War. The peasants were encouraged by rewards to do their share, and were paid in Jaffa a metalik (about a halfpenny) a rottle for male locusts, two for females, and a bishlik (about sixpence) a rottle for eggs. They soon became disheartened, however, for a rottle is equal to five pounds ten ounces, and the locusts are extremely light in weight in proportion to their size, so that between fourteen and fifteen thousand had to be collected to earn a halfpenny. The Preacher who spoke of old age as the time when "a grasshopper would be a burden" (that is, a locust) used an extreme illustration of decrepitude.

About this time a Commission was appointed to deal with the question, consisting principally of local Jews, who, after many dinners at the most expensive hotels—when to dine at all was a luxury in the second year of the War—decided that all schools were to be closed, so that children, as well as adults, might take part in the work of extermination. Those whose business might suffer from absence might compromise by payment of a fine. In this manner five hundred Turkish gold pounds were quickly

collected, which one expected might last for some time, as all the labour (except that of the Commission) was unpaid, and whatever material was required was requisitioned—that is to say, that all corrugated iron in the town was collected by the simple process of stripping it off roofs and destroying sheds, to whomsoever such property might belong. As most of it remained unused long after the locusts had disappeared, it may be supposed that the alleged intention of constructing screens to arrest the progress of the locusts in the creeping stage was not carried out to any very great extent. This process, supposed to facilitate the driving them into trenches, had been long known in the desert, and adopted in Cyprus.

Apart from bereavement of our corrugated iron roofings and water catchments, which we should have resented less had we been convinced of any service done to the cause of extermination, we did not come into personal contact with the plague until the last week in May. The cool weather had lasted longer than usual, but a shiroko came suddenly the third week in May, and we were thankful to escape to Emmaus, some eleven kilometres —or, as S. Luke has it, sixty stadia or furlongs—away in the mountains. The village lies north-east of Jerusalem, towards the sea. There are some thirty Muslim houses, a couple of flour mills, a home for lepers (established during the War by the liberality of a German Baroness), and the church and convent which have been built by the Franciscan Fathers to commemorate the sacred incident which (after much discussion, the best authorities concede) occurred upon this spot.

With a possibly unconscious touch of humour, the Fathers have utilised the motto, together with the coat-of-arms, of the family of the Marquise de Nicolay, through whose bounty the ancient Byzantine church was restored, and one reads over a gateway near the church, on entering the precincts, the injunction, admirable in face of useless controversy, "Laissez dire, laissez dire!"

A carriage-road happily does not yet exist, and one has a delightful and refreshing ride over the hills, through long stony valleys and over steep mountain-paths. On account of the War, the Franciscan hospitalities were suspended, and we rode on a short distance and entered the walled enclosure of the German Catholic Society of Palestine under the direction of the Lazarist Fathers.

Fifteen years of ceaseless industry, and a talent for the utilisation of natural features, have created the wonderful spot we

looked upon that morning, a landscape-garden such as we have seen nowhere else in the East. The guest-house, home of the priest-magician who wrought this beauty, and the convent of the Sisters in Charge, of the Order of S. Carlo Boromeo, stand side by side on the top of a hill, looking westwards over the plain to the Mediterranean, and northward to the range of Mount Carmel, while upon the lower ranges between are perched many picturesque villages, each with its characteristic mosque, or a *Wely* (tomb) with its accompanying group of trees. Southward are the nearer hills overlooking Jerusalem, while eastward, beyond Qoubébé (the Arabic name for the Emmaus village), beside the old Roman road, are the remains of two or three of the fortresses which guarded it on its way between Jerusalem and the sea. The *Mons Gaudii* of the Crusaders, where they caught their first glimpse of the Holy City, was crowned by a mosque and minaret (now mainly destroyed), preserving the older memory that this is the Mizpah of Samuel, where the Prophet lived and was buried.

Vineyards and orchards climbed the steep hillsides, high rosemary hedges enclosed gardens gay wtih flowers, and the house itself, despite its exposed position, was well sheltered from sun and wind by plantations of pine and cedar trees. "From Jerusalem two mile is the Mount Joy, a full fair place and a delicious, and there lieth Samuel the prophet in a fair tomb, and men call it Mount Joy for it giveth joy to the pilgrims' hearts," wrote Maundeville in the fourteenth century; yet the site of the Hospiz, an hour to the west, has long been known to the Arabs as "the barren hill," and its purchase by the Order in 1897 must have needed some faith, the more perhaps that twenty years before it had been bought and finally abandoned by the Franciscans after some three or four years of what appeared to be useless experiment in cultivation.

A visit to Emmaus had been for some years the rest-cure of Jerusalem. For a trifling charge, all might share its benefits, irrespective of race and creed; and for many months in the year it was always filled with guests, among whom the English, especially the missionaries, figured largely.

How exquisitely restful and peaceful it seemed to us that day! how full of the spirit of gentleness and loving-kindness! Some other Americans, a Jewish family, some Dutch and Belgian priests of a French Order, refugees, received in true brotherhood, no one grudging them their nationality nor their French tongue, were our fellow-guests, and in the evening I played some German

folk-songs, Gounod's Ave Maria, and some Scottish ballads, all the party joining in singing, as far as they were able.

The garden seemed a sort of revelation from heaven. We ourselves had wealth of roses and hardy perennials, but here was something unknown in Jerusalem—even in Palestine. The trees were full of birds, active and fearless; the bulbuls sang in the great kharoub tree, the patriarch of the woods. Lizards and chameleons darted about in the sunshine, the waving cypresses and pine trees invited us to rest under their shade. There were friends to visit—the tame porcupine, the gazelles, the little ibex lately brought from the desert and growing tame in the company of his step-mother, a matronly goat, chattering perpetually after her kind. Or we might make predatory visits to the fruit garden, where apricots and plums were glowing in the sunshine, and bees, from a row of hives below, were seeking treasures among the sweet herbs of the borders. Here, surely, one could rest, however weary—as all were weary to death—of the strife of man. The cry, "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness! some boundless contiguity of shade!" might well find answer here.

And then early one morning, while the dew was still shining on the grass, some peasants stopped at the door to report that in a village to the south-west, towards the plain, they had passed the locusts on the march. From the top of our hill we looked down upon mountain-paths wandering among the villages or lost to sight among the high corn waiting to be cut. About nine o'clock we wandered down a bridle-path leading first to a group of trees, emerald against a golden background. Some quarter of a mile from the wall encircling the Hospiz grounds, we became aware of an agitation among the corn to our right and left, north and south of the path, and one of the party shouted "Here they are!"

They were crossing the road, a golden stream of canary-coloured locusts, creeping in serried ranks—a stream here perhaps not more than twenty feet wide, so close and compact they were, but separating and widening out as soon as the open road was crossed and they regained the shelter of the corn. At our approach many sought cover, but all rejoined the ranks when these had returned to shelter, or after they had passed us by, and the stream went steadily on. A little further on we met a second stream face to face, marching up the road, and describing an orderly zig-zag after emerging from the corn, and following the path for a hundred feet or so before re-entering the barley on the other side.

Some of our party, climbing the hill to our left, discovered the head of the column, towards which all the separate groups were converging. It was marching almost directly south, to our great relief, thus avoiding the grounds of the Hospiz to the east.

The creatures were in an early stage of their development, with small imperfect wings, soft pale yellow bodies, hopping rather than walking, and so feeble that their highest spring was not more than a foot from the ground. They were easy enough to catch, poor little soft things; but what could a score or so of mere human beings do in face of such an army, so organised, so alert? They could do no harm to the ripe corn, which was too hard for even such jaws as theirs, and all we could do was to encourage progress in the direction they were already taking, directly south. The few hundreds of thousands we might have caught would have been but a drop in the ocean, in face of such a force as this. We had placed ourselves, at intervals, between the army and the seven or eight-foot wall of the Hospiz. The head of the column was already out of sight, the rear we had not yet seen, though some of us went down into the valley, and others up the hill beyond, and yet they came on and on, from far out of sight. All went well till some fellaheen, who owned property upon a hill to the south, began to light fires, which had the effect of diverting the advance eastward. Then we all felt that the time for action had come.

We waved shawls, handkerchiefs, aprons; the boys, in extreme delight, fetched tin cans containing stones or smaller cans, and made hideous dins, which not even the imperturbable locust could endure; others, destitute of weapons, shouted, and yelled, and "shooed." The fellaheen kept them east of their own walls, we to the west of ours; they closed up their ranks, and the whole day long they moved steadily on. When they came to perpendicular rocks they climbed them, when they came to open ground they closed in their ranks as in the time of Moses: "They shall cover the face of the earth that one shall not be able to see the earth." When they came to a bush or low tree they collected together still more closely, passed over it, and left it bare. Otherwise it seemed that their sole object was progress, they seemed to eat little. We had difficulty with some of our helpers, less organised than the enemy, and the creatures were driven hither and thither, divided, confused. "Divide and conquer" are not the tactics to pursue. "Unity is strength" for them, and also for us. "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them

by bands "; and the policy of directing, and thus circumventing, their progress, is the only one to pursue.

" He walk eight hours," said Muhammad our groom, " after that he tired, at four o'clock him sleep." As the air got colder they moved more slowly; in some mysterious way, they seemed to become less numerous, the ranks thinned. We climbed southwards up the terraced hillside, where the shallow terraces are upheld by stones loosely arranged to prevent the earth from falling. One had but to lift a stone, or poke a stick into the loose soil, to reveal thousands which had crept into shelter for sleep, until the next day's sun should warm the atmosphere. They had hardly strength to hop away. We could catch them as fast as we could work. One gathered them in bunches, and crushed their pretty heads under a heavy stone. They showed no fight, they only looked with little surprised faces upon a cruel world, in which they had exhibited only a marvellous spirit of order, obedience, and organisation. They asked nothing but their innocent vegetable diet, and in return they showed us the strength and beauty and endurance which elsewhere we praise so highly.

We could not but think of the millions of brave men of all nations, in all parts of Europe, like them, steadily marching on, obedient, unquestioning, to meet a death which, like theirs, cannot be regarded as punishment for wrongdoing, for they are but obeying orders, and which comes from the hands of those they cannot regard as personal enemies, for they know nothing of each other, and individually perhaps would find nothing in each other but what they might justly admire and love. Only that, in the one case, the valuable and admirable qualities were being exercised in carrying out the law of nature, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth; self-development without wilful injury to any living being, maintaining themselves on vegetable food, shedding no blood, injuring no dwelling-place. On the part of the superior being, made in the likeness of God, the world was defaced by slaughter, mutilation, injury, revenge, the suffering of the innocent, pain, bereavement, terror, death.

The fight lasted for three days, the stream rolling on, and, in spite of all our efforts, coming hourly nearer. Had the money and labour expended after the laying of the eggs by the flying squadrons eight or nine weeks ago been effectively carried out, these golden babies would never have been born. When we came away from Emmaus, preparations had been made for lighting fires all along the outside of the garden walls, in the hope of preventing the enemy from climbing them. The task did not

seem hopeless, for they were still young and weak, and the walls were high and carefully constructed; for a considerable distance they were even mortared, unlike the rough loose walls of the country, which were comparatively easy to scale.

We left about three o'clock in the afternoon on June 6th, and rode south-east for a mile and a half, rejoicing that we saw nothing of the enemy here upon the high ground. At a certain point we came to a vast threshing-floor, a solid rock in use for many a century, at sight of which Muhammad uttered a smothered exclamation. "Wallah!" he cried. The threshing-floor seemed to be approaching us. It was alive with locusts, very different from those we had left behind. The more advanced insects were no longer hopping, but steadily walking; when we interrupted their advance, they moved away with the strength and celerity of their steel springs; some, the perfected *imago*, rose into the air on powerful wings with a loud, rushing sound. We rode through them for a good half-hour. The bare rocks, the hardened soil, the scanty grass right and left were covered, as far as the eye could see. At every step our animals crushed them; now and then there was a rush of those behind, not to rescue, but to *eat*, their fallen comrades.

As we descended the further side of the ridge, we came in sight of two villages, more or less connected by a stream, which in winter winds its way through figs and pomegranate trees, while the low bushes along its banks show its track even in summer-time, when the stream is discoverable only here and there as it comes to the surface and is coaxed into a hollow or a stone trough. Not a leaf was to be seen. We could only think of Joel's experience as we looked aghast on whitened poles, where deep green fig and burnished pomegranate trees had shown (so said Muhammad) but a few hours before as he had passed in the morning. "He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig tree, he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away, the branches thereof are made white."

This was the army to be feared, and we felt that our beautiful Emmaus was doomed. Within a few days we had a letter from the priest in charge, saying that it was as we feared. They had diverted the earlier attack, but the main body of the army, a day later, had scaled the walls, and even the cedar trees were peeled and white to the ground. More of the trees which had been grown with so much love and patience were cut down three years later, and the days of Emmaus as we knew and loved it are past.

As we rode into the village of Beit Iksar, another astounding

sight was presented. The presence of the orchards and gardens about the houses had caused the advancing army to concentrate, the ranks were compact and close; except where some villagers, more energetic or thrifty than others, had covered the trees and bushes from the fliers and surrounded the higher trees with what I can only call "collars," made of tin and sloping earthward, against the crawlers, everything was bare. But the curious fact was that the existence of the village itself—of the houses, of the surrounding walls—had formed no obstacle to the advance of locusts; even where water lay in the path, they had come through it. To quote the prophet again, and no other writer has given us so accurate an account of such a Palestinian invasion, "The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. Before their faces the people shall be much pained, all faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of war, and they shall march every one in his ways, and they shall not break their ranks; they shall run to and fro in the city, they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses, they shall enter in at the windows like a thief."

When my attention was called to the locusts upon the walls of the houses, it was a minute or two before I could even see them; so compact, so uniform they lay upon the stones, that I took them for moss. It was only by their movement that they became perceptible. Muhammad told us that in the village of Siloam they had invaded his house in just this way, and that his wife, one of the most capable women in a village known for feminine capacity, had admitted them, closed doors and windows, and effected an immense slaughter. The people we met, old men and boys and women, naturally—all others were elsewhere, fighting for their country—scarcely troubled to answer our words of sympathy, but threw out their hands in a gesture of despair, and marched on with lowering brows. "All faces shall gather blackness." We continued to meet the enemy advancing; but as we crossed the valley we lost sight of them, and observed only a few stragglers disappearing among the bushes and herbage, or swarming over the stones. These older locusts, like the youngsters we had seen on the mountain, lose strength as the sun goes down. "They camp in the hedges on the cold day," says Nahum (iii. 17), "but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and the place is not known where they are."

We reached home just in time to save our own garden, for the most part, by carefully covering bushes and plants, but our pines

and cedars suffered from their proximity to the garden of a neighbour, in which they had already taken possession of a single tree, an acacia, which they left for the tender tops of our precious cedar trees. The beautifully-kept gardens surrounding the Russian Buildings had been saved by the activity of the German soldiers, and the Public Garden, which had been greatly improved during the military rule, was also cared for as far as possible, though the higher branches of the trees were bared. Thousands were caught by careful watchers towards sunset, when they were found on the under-side of branches, and again before sunrise. Indeed, till an hour after the sun was up, they were lethargic, and crawled or flew stiffly and with little energy. The Arabs say that it is well during an invasion of locusts if the weather be hot, as cold only prolongs their stay and delays their development. A wind that drives them towards the sea is good; but a gusty day, when they are whirled round and round, does not help matters. "I am tossed up and down like a locust," says David. When they came to Egypt as one of the ten plagues, it was "with the east wind all day and all night." They came to us from the same direction—that is, from the desert of Arabia, south-east from Palestine. When they are caught in the wind, their long wings become entangled, and they fall to the ground and have to start afresh. Algiers is often visited by locusts, brought, they say, by the east wind from the Sahara.

CHAPTER XVIII

About the Customs of Locusts

Their final exit. Date of arrival. An article of food, by man, beast, bird and fish. As an amulet. In Africa. Traps to catch them. Destruction as a duty. The latest stage of locust life. Flying into the higher trees. Recovery of the gardens. Locust names.

The locusts were in and about Jerusalem for some nine weeks dating from the twenty-first of April, when they flew overhead without attempting to alight. They were probably seeking a place in which to deposit their eggs and it is at this stage that energetic and intelligent measures are required and accomplish far more than can ever be done later. The eggs are hatched within a month. The female is larger than the male, and easily distinguished not only by the dark spots under her wings, but by the saw-like ovi-positor with which she effects an entrance into the soil for the eggs which she lays in a gelatinous mass, consisting of over a score of eggs. Four of these cylindrical masses are laid by each female, in all about a hundred eggs. After this, her life work being complete, she dies; the males also, about the same time. According to received opinion we had no more to fear for that season, but the Arabs would not commit themselves on the subject; however, they began to prune the trees as in early spring, and such is the marvellous tenacity of vegetable life in Palestine that trees and shrubs, and even vines, soon burst into new life, and the early days of July reminded one of April.

Doughty, speaking of the locust in the Arabian Desert, records their appearance at an earlier date than is recognised as their custom in the Mediterranean countries. Those he saw on February 16 (I, 217) may possibly have been the parents of those which appear in Syria in March, or more probably April. He writes of them " in a blustering and chill dawn " at a height of 4,500 feet. He tells us, too, that they destroyed all the spring corn, whereas, by the time they reached Palestine, in 1915, the corn was already too hard to be edible by them. He describes the bedu method of preserving the early dates. " Each green

cluster which had enclosed in it a spray of the male-blossom was lapped about with a wisp of dry forage, and thus defended the sets from early flights of locusts." (II, 436.) The Arabs declare that the early rains revive the eggs of last year.

In the Desert the plague is expected about every seventh year, and formerly the Jericho people would tell us from time to time of a struggle with locusts, but never on so large a scale as in the war period. They say, too, that a specially abundant harvest is expected after a locust year. In this, as in all else, the Arab is resigned to what Allah may be pleased to send. It is difficult to get him to generalise. "Do I know? God knows. It is written," is his usual reply. Doughty tells that he observed locusts one day on the thorny bushes of the desert acacia. "Ha!" cried the Shech, "hast thou no spell to drive them away? Take thy paper, man, for I say this is the time to write. Canst thou not make them fly out of our *dira?*" (settlement). I said "But what thinkest thou is read in God's word, that these are the Lord's great army." He answered with a pious sigh, as the bedu will receive every saw, sounding to religious edification, "Heigh! they be indeed as the army of Ullah!" It is worth while to remark in passing that Doughty, who lived among the bedu as one of them, is not among those who—for their own purposes—assure us persistently that they are a people without religion.

The locust seems to be definitely recognised as an article of food among the Muslims, for the religious law makes special provision for its consumption; the locust and fish being the only animal food lawful when killed in the ordinary way, that is, without mention of the name of God at the moment when the death-dealing blow is delivered, or in the case of wild game, when the shot is fired or the arrow sent forth. Neatly arranged baskets of locusts are to be seen in the markets of Cairo and Alexandria, in the month of May or June. It is alleged, however, that there is no historical instance of destructive swarms of locusts in Egypt since the time of the Israelites. Burckhardt tells us that in Medina and Tayf there are locust shops where they are sold by measure. They are eaten in Abyssinia and Persia, Madagascar, Morocco, and Arabia, by Muslims as well as Jews, and probably by Christians. In Palestine, in all ages, they seem to have been eaten freely, especially in the desert, where they afford a change in the monotony of daily food. There are references to this by most travellers worth mentioning. Livingstone, Welstead, Burckhardt, Seetzen, Burton, Morier, Moffat, Niebuhr, Benzinger,

Doughty, of course, and many others. Nowack thinks that the permission given to the Israelites to eat them at a certain stage of their development, was a relic of the desert life. (Lev. xi, 22.)

At the time of the 1915 visitation it was reported that cattle had suffered from eating them, but they were given freely to poultry, and to pigs, and we have constantly seen them caught and eaten by dogs, cats, lizards and birds, especially kites and hawks, and in the softer stages, by swallows and the little rock-chats innumerable in Palestine. In Bishop Gobat's Life (p. 408) we read of his watching the crows flying down to the Valley of the Dead Sea to eat the eggs of the locusts. The naturalist, Wood, gives an interesting account of what he himself saw during the invasion of 1864-5.

" On arriving at the banks of the Jordan, the swarms, then in a larva or wingless state marched steadily up the trees which fringe the river. These they denuded of every strip of foliage, and even of the tender bark, not sparing even the resinous tamarisk. As they had stripped the twigs they crept onward, pushed by the hordes behind, and fell by myriads into the rapid stream. Few out of the many escaped to the further bank, for the scene below was marvellous. The river was full of fish. In serried ranks, with noses up and mouth open, rested just on the surface shoals of the common Jordan fish *(Scaphiodon capoëta)* in quiet anticipation of the feast, which was, literally for hours, dropping into their mouths. By thousands the locusts disappeared as they fell, even before they had time to touch the water they were seized." (*Natural History of the Bible*, 314 sq.)

The Jews of Jerusalem, for the most part, do not keep up the custom of their ancestors except the Yemenites, the Jews of Arabia, who naturally maintain the habits of the desert, and in appearance, and in many of their ways, appear Arab rather than Jewish. They do not, however, eat them indiscriminately, but say that those which are lawfully edible have a sign. The Levitical law, we may remember, which forbids the eating of all other insects, allows of those that have " jointed legs above the feet, to leap withal."

The *Standard* newspaper, of December 25, 1896, reported that when the locusts visited the island of Formosa, for the first time so far as is known, the natives alleged that there was writing on the wings, and that they portended the coming of the Japanese. They burned incense sticks, and begged the visitants to leave Formosa and go elsewhere, which they obligingly did.

In Jerusalem the Jews used the locust for an amulet which, suspended from the left ear, is valuable against headache. They justify the proceeding from the Talmud.

Wood tells us that in Africa the Bushman welcomes the locust with all his heart, for he has no crops to lose, no clothing to be destroyed, and only sees in them his greatest luxury, abundance of food without any trouble in obtaining it. He kindles large fires in their path, and the insects, stifled with the smoke, fall in thousands, and are gathered into heaps, roasted and eaten. Those that remain after all have had their fill, are ground between stones into a kind of meal which is dried in the sun, and can be kept for long without becoming putrid.

Livingstone speaks highly of the locust as an article of food in the desert. Moffat also, and he writes that when they abound the natives become fat. The Arabs maintain that they are very nourishing, and Burckhardt ate them with relish mixed in Arab fashion with butter, and spread on unleavened bread. The powdered locusts, he tells us, are used also by the Arabs, and that they make a good paste stirred with milk, or even water. It would seem, therefore, that if Saint John's diet were really of locusts and not of kharoub fruit, he did pretty well, but it is interesting to note that the Arabs do not seem to eat them sweet, so that the wild honey which was the rest of his diet was probably a separate dish.

We have seen the fellaheen children eating the locusts raw, breaking off the heads, legs and wings like prawns, which they much resemble, except that they are much more cleanly in their feeding, their food being, at the edible stage, strictly vegetable. Some of our neighbours dropped them into the brine left in the olive jars and kept them for use for the poultry.

The bedu are dainty in their preparation. Like the African Bushman, they catch myriads by means of smoke. These they boil in salt water and dry for three or four days in the sun. "A wet locust to an Arab," says Burton, "is as a snail to a Briton. The head is plucked off, the stomach drawn, and wings and the prickly part of the legs plucked, and the insect is ready for the table." He adds that "they are never eaten with sweet things, and that the dish is always well spiced with salt and pepper, or onions fried in clarified butter." Doughty tells us that the Arabs eat only the earlier swarms which had fed upon the fresher herbage. "The best," he says, "is the fat spring locust, and fretting every green thing the Arabs count them medicinal. The later broods, *dubba*, born of these sexless or imperfect females, finding



THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER IN JAFFA.

The scene of the vision of Cornelius. It is still a tannery.

only a burnt-up herbage are dry and unwholesome." He tells us that the powdered locust-meal kept in leather sacks lasts good for long.

In Jerusalem the fellaheen professed great disgust towards locusts as food, but it is said that they eat them nevertheless. I can, however, personally vouch for the fact that a fellaha, whose consumptive child enjoyed raw eggs beaten up in milk, deprived him of what was literally his only nourishment, on the ground that the poultry having fed largely on locusts, the eggs were no longer "clean."

As already referred to, the Arabs have long understood the art of making trenches to serve as traps for locusts in the crawling or leaping stage. It was by means of such traps that the plague, of many decades duration, was brought to an end in Cyprus, and is now known as the Mattei system. This method, as we saw it practised in 1913, consisted in the erection of canvas screens three feet high, topped by a band of slippery oilcloth four inches wide. At right angles to the screen, some thirty to fifty yards apart, according to the front of the locust army, pits are dug six foot long, two or three inches wide, and three or more feet deep. The advancing hosts reaching the screen are unable to climb over it, and turn to right or left only to fall into the pits, around the edges of which are fixed the traps, consisting of zinc strips nine inches wide. Just as the smooth oilcloth prevented them from crossing the screen, so the zinc hinders escape from the pits, and as they fall in the poor little beasts are buried alive. It is said that in Cyprus, in the third locust campaign, two hundred thousand millions were thus destroyed. The expenses were derived from a tax of one per cent. per year on all titheable produce, and on shops, houses, and other buildings. There can be no question that rapid, concerted, intelligent action would have prevented the terrible loss and suffering in the Jerusalem district, which was the more lamentable as falling in the second year of the war.

One must not expect too much! I noticed, however, in reading various Biblical accounts of locust incidents which took on a new meaning when one was living through the same thing in the same land, that the plague of locusts among the ten plagues of Egypt is the only one in which it is related that "Pharaoh called for Moses and Aaron *in haste!*" Even in those far off days it was realised that there was no time to lose. "They covered the face of the whole land, so that the land was darkened, and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees,

and there remained not any green thing in the trees in all the land of Egypt."

The action taken, moreover, must be *concerted* as well as immediate. The German colonists in the Plains took the matter in hand from the very beginning, and, as they believed, removed every egg that had been deposited. They even induced their Jewish neighbours to do the same. But all was in vain, for in the district south and west of them, where practically nothing concerted was done, the enemy had increased at will, and a month later descended upon the beautiful dairy farms, the source of all our butter and milk and fruit, and devastated them in a few hours.

Pastor Schneller, an old Jerusalem inhabitant, remembered as the founder of the earliest schools started in aid of Armenian orphans, relates that in Bethlehem, in the invasions of 1866-8, and the Christian village of Beit Jala north-west of Bethlehem, 100,000 olive trees were reduced to bare trunks in a single day.

I frankly own that the duty of destroying locusts never came to be—for me personally—other than painful, however sorely one's sympathies were aroused on behalf of gardens and orchards, our own, and those of others. The little creatures were so intelligent, so defenceless, so marvellously beautiful, that they appealed to every instinct of pity and admiration. In the earliest stages, when the little embryo wings were folded beside the soft canary-coloured bodies, when the bright black eyes looked out of little pansy faces, and the only part of the dainty bodies that offered any resistance was the metallic collar of gold touched with black glittering in the sunshine, it was so easy to catch and crush them that the action seemed a brutal cowardice. As the wings strengthen the colouring of the collar seemed to extend itself; the metallic gold and black spread over the whole body, the legs sheathed themselves in a prickly armour, the wings became longer, although they were still enclosed in a transparent sheath. The jaws developed, the eyes, perhaps by contrast with changed surroundings, less lustrous than before, seemed less brilliant, less softly pathetic. One realised that the creatures began to look the beasts of prey which they had already proved themselves to be. They now walked, and no longer hopped; when they sprang from the ground they sprang high, and with inconceivable strength, but they were still not more than an inch and a half, or at most two inches in length, speaking from careful measurement and personal observation. The Arabs say that

the locusts do not see with these eyes but that the real eye is the clear spot under the short front legs!

Now that the time of weakness seemed to be past, one had to think primarily of their ravages: they were the enemies of man and beast. Still, it was sad to step on their little golden corpses wherever one went, to see the sheen of their brilliant bodies extinguished in the dust, wherever it had been found possible to lay low these Ishmaels of the insect world, their hand against every man, every man's hand against them. But it had to be, and some of us there were who went about with eyes bent upon the ground ready to trample into nothingness the crippled and the injured, all their beauty and strength and intelligence mere writhing agony, wherever the enmity of man had wrought a careless vengeance, hating alike the criminal and the crime. If it were only in the insect world that these last years had brought us to this insensate heartlessness!

Still, the victorious armies sweep on, destroying the rich man's pleasure, the poor man's food, laying bare field and garden, robbing the beasts of the stall and the beasts of the field. The wild creatures of the woods and of the mountains must hunger, the creeping things find no herbs, the birds no seed. Thinking of our friends in fur and feather, creatures who seek refuge in solitary places, in the thick branches of summer trees, who hide in grass and weeds, who make their home and seek their food in the green world they live in, now exposed to the rude gaze of the enemy, shelterless, defenceless—remembering all this, we, too, seeing this beautiful June world all desolate and bare could almost find it in our hearts to hate these hordes which the Creator has endowed with power so immense. We, too, ask if one may not hate the strength which causes suffering and sorrow? Is there not brutality in the resistless force of these steel springs, these mighty jaws, this shining golden armour?

And then there comes a day when we forget all this in the wonder and beauty of yet another of those miracles which happen around us every day and every hour, and which we scarcely pause to marvel at, unless—as now—they come with new surroundings, making new demands upon our sympathy and interest. We had heard of this last transformation but had not yet observed it for ourselves. One of these golden warriors had his home in my study in a glass bowl lightly covered over with a net. I found him still clasping in his arms a spray of leaves which I had given him last night, but he had eaten nothing. He was still and almost rigid. His pointed collar had cracked between the

shoulders, his golden mask was pushed aside, and a pale pink countenance was looking out upon the world. Slowly and painfully as the morning hours went on, his entire dress was cast aside, one by one each limb emerged, pink and shining. The creature seemed pitifully exhausted: if one touched him to remove some leaf or obstruction, he trembled in every limb; the pale pink flesh was a defenceless nakedness, more pathetic because even more incomplete and feeble than the soft canary-coloured stage of infancy. The crumpled garment at length fell away completely, a pair of long, though still crumpled and feeble, wings unwrapt themselves, and fell to the sides, lying like folded fans beneath the pair in front; all four now released from their cases seemed to seek to veil the nakedness beneath, though too feeble, too limp, to do more than promise a covering meagre as the down upon an infant's head.

We laid him in the warmth of an open window, and by degrees his wings dried and strengthened, and then one could not fail to observe that he was visibly growing. In half an hour he was literally twice as long as yesterday. From end to end he measured ten centimetres, yesterday he was but five. Four of these additonal centimetres belong to the wings which are, moreover, some twelve centimetres in expanse, and are of a silvery transparence, the mechanism, so to say, being of jet black, and lustrous. We know him now as belonging to the family which passed over our heads in swarms, early in May. The pupa stage is over, the circle is complete, he is the perfect insect; to-day he must eat to gather strength for the journey before him, for the army will soon have its marching orders, and be off to some distant open space in which the eggs will be deposited and then it will die, and the locust story, for this year at least, will be finished. In the knowledge that each locust family is said to be capable of consisting of one hundred eggs, my little friend ought to have been put to death, but here in the East there are still some who have not yet learnt to betray those who have eaten of our salt, and I had not even a conscience pang as I watched him stretch his beautiful wings and fly away, a spark of silver against the ethereal blue!

This was a terrible day in the history of the locust invasion, for it was the day when the higher trees were specially attacked. The tin collars that many of us had put upon trunks and branches to prevent the crawlers from mounting, availed us nothing now. The enemy came, like the aviators, from above, and we never felt so hopeless as when we saw forest trees bared from the highest

points downward. Toward evening the wind changed again, and the air was filled with the locust-cloud moving rapidly far overhead in the direction of the Dead Sea. As the creatures arose they reminded us of a flight of starlings in harvest time, so surprisingly large and solid did they appear.

Within the next few days we heard of them from the peasants coming up from Jericho. The sea was half covered with floating islands, the people were raking them in to serve as manure, and the stench of the decaying bodies filled the air for long distances. And so we travelled back to first impressions and once more to the book of Joel.

A few stragglers remained in neglected gardens for a week or two but, speaking generally, the locusts disappeared from Jerusalem on the evening in question, June 17th. We awoke in the morning to find no trace of the visitors who had sojourned among us for eleven days, not to speak of many weeks in which they had been our not far distant neighbours.

It is interesting to record that within a week the bared trees and withered herbage began to show signs of reviving, and within a fortnight all the deciduous trees were full of buds as in the early spring. Whitened stems still showed above the young green twigs and tender leafage, the vine put out new foliage, and where watering was possible, roses, geraniums, tomatoes, cucumbers, even the chrysanthemum-cuttings and the herbaceous borders which had seemed utterly beyond hope, seemed to have forgotten the time of year and in the middle of July our garden looked as if we were in April after a somewhat severe winter. Fruit and vegetables were, of course, expensive, but it is an interesting curiosity of horticulture that at the end of July and beginning of August we were eating young peas and beans, tomatoes, salads of various kinds, and the varieties of cucumber which are characteristic of the country, roots such as carrots and parsnips, as well as apricots, greengages, bananas, pears, grapes, and plums. A few trees had remained untouched. It may be a mere coincidence, but except the oleander these were all pinnate.

In addition to the accuracy of Joel's descriptions we were struck by the suggestiveness of the Hebrew names for the locusts at various stages. *Gāzām*, for instance, "the shearer," is applicable to the animal which with powerful jaws bites through the stalks of branches and branchlets, so that the ground under the trees is strewn with twigs, pine-needles, young olives too hard to eat, and so on, so that they spoil as much as they consume. *Arbeh*, the "swarmer," *Hāsil*, the "finisher," *Gobai*, the

" gatherer," *Sol'ām*, the " swallower-up," *Hargol*, probably the " galloper," are names which, like so many in Semitic languages, explain themselves. *Tzelātzel* may mean the " creaker," and may refer to the sound of their eating, *yélek*, the " lapper," is less obvious, but it is of this creature that Nahum says " the *yélek* strippeth and flieth away " from which one would suppose it to be the locust in his final pupa stage.

The Arabs, whose language is so especially rich in relation to all natural phenomena, have various names referring to the stages of development. When first hatched the locust is *daba*, the " slow walker "; when the wings begin to grow, *ghaugha*, the " tumultuous host "; and when they are fully developed, *jarad*, the " stripper." This last is the collective name, and that most often heard. They also distinguish them as " riding " and " walking." The writer of the Book of Revelation (ix, 7) says, " the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle, and on their heads were, as it were, crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men." Joel, too, says the appearance of them is " as the appearance of horses." The Italian word for locust is *cavaletta*, " little horse." Wood tells us that the Arabs in his camp said their sudden appearance was like the raid of mounted bedu, and Finn says of the bedu, " Like flights of locusts are they, living on the labour of others. If they sow corn at all, it is done by slaves and defying the control of such regular government as ever comes in contact with them."

Our groom, Muhammad, pointed out the resemblance between the locust, and—as he expressed it—a man riding, and also brought us another variety of locust or grasshopper which he called *jinndum* that we might observe that the resemblance did not extend to another species.

However, the most important thing connected with all these names of the locust is that the animal in question is not a locust at all, and that locusts do not exist in this hemisphere! Our invaders are not *Locustidae*, but *Acridae* which, in their many varieties, extend from north-west India to the north of Africa. Those which visit Palestine are mainly the migratory kind, which are now known as *Schistocera peregrina*. The Germans call them *Wander Heuschrecken*, the Dutch *Voetganger*. In short, " Locust " is " not the name of the thing, but only what the thing is called! "

CHAPTER XIX

About Flowers and Plants

Their variety, destruction, cause and consequence. Sacred trees. Honouring the dead. The flowers of the field. Mallow. Flowers of the desert. Additions since Bible times. Cactus. Orange. Sweet basil. Castor-oil plant. Jonah's gourd. Colocynth. Tobacco. Perfumed flowers. Aniseed. Henna.

March has much snow and April many stalks.

Arabic proverb.

Many travellers have passed through the Holy Land, from Dan to Beersheba, and found the whole land barren. Nevertheless, there can be few districts on earth where the vegetation is more varied, nor, from its human and historical associations, more interesting. Canon Tristram tells us how he slept one night beneath a date-palm in the Jordan valley, and the next in a grove of Scotch firs on the summit of Gilead. Miss Martineau was astonished at the absence of palms and the presence of daisies. Indeed it is a region in which it is difficult to generalise, because, as is well known, the flora and fauna are four in number, and widely distinct in characteristics, according as we study, even in this little country of the size of Wales, the Jordan Valley below the level of the Mediterranean, the Alpine district on the mountains of Lebanon, or the desert of the Highlands and of the coast. There are, moreover, unique features, such as the yellow district beyond the Dead Sea, where grotesque and weird asclepiads flourish, with stems, bark, leaves, blossoms and seeds, all of brilliant yellow, owing to the sulphurous nature of the soil. Canon Tristram tells us that the reason why we have in Deuteronomy a list of clean beasts not mentioned in Leviticus, is that by the time the later book was written the Israelites were familiar with a fauna different from that of the Leviticus period, and quite unknown in Egypt, but necessarily enumerated when they came to the border of the Holy Land, and where, on the other hand, for the first time since leaving Egypt, they would, for example, come up again with their old friend the buffalo reposing among the seven miles of papyrus near Lake Merom.

Among the three to four thousand varieties of flowers there are

many surprises. We are told by the authorities that the apple of Scripture is an apricot, apples being scarce and foreign, and apricots indigenous, that the bulrush is a papyrus, the camphire is the henna, the lily an anemone, and the rose of Sharon the exquisite autumn sweet-narcissus, that, leafless, rears its snow-white glorious crown from two to three feet high, all over the bare plain of Sharon when the harvest is past, the summer is over, and the weary eye is longing for just the glory and the beauty it so regally affords.

Man and nature have fought a hand to hand battle in Palestine and man has conquered; not, as elsewhere, by factories and work-shops, by art with her adornments, by humanity with her cult of the human race, but by the mere animal egotism of the struggle for existence. Air and sunshine, refreshing breezes on the hottest days, a rich soil, responsive to cultivation of the most elementary kind, all have fought on the side of Nature, and a marvellous wealth of wild flowers, marvellous in luxuriance, in colour, in form, and in variety, joyfully testify to her large-hearted liberality. But the mountains are denuded of their forests, all over the country hundreds of excellent cisterns are choked with rubbish; falling terraces tell of the "hanging gardens" of the past; ruined watch-towers stand where there are now no gardens to watch; everywhere one sees decay of cultivation, destruction of trees, even—for the sake of charcoal—of their very roots, which in this fertile soil might otherwise have blossomed again into renewed vegetation.

The destruction of trees was always rigorously forbidden by Turkish law, and the prohibition seemed to have a religious association. For the destruction of a large tree a camel must be sacrificed, of a small one a sheep. A Shech who dwelt under the shadow of a mighty terebinth once explained to us that the prohibition was made to prevent the possible destruction of sacred trees such as are found all over the country to-day, as in the time of the Canaanites. Those beside the mountain-road to Emmaus Qoubébeh, for instance, and visible from Jaffa and Jerusalem, are a group of sacred trees, successors of those honoured two thousand years ago and more. Those one sees beside the tombs of Shechs, often on the outskirts of villages, are frequently such as Abraham and others sat under while the Canaanite was yet in the land, the terebinth (Gen. xii, 6-7; xiv, 3; xxi, 32), the tamarisk (Gen. xlvi, 1), the oak (Jud. vi, 11; ix, 6), etc.

In spite of all that law could do—and I have seen fellaheen carried off to prison for bringing logs of wood into the town—

these people could not be cured of what was one of their most hopeless vices. Many and many a time have I seen some fine old tree, perhaps solitary on a bare hill-side, made use of as the background for building a fire with utter disregard of probable consequences. They would, as we shall see, cut down their own trees to avoid a tax, or for immediate sale, with characteristic improvidence. The entire population, native and European, in defiance of reiterated prohibitions, have thus continued to cook its dinners and warm its houses with the spoils of an impoverished country, for, in spite of all the planting which some of us who have had opportunity have regarded as a grave duty, there are always others, far more numerous, who wantonly destroy. During the war time I discussed the matter with a Turk, a specialist sent from Constantinople by the Ministry of Agriculture to report upon the re-foresting of Syria, who said that he had got to the stage of feeling thankful that matters had reached so grave a point. The greater part of the magnificent forests of Anatolia had been laid low, and the local authorities, who there, as in Palestine, should have prevented it, were now beginning to realise the appalling extent of the disaster, and to order drainage and planting. Nothing short of approaching ruin would have worked so important a reform. After the war began to withhold the supply of European coal, and to make transport of local coal difficult, the railways were run by wood, and the sparks did terrible damage, and destroyed scores of miles of crops. One lady living near Jerusalem had to look on silently while over a thousand trees on her estate were cut down. Naturally such things were not done by order of the Government, but one could wish that more active steps had been taken to restrain the zeal of the minor official. Moreover, a time came, during the war, when the intermediaries who obtained for others immunity from recruitment, often exacted payment in wood, sometimes in corn. There is no end to the misdeeds of the small official in Turkey.

There are certain places where, it is said, good spirits alight, mainly graveyards and the burial places of holy men, and in the praying places known as *menahil*. Footsteps are heard there, and votive offerings are made. To pluck from the sacred trees which overshadow such spots brings misfortune. Near Damascus there are groves of evergreen oak, known as Wishing places. If the wishes are fulfilled the people go again, break a crock under the trees, and eat a meal which, whether they be Christian or Moslem, was probably, in its origin, sacrificial.

Planting, except directly for gain, does not enter into the

mentality of the fellaheen. Of olives, and figs, and vines, we shall speak presently, but even fruit-bearing trees were planted with some misgivings as, in a country where so little that was then considered taxable existed, fruit trees were taxed. Scented flowers were liked, especially stocks, and carnations and roses. The people planted oleander and eucalyptus as a protection against fleas, and the castor-oil plant against flies. Even those who kept bees did not trouble to provide flowers for them.

In the town cemeteries there are hollow spaces upon the gravestones which are often filled with water—it is said for the birds—but the notion is so out of focus with the usual indifference of the people towards animals which bring them no profit, that one can only suppose that the custom originally had some relation with provision for the dead, water being one of the most essential gifts of oriental life. Though such a custom is rare in Palestine I have known the women to take bunches of flowers to the graves on Thursday, the visiting day, and in Damascus they commonly stick branches of trees, especially of the myrtle, which is there very abundant, on either side of a newly-made grave, as well of other graves which they particularly wish to honour. The story was told me in Jerusalem that when the relatives of a certain man of evil life asked the Prophet how they should bring him peace he replied that they should read passages of the Koran over the grave and lay flowers upon it in token of love and forgiveness. Only once I was asked for flowers for a funeral, and that was for a young Muslim fellaha whom I knew and loved. Thinking they would not know how to arrange them I emptied all my fresh-filled vases, tying a thread round each bunch. It was in February, and I had plenty of violets. As far as I could learn they were placed within, and not outside of, the grave.

Certain changes were brought about in the course of centuries in regard to the planting of food-stuffs, but this very disregard for flowers as such—for a flower garden in this country belonged to a European, a Turk, or a Persian—assures us that the flowers are the same that our Lord looked upon when He said, " Behold the lilies of the field! how they grow! " We may gather to-day in the Plain of Hebron, the anemones, scarlet and purple and rose, the daisies, the marigolds, the long trails of clematis which we may fancy the child Isaac brought home to his mother; all around Bethlehem are the tulips and poppies and scarlet ranunculus whose gaudy colours may have gladdened the eyes of the martyred infants " of two years old and under "; about Jerusalem are the dainty little lilies of the field, the narcissus, the scented stocks, the

wild iris, the maiden-hair ferns, the arums, chastely white, weirdly black, imperially purple and gold; the squills, the sweet gallium, the gorgeous mallow, the wicked mandrakes, the haughty thistle, the countless varieties of clover, the linums all of colours undreamed of elsewhere, all transcending Solomon in all his glory, now as then. The first of Palestinian botanists, Dr. Post of Beirut, gives us 126 orders, 850 genera, and 3,416 species of flowers.

It was an article of faith in one's childhood that the beautiful roses we are all accustomed to are not a development of our own hedge-rose, but of the rose of the East. The Syrian rose, like the Persian rose, is single and has little perfume. As grown in Bulgaria, for instance, in enormous quantities—miles of roses—the scent is overwhelming, but single specimens are inferior in perfume to the common eglantine. What we know as the "Persian yellow," must have been a good deal enobled by marriage with the aristocracy if it began life such as we see it, for instance, on the Persian Mausoleum in Haifa, the tomb of the Bab. "A Persian must have a garden," said Abbas Effendi, his successor, to me not long ago, "and we make one for our dead. A garden brings us near to God, and purifies the thoughts, and rests the soul." The "Damask" rose, too, is a very different bloom from that which we know in Damascus where, however, it makes up in quantity for anything which it lacks in quality, for never was such profusion of roses anywhere seen. We learn, however, from so eminent an authority as Robinson, that the red and white roses of Old England, destined to be the cognisance of the Yorkists and Lancastrians, were brought from Syria by Thibaut IV about 1279 on his return from a Crusade. "In Syria," he continues, "it is so common that there is a valley called the Valley of Roses." Well do I know that Valley of Roses. You may ride through it, if you will, in ascending from Jerusalem to Emmaus, but you could gather a better posy on the hedge of any English meadow in June. It is a family which has, unlike most others, gained in nobility in modern times, for the Damask rose of our gardens would look upon the denizens of the Valley of Roses as very poor relations indeed. Among the half-dozen indigenous to Syria none has any perfume worth mentioning. One, however, has an edible seed vessel which makes a very good preserve. The otto of roses of commerce and the rose-leaf jam, and sweet-meats, are made mainly in Bulgaria, and in the south of France. The making of rose-water, however, is a local industry. The women make it not only as a summer drink,

but also for ceremonial purposes in the oriental churches and at weddings. Even from the early days of the Jewish tabernacle perfumes have always been associated with worship. The costly 'atar, essence, corrupted into " otto," is associated with wealth and luxury. When the palanquin of Solomon passed by on the dusty wildnerness road we read, " Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? " The 'atar is usually kept in fine bottles; the more modern, such as we can buy in the market, are of Bohemian glass gilt, and so thick that they contain but a few drops. The older are, like that of the Magdalen, of alabaster very precious. Whatever the material, they are carefully closed with skin at the top, and sealed, so that when we read that the box was " broken " in order to pour out its contents, we are to understand " broken open." We find such alabaster boxes still in the tombs, and the scent is so persistent that often it clings around them still. The saying " A good name is better than ointment " has in it the idea not merely of the cost of these sweet perfumes, but also of their durable and insistent quality.

The Crusaders brought us the *Planta genista*, which English history has made so famous, and which with its showers of golden blossom is here a tree and not a mere shrub as in Europe. They brought also the holly-hock, the holy ochys, " the sacred flower," a development of the common mallow, which is so interwoven with the life of the villagers. The common purple mallow grows where nothing else will, on the poorest soil, and in the driest weather. Many a time during the war people came to us to ask leave to gather the mallow which grew abundantly in a piece of waste ground at the end of our garden, at first for rabbits and chickens, later for donkeys, then for horses, and finally, as life became more and more difficult, for themselves. It is not only among the poor that the mallow is valued as an article of diet. The leaves are chopped up and served like spinach, and are very good, better than they would be with us, for they grow more quickly and remain more tender. They say to one who is anxious to please every one, and who, like " the Vicar of Bray " and a good many others of late, change their opinion to suit the convenience of the moment *Inte zai warak il-choobeze imkallab 'alla oojooh wain ma darrat il-shams bitdoor ma 'ha* (" You are like the leaves of the mallow which turn to seven faces; wherever the sun turns you turn with her.") Though nutritious for cattle, mallows are said to bring death to running horses. Like nettles

they always grow in the neighbourhood of human habitations. There is a village in Galilee called *Choobeze* on account of the abundance of this plant, the name being derived from *chubz*, bread, on account of the form of the seed-vessels, just as children with us call them " cheeses." The fellaheen pay tribute to the value of the mallow as an antiscorbutic, in the saying

Low la choobeze wal-kataf
Kan il-bedawi nattaf.

" It it were not for the mallow and the orache (the *atriplex tartaricum* which grows even in summer and in the desert) the bedawi would pull out his hair " (*i.e.* like a hungry dog). The last is perhaps the principal vegetable food of the bedu. Its curious mealy leaves arise even out of the bare sand, and it is especially abundant along the shores of the Dead Sea. At Bethlehem it is even sold in the Sunday market.

In the year 1915, when the locusts destroyed everything green, every pot-herb, every edible leaf, the mallows recovered before anything else, and then even quite well-to-do neighbours used to come to beg for them for food.

The people have a saying

Ya choobeze fil-wadât
akeem lik rayât
atla' ti il
fi senne il-'ilat (for *'ilah*)

" O choobeze in the valleys I will twist for thee flags, in the year of hunger." The allusion is to the flag of rejoicing and thanksgiving put upon house or tent when the men return from the Haj (pilgrimage to Mecca) or the soldiers from military service.

The people, improvident in this as in all else, generally pull up the plant by the roots, regardless of the fact that it is the young shoots upon the old stems which are the best eating. Accordingly they have a rhyme

il choobeze itkool itkool
yâ abooi ya krain il fool
ana kalla'oo li shoorshi
ma chaloo li 'irk.

" The mallow it says, it says, ' O, my brother, O pod of the bean, Me they pulled out by the root. They left me no root.' " The plants too old to eat are valued for the cows, and are hence

known as *bakarie*, that which belongs to the cow, *bakara*. From the dried leaves they make in infusion which is used as a purge, and the leaves are also used for the eyes. Sometimes they are moistened and laid upon the eye to reduce inflammation; sometimes an infusion is made from the juicy new shoots, and used as a wash for strengthening the eyes. With so many excellent qualities one cannot wonder that the fellaheen should say

ya choobeze fil 'agdât
bitbassem zai il-sittât.

"O mallow you smile in the valley like the ladies!" The utility to the poor of this plant seems to have been known from early times. Job (xxx, 4) speaking of those in want and famine says, "They cut up mallows by the bushes and juniper roots for meat." Gesenius, however, identifies the word translated "mallow," *melluach*, with the *atriplex halimus*, which is also eaten along the coasts of Palestine. We have had mallows served at table in the best hotels and restaurants in Palestine and Egypt, to the entire satisfaction of the tourists who supposed themselves to be eating spinach. Nevertheless a traveller is quoted in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* who, going from Aleppo to Jerusalem, in 1600, writes, "We saw many poor people gathering mallows and three-leaved grass (clover), and asked them what they did with it, and they answered that it was all their food and they did eate it. Then we took pity on them and gave them bread which they received very joyfully, and blessed God that there was bread in the world, for they had not seen bread for the space of many months."

It is said that the Prophet used to wash his head with the root of the marsh-mallow, called by the Arabs *khutmi*. The common mallow is the same that grows in Europe by the road-side, although here, if left to itself, it attains the height of many feet. The progenitor of the hollyhock has a larger and finer variety of blossom, the *althaea rosea*.

Doughty, who knew the desert Arabs as no other European has ever known them, noticed that they seemed to have no aesthetic enjoyment of the beauty of the desert, and only those who have really learnt to know and love the desert life can conceive how endless and how varied are the beauties of districts which the uninitiated think of as a desolation of sand and stones, with a few thorn trees. To them—he says—the wonderful spring flowers which come up after the rain, are only *el ushub*, the spring forage, good for the small cattle. They were astonished

to see him stooping to admire what he calls " living jewels, all the more delightful to the eye after the monotony of their surroundings." He particularises, as found upon the 22nd of February, " the wild rape, the pimpernel, and the sorrel with its copper foliage and golden blooms." One of the few plants which has even a name among the bedawee is what we call the Rose of Jericho. This they call " the palm of Marhab," from its resemblance to a palm over which the fingers are closed. Marhab, they say, was a Jewish Shech, and in ancient times, before Abraham, whom they count as one of their own ancestors, lived in Kheybar, a volcanic district of the Arabian desert which, according to their tradition, they conquered from the Jews. The grasping hand they consider as symbolic of its earlier possessors. The Palestine trefoil, which they call " jet," grows, even in the sand, a foot high, and if irrigated, may be cut every fifteen days. It is found in abundance near Damascus, and of late years has been introduced into the Jerusalem district. The desert, in certain places, also produces the *bersim*, the vetch, which in Egypt seems to be the principal food of the horses. There is another variety found in fields *(vicia Narbonensis)* which the fellaheen call *fûl iblis*, devil's bean. The vetch plant in general is known as *kirsenne*.

Although it would seem that little has been subtracted from the flora of Bible times there are certain intruders, imported from elsewhere as, for instance, the cactus, or prickly pear, which never met the eyes of Solomon for all his knowledge of plants from " the cedar which is in Lebanon to the hyssop which springeth on the wall." Strange to say, it was the first pioneer of the New World which now sends so many of its sons and daughters for work or pleasure into the Holy Land. It was introduced into Europe early in the sixteenth century, from thence made its way, probably by means of the Moors of Spain, into Northern Africa, and so has travelled into Syria where its extraordinary vigour and endurance have well fitted it for survival under conditions impossible to most forms of vegetation. The Arabs delight in its juicy fruit, its gay yellow blossoms rejoice the eye, and the camel, at all events, profits by its leaves which it cheerfully eats unaffected by the wounding prickle that causes injury to human flesh, even when protected by glove or boot. The fellaheen say of a pleasant circumstance which has been arrived at with difficulty that " it is like Howaja (Mr) Thompon's prickly pear which he bit into," in allusion to a story told of early inexperience on the part of the author of " The Land and the Book." Except

for the cactus and, upon the property of the Trappist monks who use the acacia for the purpose, near Ramleh, hedges are unknown in the Holy Land. The fact gives to the landscape that effect of breadth and extent whether of cultivated plain or barren hill which forms so strange a contrast to the domestic landscape of Europe, and is one of the causes of the difficulty which I think Europeans in Palestine rather than Americans are aware of, in measuring distances by the eye.

Another novelty here which certainly never met the eyes of Jesus is the orange. Like the cactus it came into the country from Portugal, and is still known both to Turks and Arabs as the " Bardughal " or " Burtegan." (The Arab never uses the letter P.) Nevertheless the export of oranges from Jaffa before the war amounted to 6,000,000 francs. The fruit was, however, known to the Prophet, who said that " the state of a Moslem who reads the Koran is like the orange fruit whose smell and taste are pleasant; that of one who does not read it is like the date which has no smell but a sweet taste; that of one who only pretends to read it is like the colocynth which has no smell and has a bitter taste, while the hypocrite, who reads but does not obey the Koran, is like the sweet basil whose smell is sweet but whose taste is bitter." The people delight in the sweet-basil and say it keeps off flies and fever. During the early summer every house and every shop used to be bright with sweet-scented pots of this pleasant herb.

The common castor-oil plant, *ricinus communis*, is also planted as a protection against flies. It grows so rapidly that the people have a saying about it equivalent to our " ill weeds grow apace " which is applied to those who appropriate too great a share in the conversation, or who occupy too much space. In the interior plains and the Jordan Valley it quickly attains sufficient height to be reckoned as a shade tree in the shelterless country, and some have even contended that it may have been the " gourd " of the Prophet Jonah. The Hebrew word is *qiqayon*, and the Arabic word for the castor-oil plant is *keroa*, according to Post *khurwa*. In Egypt, where this plant grows to great size, notably near the Pyramids of Ghizeh, it is called *kiki*, and is referred to by Herodotus, who says the people make an oil from it which they call *Killi-kypria*. The fellaheen in Judea call the common gourd *kurah* which resembles their name for the ricinius—*khurwa*. The former, however, seems more likely to have been the plant used by Jonah, and was used largely for the same purpose up to recent times. Any temporary structure, such as the lodges erected by



STREET SCENE INSIDE JAFFA GATE.

The Gate itself is to the right of the clock tower, now destroyed, which told European and Arabic time, and was erected to the honour of Sultan Abdul Hamid but a few months before his desposition. The Tower of David is just seen on the left.

watchmen in the vineyards, or near railway crossings, or beside threshing-floors, was quite likely to be sheltered by a gourd. Even in the month of December I saw such a shelter at Beirut upon which a gourd was growing, it was said, at the rate of half a foot in twenty-four hours. It withers as quickly as it grows, and a shower of rain will destroy it in an hour. The castor-oil plant grows nearly as fast in favourable conditions as the gourd, but is less well adapted for training over a structure for purposes of shelter.

The colocynth which grows freely in Palestine has never been, so far as I could discover, turned to any commercial purpose nor grown for export as in Cyprus, and still more in Egypt, whence it is exported to England and, formerly, to Austria, after being skinned and dried in the sun. The fellaheen, however, regarded it as a useful purgative, and in the Lebanon district, where snakes are common, they ground it with garlic and, taken in water, considered it as a good antidote to snake-bites and the sting of scorpions. They utilised the skin, whereas in Cyprus and Egypt it is rejected. The fruit looks like a small orange with the bloom of an apricot.

Tobacco ceased to be a product of the Jerusalem district after it became a monopoly of the Sultan, though it was cultivated with good results. People have been pointed out to me as belonging to formerly wealthy families ruined by the suppression of the tobacco plantations. The Sultan had some gardens of his own in the north part of the Jordan Valley, and in the district south of Moab a small quantity was privately grown, of inferior quality. From some fault in its treatment it was difficult to keep alight, and this gave rise to the saying in regard to a man who is chary of his words, "He smokes *heesh* tobacco; do not speak!"

For the universal water-pipe, the tobacco known as *tombak* or *tumbeki*, is essential. This has long been regarded as peculiar to Persia, and has been called *nicotiana persica*, but recent trials in Greece, Cyprus, and elsewhere, have shown that the cultivation might well be extended. That used in commerce has three names according to the district in which it is grown, and the treatment which it receives, Sehad, Kesane and Ispahan, the last being used mainly in Palestine. The method of preparing the pipe constitutes another difference, and though in Beirut it is found innocuous to the European and is even considered wholesome and recommended for asthma, it requires courage to attempt it in Jerusalem, where even a whiff or two produces vertigo to the unaccustomed. It is said that the superior quality of the

tombak prepared in the north was owing to the greater abundance of water, and the consequent more complete washing of the ball as prepared for the pipe. Certain it is that the smoking of the water-pipe, nargileh or argileh, common everywhere, is universal in Beirut. Among the Arabs, both Muslims and Christians, men and women, even of the better classes, it is smoked everywhere, although the Levantiners consider cigarettes more correct in public. Among our acquaintance in Jerusalem was a Muslim gentleman who, though deaf and dumb, carried on fluent conversation with his intimates by means of signs. To express Jerusalem, for instance, he sketched in the air, the dome of the Mosque. A Christian was indicated by the sign of the Cross; to show that a native, of no matter what creed, was in question, he made the motion of passing a rosary through the fingers, and Beirut was represented by the imitation of smoking a water-pipe!

Many attempts have been made in Palestine to produce a perfume for the scenting of the soap which has been made with such success, mainly on the Mount Carmel district, especially by the German colonists. The flora and the soil being essentially similar in Palestine and in Cyprus, I watched the industry when on a visit to that island, with especial interest. It is, as practised there, an industry which can be conducted at home, and by women and children, and it has the great advantage, in view of export, that a large value in money can be represented in a small bulk. In ancient times Cyprus was famous for perfumes obtained from vines and date trees. In recent times the women of the island have known how to distil roses and the flowers of the *aurantiaceae*, the orange and lemon family, for the flower-water known as "Eau de Lisbon," and in the mountains a kind of lavender-water from the sweet lavandula which grows wild. The suggestion that this should be carried out on a commercial basis came first, I believe, from the Director of Agriculture, in 1896. The production and sale of thyme-oil was definitely established, and in 1899-1902 about 2,000 lbs. of oil were sent to London. The makers were the peasants of Tiliria, said to be the least advanced in the island. Otto of roses and oil of marjoram were also made with success.

I was anxious to introduce this industry into Palestine as one which, requiring no special skill, might be turned to account for the use of the fellaheen, and hoped that one of the missionary societies might have been interested. There was even already in existence a small mission to the Jews, established by the widow

of Mr Finn, a former British Consul, which promoted the making of soap, but the idea of scenting it seemed to be too daring.

The following plants, all available for such an industry, are to be found, mainly wild, in Palestine : rose, bergamot, orange, lemon, mandarin-orange, mint, geranium, aniseed, thyme, lavender, and rosemary. Oil of neroli is obtained from the bitter orange and is worth from 200 to 400 francs per kilogram. There are also the sages, *salvia officinalis*, *S. pomifera*, and many seeds of herbs such as the coriander, the rhizomes of the iris, etc., which might be distilled for various purposes.

The fellaheen turned various herbs to account for medicine as well as for food, although, on the whole, they had more confidence in the use of amulets than of the recognised materia medica. The wild aniseed, *pimpinella anisum*, which they call *yânsûn*, is the principal ingredient in arak, the favourite alcoholic drink of the Christians all over the country. It was also valued as a medicine, and for flavouring in cakes and pastry. Moreover, it is considered as a valuable stimulant to the digestion, and thus to promote the assimilation of food and the encouragement of embonpoint which is admired both in men and women, not merely as a sign of beauty, but as an evidence of prosperity.

A woman anxious for offspring should in the month of May go through a course of treatment into which the yânsûn enters largely. The month, they say, is divided into two parts, the green and the dry, each of fifteen days. During the first half the woman should go to the bath, taking with her the sage-femme who is to superintend the treatment. The bath-woman, however, is often herself a specialist in domestic medicine, and is capable of doing all that is necessary. After the bath the patient is to remain in the warm room, and is rubbed from head to foot with a mixture of henna and yânsûn. While the process is going on, or rather in the intervals of friction, the patient is to eat as many hard-boiled eggs as possible—six or eight or more (it is well that yânsûn should promote digestion !), On her return home she is to sup on chicken, cooked with yânsûn. After a few days the process must be repeated, but this time the friction is to be performed with dried red earth or with henna. After this has been thoroughly washed off, she returns home to a meal of chicken and yânsûn. A few days later, but still within the " green " days of the month, she goes to the bath for the last time and is treated as before, after which the body is anointed with rice-powder and yânsûn, and the patient is dressed in entirely new clothes. This, by encouraging flesh, promotes conception.

Henna, a word derived from the Arabic *henneh*, so largely in use for toilet purposes in all parts of the world, is made from the *Lawsonia alba*, which, now cultivated everywhere, especially in Egypt, is to be found wild on the shores of the Dead Sea at Engedi. In addition to its use as a dye, it was used largely after the bath upon the hands and feet for checking perspiration. It is a strong astringent.

CHAPTER XX

About Trees in Palestine

The tree of the field is man's life.

Deut. xx, 19.

Storax. The Crown of Thorns. Trees bowing at Christmas. Trees of tenth century. Kharob. "S. John's Bread." Mulberry. Sycamore-fig. Terebinth. Trees of the coast. The vines—wine—raisins. Fig.

One of the most pleasing trees of the country is the *styrax officinalis*, the storax tree, abundant on the lower hills of Palestine. Its flowers somewhat resemble those of the orange, and are scarcely less sweet. The leaves are dark, with silvery green undersides. It contends with the hawthorn for sweetness of perfume, and is in flower at the same time, in April or early May. In Judea the people call it *abhar*, and further north *hauz* or *libnah*. They say it is *haram*, "forbidden," to cut it down, and the Christians give as a reason that it is sacred, as the wood is used to make beads for rosaries, and it should be cut for no other purpose. Possibly there may be some forgotten knowledge of the fact that it was an ingredient in the incense used in the Temple worship. This, in addition to salt, contained three vegetable ingredients, frankincense, galbanum, and stacte. The last was of two kinds, pure myrrh and storax. In the Middle Ages much use was made in Europe of "recheles" which, according to Skeat, was a kind of incense, from the Saxon *rec*, reek, smoke (c.f. *Riech*, German, smoke). A cure for leprosy was "quick-silver and the grease of a boar, and black pepper and stoure, that is called recheles." Skeat regards "stoure" as the Anglo-Saxon "stor," and probably storax. These ingredients may have been not without value as destroying pathogenic microbes. The balsam is produced by making incisions in the bark. The wood is very fine and the people say that "it polishes itself." Storax was also used against the evil eye, *mey'ah mubārakah*, and was prepared by the Muslims during the first days of Muharram, and kept during the ensuing year. It was used to incense children suspected of having come under maleficent influences. The making of it was kept a secret and

certain old women were called in to assist in the preparation. Among the other ingredients are coriander seed, fennel, salt, *sheeh*, which is a kind of wormwood, and *libân* frankincense.

When Moses fled from Pharaoh he had nothing in his hand but a staff of storax wood. When he lay down to rest he planted this in the sand, glad of even so scanty a shadow as that which it cast upon the glowing earth. Instantly the God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, caused the staff to put forth blossoms and leaves.

Even the tourist, little interested as he is in general in the life and products of the country, will ask to be shown the plant of which the crown of thorns was made. According to most, this is what the Arabs call *nabq sidr*, and botanists " zizyphus Spina Christi," and belongs to the jujube family. It is a stiff shrub with thorny branches, alternate leaves, and a fruit which is about the size of a haxel-nut, a drupe. It grows mainly in the Jordan Valley and in the desert oases. The thorns are long, and the wearing of such a crown would have been excessively painful, but one wonders whether the material for making it is likely to have been at hand in the streets of Jerusalem on that spring morning so long ago?

On the other hand, the fellaheen are to be seen at every point where people congregate, with basket-loads of the poterium, *spinosum rosacae* (thorny burnet) which they call *billan*, and which is common in every part of Palestine, and is sold for fuel, being especially in use for the firing of lime-kilns. It is as common as the nettle is with us, and covers every piece of waste land. It is so stiff that it can hardly be bent, although the twigs are slight and delicate looking, and a woman can easily carry a bundle so large that she is entirely hidden beneath it. One sees great stacks of it lying upon the house tops. It is probably the thorn translated " briars " in various places in the Bible. The people of the country accept this without hesitation as the Christ-Thorn, and it is of this that the miniature crowns sold to tourists are made, and not of the Spina Christi, botanically received as such. There is a district in the Anti Lebanon called *Aqlun el billan*, where the plant is found in special abundance. There is, moreover, another plant which, like the jujube, is also of the buckthorn family, the " paliurus," called by the people *samur*. The Italians call it " Holy Thorn," and the French " porte-chapeau," from the resemblance of the dry seed cases to a head with a hat. The tree is not unlike the olive in appearance, but has small shiny leaves and yellow flowers. The stipular

spines are very unequal in length, one long, the other short, one straight, another curved. It is found in the spring and early summer, mostly in the Plains.

The Zizyphus Spina Christi, which they call nabq sidr, is respected by the Muslims for they say that the Prophet used to bathe in water into which a branch of the tree had been thrown. Hanauer connects this tradition with the Zizyphus lotus, which he confuses with the Zizyphus Spina Christi, the *nabq sidr*. Both are rare in the Jerusalem district. The Zizyphus lotus grows almost exclusively on the coast of Palestine, the other in the Jordan Valley. They say that the hedges surrounding Paradise are made of it, perhaps on account of its thorny character. The Hebrew word for the plant used for the crown of thorns is one of some twenty used for spinous plants, and indeed it is difficult in this country to find a plant which is free from thorns. When one reads of any familiar plant that there is a variety " Syriaca " it generally means that, as an effect of the climate, some gentle innocuous tree or shrub has produced thorns. It seems that the effect of drought is to arrest the growth of twigs and branchlets and to harden them into a stiff point. The leaves, too, often become thorny as in the case of our own common furze.

Mandeville relates that part of the crown of thorns was to be seen in his time (1356) in " the King's Chapel "—probably the Sainte Chapelle built by Saint Louis in Paris, to contain the precious relics and other articles stolen by the Soldiers of the Cross when they devastated Constantinople in 1204, wrecking the churches, and carrying off from S. Sophia everything of value that was portable. Mandeville's story, however, is that a King of France bought them in Jerusalem from the Jews, to whom the Emperor (Constantine?) had given them in pledge when he took other relics to Constantinople. He claims to have possessed one of the thorns, " for there are many of them lying broken and fallen into the vessel that the crown lieth in; they break for dryness when men move it, to show it to great lords that come thither." He goes on to tell that after our Saviour was taken into the Garden, " He was examined very sharply and there the Jews scorned Him, and made Him a crown of aubespine or white thorn which grew in the same Garden and set it on His head. . . . And, therefore, hath the white thorn many virtues, for he that weareth a branch thereof upon him no thunder nor tempest may hurt him, and no evil spirit may enter in the house where it is, or come to the place that it is in. Afterwards our

Lord was led forth before the Bishops and the Masters of the law into another garden belonging to Annas and there also He was examined, reproved, and scorned, and crowned again with a white thorn which is called ' barbarines ' which grew in that garden and had many virtues. And after He was led into a garden of Caiphas and there he was crowned with eglantine. And after He was led into the chamber of Pilate and there was He examined and crowned. And the Jews set Him in a chair and clad Him in a mantle and there they made Him the crown of rushes of the sea. And Christ had this crown on His head when He was placed on the cross, and therefore ought men to worship it and hold it more worthy than any of the others. Half of this crown is at Paris and half at Constantinople."

I heard this story in a confused form from a very old Greek priest in a chapel which had been made out of a cave near Aceldama. It seems likely that Mandeville had learnt it in Jerusalem during his visit there.

The story of the trees bowing down at the birth of Christ has become familiar in the Occident by means of the famous " Cherry tree " carol. I found a variant of it in the Outer Hebrides (*Outer Isles*, A Goodrich-Freer. Constables. 1901. p. 216). There is another variant, also in Gaelic, told in Ireland, in which S. Bridget figures as the servant of the Inn at Bethlehem. She became convinced of the divinity of the Child-Christ by the fulfilment, upon the arrival of the Holy Family, of an old prophecy that when the Messiah should be born there would come abundance of water—a rare gift in that district. There had been a long drought and the streams flowed in great abundance and water has run warm in Bethlehem ever since (op. cit. p. 225). I can find no trace of the Bethlehem story, but the Orthodox Greeks in Palestine say that one proof that the Oriental Christmas is celebrated on the correct date, a fortnight later than with us, is that on that day at midnight the trees on the banks of the Jordan prostrate themselves. All prayers offered at this hour are answered. In proof of the story I was told that a Russian pilgrim tied her donkey to a tree during this night—it is the great Russian Feast day on the banks of the Jordan—and next morning found him hanging. An interesting example of adaptation is that the Muslims have the same tradition in connection with the 27th day of Ramadan, the Night of Power, and the occasion of the revelation of the Koran. The sea becomes sweet, and plants and animals bow down in adoration before God.

Mukaddasi, one of the early pilgrims (b. 946), speaks much of

the fruits of the Jerusalem district. "From Jerusalem," he says, "come olives, dried figs, raisins, and the carob fruit. The raisins are of the species known as *ainuni* and *duri*, from the villages of Beit Ainuni and Durah, north and west of Hebron, in the vale of Mamre" (*c.f.* Numbers iii, 23). "There are," he says further, "excellent apples and bananas, which same is a fruit of the form of a cucumber, but the skin peels off and the interior is not unlike the water-melon, only finer flavoured, and more luscious, also pine nuts." The banana is now found only at Jericho and Jaffa, and the apples are of poor quality. They, like most of the apricots, become woody from too much direct sunshine, the same cause which tends to produce thorns. The pine-nuts are the seed of the snobar pine *(stobili pini)* and they enter largely into the dishes of the country. "Unequalled is this land of Syria for its dried figs, its common olive oil, its white bread, and the Ramleh veils." The last are becoming extinct, except in a poor imitation made for tourists. Every bride formerly in the Ramallah district, near Jerusalem, made her own veil; weaving the cloth, spinning and dyeing the thread, and executing the elaborate embroidery which lasted for generations. These are now perpetuated in mid-Victorian designs in aniline dyes on machine-made material, while the modern bride is dressed in a caricature of English or American tourists. The pilgrim enumerates "six and thirty products that are not found united in any other land, seven of which are found in Palestine alone." These last in addition to the Ainuni and Duri raisins, are "the Kuraishbite," another excellent pine seed, the quince, which is much less rough in taste than our quince and is a delicious fruit, the Kâfûri plum, the fig called *Es sabai*, and the fig of Damascus. I have not discovered what he means by the Kâfûri plum. Among fruits found elsewhere but of special quality in Palestine he speaks of the *ficus sycomorus*, the carob or Saint John's Bread, the lotus-fruit or jujube, the artichoke, the zizyphus lotus or *nabk*, the asparagus, which grows wild, the nuts and almonds, the pomegranates, the orange, and the truffle. He notices also the wild honey and the sweetmeat called *kubait*, which consists of carob sugar, nuts and almonds, and is still one of the luxuries of Damascus which is, or was before the end of the war, the town of good eating.

The carob, or more correctly *kharoub*, the *Keratonia siliqua*, is often known as the "locust tree," or St. John's bread, and grows abundantly all over Palestine. It may well have served as the support of S. John the Baptist, and the husks of the prodigal

son are probably the pods of its fruit, which are sweet and nutritious, and are largely exported as food for animals and, under another guise—as we shall see—are familiar to many of us in our morning cocoa.

Miss Rogers, the sister of a Palestine Consul, writing in 1855-6, when there was less variety of food and less imported food than later, tells us that " of many a man of Judea and Galilee it may well be said ' his food is locusts and wild honey.' Children seem to enjoy it, and they thrive on it, eating the shell as well as the seeds. When this food is stored it becomes somewhat less dry and less sweet but on being soaked in honey it becomes like new fruit. It contains all the necessary elements for the support of life; starch, sugar, oil, etc." In April and May the fruit used to be sold in the streets of Jerusalem and largely bought by the Russian pilgrims. The tree is handsome and has pinnate leaves of a dark green colour. It often attains the height of ten metres, and an equal diameter and has a hemispherical top. Unlike many Palestine trees it is thornless, and has the peculiarity that both fruit and flowers are produced upon the old wood. The flowers are much like those of the pea, but the pod never bursts as does the pea but thickens and grows tough with age, and is of a dark chocolate colour. It may be on account of the blood-red colour of the stems and flowers that the tree is regarded with some suspicion, or there may be some forgotten association with its name, *kharoub*, which means " spoil." It is a great favourite with evil spirits who sport under its shade at night and haunt it even in the day time. Nevertheless, perhaps because it is one of the finest shade-trees in the country, it is often found growing beside a *wely* (tomb) or other holy place, and serving as a sacred tree. Articles placed under its protection were never touched by thieves, and the faithful offered worship beneath its shade. The sacredness of the saint prevailed over the doubtful character of the tree itself.

Its botanical name, as already said, is *keratonia*, little horn, and among the Greek population it bore the name of keration, while in certain districts of Germany, where it is cultivated, it is known as *Bockeshorn*, the horn of the buck, always in allusion to the crooked shape of the pod. The word " carat " with which we are familiar as a weight for gold or diamonds, is derived from keration. In ancient days the seeds of the kharoub were used for measuring, and " carat " or " karat " was used just as we use the word " grain " for weighing medicines or other small matters. The karat was always a unit of measure in this

country, often as an abstract term. A unit of thought was divided into twenty-four karats or shares, be it for purposes of partnership, for division of property, or whatever the case may be. A man would tell you how many karats he had in a horse, or in the water stored in a cistern (a precious property), or a chess-player would estimate how many karats of chance he had to win a game, or a doctor how many karats of hope he had in the recovery of his patient.

I am bound to say that I never heard of the fact mentioned by Miss Rogers, but which I do not doubt from so excellent an authority, that the people of Galilee revive the fruit by soaking it in honey. It is nauseously sweet as it is, but the Arabs have an inappeasable appetite for sugar. It is itself regarded as a kind of honey, in so far that it is often used to make *dibbes*, which is also made from bananas, and especially from grapes. In Galilee the kharoub is regarded as worthy of cultivation, from Haifa northwards. In a district south of Tyre we were told that it was not unusual to gather as much as 450,000 kilos of fruit yearly, and north of Tyre double the quantity. Most of this went to Egypt, as other districts less assiduously cultivated afforded enough for local use. In Egypt, as in Palestine, large quantities were turned into dibbes. The pods, which are twenty per cent. sugar, were spread out upon the roof or other well-sunned spot to dry. As they dry they twist, and deserve their name of keratonia even more than before. They were then crushed into a pulp by a stone-roller, generally drawn by a donkey. The pulp was put into water, where it remained several days and was then placed in sacks of goat's hair which were pressed until the water, so far as possible, was removed. After that the pulp was boiled, being allowed to steam freely in order to lose all superfluous moisture. It had then the flavour of a somewhat strong-tasting honey. A liking for this is perhaps an acquired taste, but to those accustomed to it it is a welcome and very nutritious food. The solid matter which remained after the sacks had been pressed was much appreciated in the farm-yard, and this, and not the raw husks, may have been the diet of the prodigal son.

The fruit of the wild kharoub trees which have not been grafted or cared for, was gathered by the poor and also given to animals. The process already described was that used on a large scale. For ordinary domestic purposes the fruit was crushed with a large stone, and afterwards put through a coarse sieve. Perhaps so much dibbes has never been made in Palestine

as during the war, partly because the fruit could not be exported as usual, and partly because of the scarcity of sugar, honey, butter or preserves, which it served to replace. It is especially good eaten with the *taheen*, oil of the *simsim* or sesame-seed. The locusts in 1915 destroyed much of the grape-harvest so that grape honey, also called dibbes, and more delicate in flavour, was scarce and expensive. Olives for the same reason became dear, and this favourite accompaniment with bread was largely lacking. The kharoub tree was one of the few which the locust-plague did not attack, and its bright green leaves were a refreshment to the eye and an encouragement to the needy when almost every other tree was bare.

With the kharoub-dibbes the people made also a refreshing infusion and used it to sweeten and add flavour to their tea and coffee. In ordinary times a rottle of kharoub-pods cost one piastre, and a rottle of dibbes three piastres. After the end of the war these rose to twenty times that amount.

It was in the island of Cyprus, shortly before the war, that we saw the kharoub turned to quite a different account. There we found that a man possessed of even a small kharoub grove was considered well-to-do, and enormous quantities were exported from the island. On the occasion of visiting a large depôt to which the peasants were bringing in their cartloads and donkey-loads from every village on the mountain side, we asked to what purposes the fruit could be turned on so large a scale, and the manager silently pointed to the address upon a case near by. It was that of a world-renowned chocolate and cocoa manufacturer!

The idea that the food of the Baptist was literally locusts and wild honey is, of course, perfectly tenable, as both are found in the desert and are freely eaten by the desert population. Locusts are clean feeders, more so than the prawns which they resemble both in appearance and flavour, and the wild honey, made from sweet-smelling herbs such as thyme and sage, is excellent. It is, however, scarce, and found only in certain districts. The people of the country, however, will tell you that the locusts were kharoub-beans, and the honey was dibbes of the same which, as the trees grow very abundantly in the district in which S. John is supposed to have preached, is quite probable. Some critics compromise by saying that the locusts were locusts, and the honey dibbes, again a conceivable alternative, and the criticism which I have seen that if there were locusts about there would be no dibbes, as they would have destroyed vegetation, is

only admissible if the dibbes were made from grapes, or other fruit for, as we have seen, the kharoub tree is immune from their depredations.

Although the kharoub produces only upon the old wood, that does not seem to be a reason why the Talmud should say that "it requires seventy years to produce its own kind, like the viper." Perhaps it refers to production from seed. Most children in the country have planted the shiny brown seed, to be rewarded by a rapidly growing plant which, however, dies away after attaining a few inches of height. The peasants say that the tree lives to a great age, like the olive.

The Moslems relate that the kharoub grew in the Temple courts. King Solomon, as we all know, could converse with plants as well as animals, and was instructed in all their names. He asked the tree what it was called, and was told "*Kharoub*, the spoiler." Alarmed at the idea of cherishing so dangerous an enemy so near to his sacred buildings, he had it removed to his own garden, where he could keep an eye upon it. As it grew tall and strong, it furnished him with the staff upon which he habitually leant while superintending his various buildings which, says tradition, included the Temples at Palmyra and at Baalbek, although we are in the habit of supposing these to have been Temples of the Sun, and to belong to a later period. Another occupant of his garden was unfortunately the worm which had served a given purpose during the visit of the Queen of Sheba, who had instructed Solomon how to thread a bead when the entrance and exit were not opposite to each other. This was done by means of a worm which bored its way through the crooked passage. At Jerusalem the King was in the habit of watching the jinni who were at work upon the Temple, from a small, domed building still in existence. It was in this place that he died, but Allah permitted him to cheat the spirits compelled to work for him for yet another forty years during which time the body of the king appeared, as usual, supported by the storax staff. At the end of that time the treacherous worm who had occupied it all these years bored its way through, the staff broke, and they became aware that they were free.

The mulberry tree is rare in Palestine, but is largely grown upon the southern slopes of the Lebanon, in districts in which the silk industry is now practised. The trees are handled with a degree of care and intelligence which might be difficult to secure among the inhabitants of the Holy Land, where the people are less industrious and capable of undertaking responsibility than

those of the Lebanon district. The Monk Nikopher of whom we shall hear as a planter of olive trees also, later, planted mulberry trees for the benefit of Russian refugees, at the same time putting up a silk-mill, the ruins of which, outside the station, have been for many years past in use as a café and beer-garden. The spinning apparatus and silk-worm houses have been long forgotten, and it was with difficulty that I found three or four remaining mulberry trees, after collecting, bit by bit, this fragment of forgotten history. Few even know the story of Nikopher and the valuable work which he conceived and carried out. There is a proverb that "where the Turk steps he spoils a tree." This is even more true of the Syrian Arab, and when the Russians returned home and the silk-making ceased, the trees were neglected or destroyed. The mulberry tree needs much care and patience. An Arabic saying to encourage endurance is that "by patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." The well cared for mulberry gardens of Syria are a little disappointing to the eye, as the tree, in training for commercial purposes, loses its beautiful shady branches in its fifth year when, in the month of January, these are all cut off. Abundant sprouts follow, and these are pruned much like an olive tree, leaving the head, emerging, as it were, from a tumbler. For the next five years the leaves are gathered, once a year, leaving those at the extremities of the branches, so as to keep up the circulation of the sap. Each leaf must be removed separately, for a branch, bared at a sweep, may be damaged for the next season. At the end of six years the tree is again pruned of all branches as before, and after a year's rest the process begins again. The leaves must be kept dry and cool, and taken as early as possible to the silk-worm nurseries. Having read this account of the care necessary no one who knows the Palestinian Christian can wonder for a moment that the silk-producing industry soon came to an end when the Russian refugees returned to their own country, and good old Nikopher was no longer on the spot to keep his work-people up to the mark.

It is evident that the mulberry tree might be made to thrive in Jerusalem. There used to be a few in private gardens, which only needed grafting to make them bear good fruit just as well as in the north. Another, sadly mutilated, is in the garden of what was the first British Consulate, the whereabouts of which I discovered with some difficulty. In Consul Finn's very interesting book, referring to the days of the 'fifties and later, this tree is mentioned as affording shade for gatherings of friends upon

festive occasions. Another lingered up till recent times upon Mount Sion, near to what is known as the " Gobat " School.

Perhaps no part of Syria suffered so bitterly during the war as the slopes of the Lebanon. As is well known after the Druse massacres of 1841 this district came under Christian government, and the development of the silk industry was one of its consequences. Just as Egypt was largely denuded of cereals for the growing of cotton after the British occupation, so was the Lebanon population induced to abandon what had hitherto been the finest agricultural operations of the country, for the growing of silk for export to France. When, in 1915, it ceased to be possible to import the grain necessary *en revanche*, thousands of the Libanese died of starvation. The stories which came from the Beirut district were harrowing to the last degree. A Beirut newspaper—French—of May, 1918, lies before me, lamenting that the peasantry were untrained to any industry but the rearing of silkworms, and that although the Turkish Government had distributed a hundred thousand kilograms of seed for wheat and forage—food for man and beast—the people were little trained to make use of it. Silk worms they knew, and they wanted to rear silk-worms. Before the war they had imported annually 200,000 boxes of eggs from the Van district in Asia Minor alone, but now, though the export trade with certain parts of Europe and with America might be recaptured, the people in the famine of 1915 had cut down and sold a large part of their mulberry trees, and though the Turkish Government offered special advantages including the remittance of taxes on orchards to all who planted from 1,000 to 2,000 trees they were of slow growth, and meanwhile, instead of producing sufficient wealth for the whole country (one village alone, Bourj ul Brajne, had been accustomed to export unmanufactured silk for T£40,000 a year) not one tenth of this produce was now available, although the sale price had risen from 60 to 150 piastres the oke.

The matter was, of course, much talked of, even so far south as Jerusalem, and a Libanese schoolmaster, who had brought his family where food was more abundant, told us a story which he had had from his father and which illustrates the character of the populace. A government official who had fallen into disgrace had taken refuge with the Druses. Their Shech, Talhouk, received him into his own house, and assured him of his protection. After a time he was traced to his place of refuge and the Emir of the Lebanon district required that he should be given up. " He is our guest," was the reply. " Since when have the Druses been

faithless to a guest? By the beard of Talhouk every hair of his head shall be preserved."

The reply of the Emir was that until the man was given up fifty mulberry trees upon the Druse property should be cut down every day. A more brutal punishment could scarcely have been devised, as the loss was not only one of property to the Shech and other owners, but of employment and the means of living to his people. Moreover, even the poorest would have savings invested in mulberry trees, the black for the value of the fruit, the others for the leaf, the food of the silk worm. A thousand trees had been destroyed and still the guest was safe. At the end of that time public feeling was aroused and a rising of the Muslims of the district being feared, so strong is their instinct of hospitality, the order was withdrawn and the refugee permitted to escape to some more distant shelter.

It was in the neighbourhood of Jericho that Zaccheus climbed into the sycamore tree, and the finest specimen known to me is in the garden of one of the Jericho inns. The tree must not be confused with the *acer pseudo-platanus* with which we are familiar at home. This, however, though a constant feature in our landscapes, especially in Scotland, is not a British tree, but was introduced from mid-Europe, probably in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is at home, and reaches its finest development in Austria, Germany, and Switzerland, in the mountainous forests. It is said to have been planted freely from religious sentiment, owing to the idea that it was identical with the *ficus sycomorus* of Palestine, so-called from *sukos* fig, and *moros* mulberry, and which is really a variety of fig-tree. The size and form of the leaves in both cases resemble those of the mulberry, and unlike those of the ordinary fig they are a complete oval. The sentiment concerned has gone so far that in "the language of flowers" it will be found that the *pseudo-platanus* stands for "curiosity" from the notion that it was the tree climbed into by Zaccheus in order to look over the heads of the people!

I was told by the owner of the specimen referred to in Jericho, the fruit of which is of exceptionally fine quality, that the wealthier natives, especially from the Plain where the tree is little grown, bring their children in the spring especially to eat of it, as good for the stomach and the eyes. The fruit does not grow upon the leafy branches like that of other figs, but like that of the kharoub, upon leafless twigs, close to the trunk or to the older branches. The fruit is smaller than that of the common fig, has a strong perfume, and is intensely sweet. The tree is often



Boy Weaving Cloth in the House.

Women Preparing Wheat to be Made into Burghul.

found by the road-side, as in the days of Zaccheus, but is probably less common now than in Bible times. We read that Solomon " made cedar-trees to be as scyomore for abundance," but even in the Lebanon it is much more often cultivated than in Palestine, and is hardly to be regarded as an available timber tree.

Amos tells us that he was " an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycomore fruit." The word " gatherer " is a mistranslation for " cutter," and he indicates what is now an extinct handicraft, at least in Palestine, for we saw it carried on in Egypt, where it provides occupation for the poorest of the fellaheen, and the Prophet probably mentions the fact in evidence of his humble origin. " I was no prophet," he says, " neither was I a prophet's son, but a cutter of sycomore figs." The people say that the fruit never ripens unless cut open. The real reason for opening it, a necessary operation it would seem, is to liberate the grubs which feed upon the juices so that the figs cannot form sugar, and never become properly sweet. In Egypt the fruit is preyed upon to such an extent that it seldom forms seed, and seedlings are brought from Yemen in Arabia, said to be the original home of the *ficus sycomorus*.

In Egypt the wood is very highly prized and is known as the " incorruptible," for although spongy and soft it never decays, as is proved by the fact that it is, for the most part, the material of the mummy chests which have remained sound for three thousand years and more. Perhaps it was for this reason that it came to be regarded as the sacred tree of life, and on the walls of the Temple of Thotmes III at Karnak, it is represented as dedicated to Hathor. The goddess Nuit is portrayed sitting in a sycomore tree, and bestowing gifts of bread and water to the denizens of the next world. It is said that in some parts of Egypt the tree attains such a size that three men cannot encompass it. Those in the neighbourhood of Cairo are indeed fine forest trees, but have not attained any remarkable circumference. The psalmist, enumerating the effects of the plagues of Egypt, tells us (Ps. lxviii, 47) that God " destroyed their vines with hail, and their sycomore trees with frost." Unless one has realised the importance to the Egyptians of these trees the destruction of the vines and of the sycomore trees seems to be an evil of quite disproportionate magnitude.

It may be mentioned that the sycamine (S. Luke xvii, 6) though often regarded as identical with the sycomore is considered by so important an authority as Post of Beirut, the country of mulberry

trees, to be the black mulberry, called by the Arabs *toot shami*, the Damascus mulberry. This is cultivated for the sake of its delicious fruit, while the *toot beladi*, or mulberry of the district, is that which affords food for the silk-worm, and is to be found wherever the silk industry is carried on.

The *melia azederach* which is much cultivated as an ornamental tree in Palestine and Syrian gardens, is sometimes known as the "false sycomore." It is also called the Pride of India, and belongs to the mahogany family. It has beautiful bunches of sweet scented lilac flowers, and as the leaves are pinnate it is difficult to imagine how it should have come by the name of "false sycomore." It was one of the trees passed over by the locusts when they ate almost everything that was green in the summer of 1915.

The terebinth, with its small stiff foliage, resembling the familiar "box," is to be found in the Armenian cemeteries in Palestine and Syria, and Armenians seem to plant it in the neighbourhood of graves as the Muslims plant cypress trees. I have heard it alleged—I believe my informant was a priest of the Armenian Convent in Ramleh (Arimathea)—that it is regarded with special affection owing to the fact that their forefathers brought it from the shores of Lake Van in Armenia, and that for this reason they loved to sleep, living or dead, beneath its shade. A specially fine specimen may be noted at the north-west corner of the walls of Jerusalem and is sometimes pointed out as having sheltered the tent occupied by King Edward VII (and I of Scotland) when he visited the Holy City as Prince of Wales.

Some seventy years ago Bayard Taylor, writing of the Syrian Coast, ingeniously divided it in regard to its productions. From the northernmost part down to Latakia was "the pistachio, wool and silk coast." The last specially applies to the district of Suedia still famous for its mulberries. From Latakia to the Lebanon was "the tobacco coast." From Tripoli, in the Lebanon, to Tyre where, alike on the uplands and in the deep rich valleys, the landscape was green with mulberry gardens was "the true silk coast." From Jaffa and Gaza down to el Arish was "the orange coast." This has remained true. It takes a war—we used to add "or a visit from the German Emperor"—to change anything in Syria. We shall see in a few years what the war has done for the face of Nature!

The Jews have always been the great vine growers, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, wine-makers, of the country,

for this is a trade in which Muslims may not compete, so that their main rivals were the inhabitants of the German colonies. A certain amount of choice wine, not intended for trade, was made in Convents and other institutions and in a few private homes. The finest wines were to be obtained, by favour one may say, from the Franciscans, the Trappists, and above all, from the Schneller Orphanage, an institution maintained by Germans and Americans originally for Armenian orphans, of which the unique feature was that every child, boy or girl, was taught a means of earning a livelihood, agriculture and horticulture, with their attendant labour of wine-making, preserving of fruit and vegetables, among others. Intemperance, though rare until quite of late years, was not unknown in Jerusalem, but I never saw a retail drink shop until shortly before the war, except the beer house, frequented mainly by Europeans, in the German Colony.

If the Muslim drinks it is, of course, wholly in secret; there was naturally a good deal of drinking among a certain type of tourists in a certain type of hotel. The Christians were addicted, though not often in excess, to arak (what the Greeks call douzico) which is the dregs of the wine vats flavoured with aniseed. The native wine was far too pure to intoxicate easily, and one could safely use it as a table beverage. Intemperance on at least one occasion in the year was enjoined upon every pious Jew, but within limits. He was to be sober enough to know gold from silver—a Jew would have to be very drunk to fail in such a test as this—wood from stone and—since the occasion in question was the Feast of Purim—Haman from Mordecai. They have a special grace which recognises the lawful use of the vine. "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, King of the Universe, the Creator of the fruit of the vine," and at the Passover, as we have several times seen it celebrated with touching religious significance, four glasses were the recognised share of each person present. A glass of wine is taken on returning from the Synagogue. This custom may have been referred to by S. Peter when he said, "These men are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day" —*i.e.*, 9 A.M. on the Sabbath. Whatever is evil in wine drinking, we were told by a learned Jew, came, as usual, from the father of evil. When God promised Noah that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, should not cease, he immediately planted the vine in sign of rejoicing that the survivors from the Flood should multiply, and with the prayer that the world should increase as thick as clusters of grapes upon a vine. Satan, fearful of results,

soaked the newly planted roots with the blood of a lamb, a lion, and a swine, since which time the man who drinks as God had intended becomes as a lamb, he who somewhat exceeds, as a lion, whereas he who fulfils the plans of the Evil One is to be compared only to swine.

Unfortunately. the ordinary wine of commerce was, with the characteristic impatience of the oriental, put upon the market before it was fully matured, and in the country itself, while still more new, so that it was only too easy to the unwary to be reduced to the condition of the swine. Wine was very cheap and very pure, and some varieties very pleasant to the palate, but a little often went a long way. The art of making the same class of wine was better understood in Georgia which, till lately, was one of the most attractive countries of the Near East, and one in which the art of dainty and refined living was thoroughly understood.

The art of raisin-making was practised largely by the Muslims, and raisins were a very important article of diet, not only entering into various dishes but being eaten simply with bread as a variety from olives. They were not dried in clusters as in Spain, but separately, and those most exported came from es Salt, across the Jordan, hence known as Saltana, incorrectly pronounced "Sultana." They were dried on the roofs of the houses, and were a very important and remunerative industry for the smaller peasantry, for everyone owned a vineyard and it was quite a usual thing for one's men-servants to ask for a holiday at grape-harvest to attend to such duties are were unsuited to the women who remained at home.

The vine leaves served various purposes. In the autumn the windows of the houses would seem adorned with wreaths, which were really vine leaves threaded on a string, and put outside to dry in the sun to serve later in cookery, notably for the excellent dish known as *mâshi*. This consisted of chopped meat, rice, and the seeds of the pine, wrapped up in vine leaves and served with a sauce of sour milk. Cabbage leaves are also used for this purpose, when the more delicate vine leaves are unattainable. Vine leaves are also used in medicine for the cooling of wounds, as well as the making of infusions. One of the names which the Arabs give to the vine is *dowarli*, "medicine for you," in allusion to its many wholesome uses.

We have already referred to *dibbes*, the sweet syrup made from the grape and eaten as equivalent to honey. It is, like so many oriental foods, excessively sweet, and is much improved by

admixture with *taheen*, which is oil of the sesame, which also serves to thicken it, and makes it possible to spread it on to bread like butter.

In former times, when the Jews in Jerusalem were for the most part extremely orthodox in practice, very many of them being there mainly for reasons more or less religious, there was one custom the neglect of which by Christians through ignorance sometimes led to curious complications. We used sometimes to receive kindly hospitality from the head of an excellent English school for girls, the traditions of which were of unimpeachable orthodoxy. On one occasion I heard a guest relate an amusing story at table. It concerned a London Israelite whose doctor had ordered him " to drink good wine, real good port," he said, " something Christian." The patient, more orthodox than the doctor, provided himself with Christian wine by requesting a baptised neighbour to come in and stroke the bottle, for it seems that Gentile touch contaminates wine even more entirely than other food. Enlightened by this story, my husband perceived that with the best intentions he must often have caused pain and embarrassment to our kindly hostess by pouring out wine for the ladies, and on the next occasion we dined there he refained from the customary politeness. The head-mistress, herself of German descent, very naturally employed German teachers, among others one Christian lady selected as of special experience as a kindergärtnerin. From this lady, next day, I received some laughing reproaches, as it appears that she had been the habitual recipient of all the decanters of wine that we had inadvertently spoilt!

Among the very many passages in Scripture referring to the growth and management of the vine is that in which is described the grief of the planter whose vineyard brought forth " only wild grapes." He asks, " What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? " and the sequel shows that the elaborate preparations for the making of a vineyard were, in the times of Isaiah (v, 4) much what they have been ever since, and as they differ from those of other vine-growing countries they call for mention. The differences are due to the nature of the soil, and the formation of the land, for although the Germans and Jews have grown the vine successfully in the Plain the true Syrian has always preferred the hill side. This is divided into terraces, the " hanging gardens " of the ancients, the roots being planted on the narrow levelled ridge, the branches being encouraged to fall over the slope below. Thus the grapes require

no artificial support, and moreover they colour, as gardeners would say, on all sides, quite as effectually as when raised on poles, as in the West. The terraces are from one yard to two, three, or even four, yards wide, according to the nature of the land. This, moreover, has to be carefully cleared of thorns and thistles, as weeding is impossible later. No kind of agriculture requires such constant attention in Syria as the care of vineyards. It will be remembered that when after the siege of Jerusalem the population was carried off to Babylon (II Kings, xxv, 11-12) including all the soldiers and craftsmen and smiths, but " the captain of the guard left of the poor of the land to be vine-dressers and husbandmen." Otherwise the land would soon have been ruined. The author of the Book of Proverbs describes how he " went by the vineyard of the man void of understanding. And lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." (Prov. xxiv, 31.)

The raisins are dried upon the house tops or on a specially prepared corner of the vineyard. They are frequently turned over and are sprinkled with oil to keep them moist. We read of them constantly as forming an article of diet in Bible times. The hospitable Abigail sent a hundred clusters and two hundred cakes of figs to the shepherds of David, and David, at the head of his defeated army, anxious to get news from an exhausted Egyptian, refreshed him with raisins, and when he had eaten his spirit came again to him (I Sam. xxx, 12). Mephibosheth to conciliate David sent him, among other gifts, a hundred bunches of raisins and a bottle of wine. The bottle, by the way, would be of skin, and would hold several gallons. When the people of Hebron welcomed David as king they brought " bread and raisins and wine on asses and oxen and camels "—to seek no further for illustrations than the story of David's earliest years.

As a climax to all the promises of fruitfulness given to obedient Israel (Lev. xxvi, 5) it was said that the seasons of threshing (July and August) and vintage (September—October) and sowing seed (November) should run into each other, so large should be the harvests.

As a matter of fact the vine blossoms in April and May. " The winter is past, the rain is over and gone . . . and the vine with her tender grapes give a good smell." Then, as in Solomon's time, it is delightful to visit the vineyards; the perfume, though delicate, is in a large area almost overpoweringly sweet. The young shoots, which are not allowed to bear till the

third year, are cut back, and very soon the rich dark green leaves cover the ground, and spread over the terrace walls, climbing down, not up. The orientals, in almost every country, have an unaccountable delight in unripe fruit, above all in green hard grapes, but they are, properly speaking, ready for use early in September. Then comes the harvest with appropriate songs accompanied by clapping of hands and dancing, and the wine is made about October. The pruning is done in December or January.

As with the olives, so also among the vines, the poor are allowed to glean after a certain fixed day. This is generally understood among all creeds to be after the Feast of the Cross. This, according to the Orthodox Greek, which is, of course, the Christian Church of the country, occurs on the 27th of September, old style, or according to our calendar, the 14th.

The fig is always classed with the vine in Scripture as a characteristic of the Promised Land. It is indigenous in Palestine, and there are several wild varieties of the *ficus carica*, that which is specially cultivated. It is a tree lacking somewhat of the dignity of the mulberry or the ficus sycomorus or the olive, but owing to its large leaves it affords a particularly pleasant shelter during the summer, although in winter it looks a mere tangle of grey ropes. It is just this multiplication of small branches which secures to the fruits the advantage that a great many points are presented to the sun, the figs growing separately near the axils on last year's wood. The early figs, like other out of season growths, are somewhat inferior to the later, but just because of their rarity, the greater for the fact that they often fall off without ripening, they are frequently sent as presents. The summer figs are those universally known, while the winter figs are late lingerers from the summer crop, which, in consequence of the colder weather, mature slowly, and though large and fleshy have little flavour. The foliage is later than that of other fruits so that when "the fig tree putteth forth leaves ye know that summer is near." Just at this time it is that the tree puts forth also its characterstic perfume like incense in a church. The leaves and the fruit are always present at the same time, appearing and disappearing together, so that our Lord's condemnation of the tree which had no fruit when the time of figs was not yet, was because, not having fruit, it had nevertheless leaves; it was a pretension not justified by fact. One often sees in a fig orchard a single shabby little tree which the people call "the Italian fig," and which they say "is good

to have," but they appear unable to give any reason beyond this, and sometimes that "the bees like it." There may be some idea of fertilisation by means of the bees—of bringing in new blood.

In spite of the very important place which the fig occupies as an article of diet, it is not regarded, like the olive or the vine, as wholly the friend of man. The widely distributed eye diseases of Palestine and Egypt are commonly attributed to the fig which is said to throw off a sort of pollen poisonous to the eye, the fact being that eye disease is at its height at the time when the fruit is ripe, and when numbers of people leave their homes to seek change and refreshment by carrying on their domestic life in the orchards. They sleep out of doors, the dews are extraordinarily heavy, and the changes of temperature sudden and extreme. It is, however, true, that men to escape being taken for soldiers, and even school-boys to escape lessons, would formerly rub their eyes with the freshly gathered leaves which exude a milky juice, causing the eyelids to swell so much that for days they cannot be opened, the eye, however, remaining uninjured. I have heard, moreover, that in the absence of fig leaves stinging nettles have been used for the same purpose.

The preserving of figs has never been perfected in Syria. The figs of commerce are from Smyrna, in Asia Minor. It may be interesting to remark that the whitish appearance of the dried fig, as if it had been sprinkled with sugar, is here produced by dipping them in sea water which causes the saccharine matter to exude through the skin. The fig is used for an immense variety of purposes, and as in the days of Hezekiah is greatly esteemed as a poultice. It is not generally known, perhaps, that what we call the seeds are the true fruits of the fig tree as is most easily recognised in the early figs, those that come with the first putting on of the leaves. The propagation of the fig is in Palestine carried out in the simplest manner by merely breaking off the branch of a tree and sticking it into the ground. It soon takes root and figs are looked for after the first year or two.

CHAPTER XXI

About the Olive

The value of the tree. "Oil out of the rock." Very ancient in cultivation. Wild olive. Appearance. Sanctity of the olive. Manner of growth—in Gethsemane. Age of the trees. Traditional sacred trees in Jerusalem—Bethlehem. Uses of the olive, external and internal. Olive groves. Russian planting. Historic plantations—Titus, Colbert.

Among the curses pronounced upon disobedient Israel was that upon the fruit of the land (Deut. xxviii, 40), "Thou shalt have olive trees throughout all thy coasts but thou shalt not anoint thyself with the oil, for thine olive tree shall cast its fruit. All thy trees and fruits of the land shall the locust consume." This shows that from very early times the olive harvest was a matter of supreme consequence to the people of Palestine. Ezekiel also says (xxvii, 17), "Judah and the land of Israel, they were thy merchants, they traded in thy market, wheat . . . and honey, and oil and balm." Solomon, in royal fashion, gave to Hiram in return for timber, twenty thousand measures of wheat, and twenty measures of pure oil. (Kings v, 11.) This, we are told, was equal to about 1,560 gallons wine-measure.

On the other hand, among the blessings bestowed upon Israel we read (Deut. xxxii, 15), "He made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock." The wild bee builds the honey-comb in the interstices of the rocks, and the roots of the olive-trees are piled with stones to keep in the moisture, during the seven or eight months when it is furnished by the dews alone. The fellah chooses for this purpose the porous white sandstone, and the people sing

ya zeitoun il haua
iklib zeitak makali.

"O thou olive of the clay kind
Mayest thou make good pancakes."

Even in the Plains, where the earth is less rocky than upon the slopes and terraces of the hill-sides, the fellaheen say that

if the roots do not reach the rock beneath, the fruit is dry and flavourless.

The people of Palestine say that the olive, the fig, and the vine, represent the three classes of the female population. The olive is the bedawiye; it is hardy; it grows anywhere and everywhere; in company or alone; it can endure neglect; it is long-lived. The fig is the fellaha; like the nettle it grows only in the neighbourhood of man; the tree cannot be left wholly to itself. The vine is the lady, the sareeye, the "protected one," the member of the Hareem. It is delicate, it needs care.

The olive is said by botanists to be one of the earliest plants cultivated in the history of the world, the earliest mentioned in Bible story. It is an interesting fact that the Assyrian accounts of the Flood have, however, no mention of the return of the dove to the ark with the olive branch. I may add that on a recent visit to Mount Ararat I observed that there were no olive trees in the district, not, however, that I would lay stress upon the literal facts of any of the details of the story, whether Assyrian or Hebrew. The Bible gives us four words for olive, two of which, *zait* and *yitzar*, signify to shine; a third, that most commonly used, signifies fatness—*shemen*—while the fourth, used only in the Book of Ezra, the Chaldean word *meshak*, means "annointed" and obviously refers to purposes for which the olive has been used in all ages, both ceremonial and domestic. The derived name, Messiah, means "the anointed one."

The references to oil and to the olive wood in connection with religious worship easily occur to the mind. The wild olive is also referred to in Scripture, but it is probably not a distinct species, but merely a degenerate or uncultivated variety, well described by Gerarde in his Herbal (1597). "The wild olive is like unto the tame or garden olive, saving that the leaves are somewhat smaller, among which grow many prickly thorns, the fruite thereof is lesser than of the former, and more in number, which doth seldom come to maturitie or ripeness, insomuch that the oile which is made of these very berries continueth ever greene, and is called oile Omphacine or oile of unripe berries."

In Palestine the olive tree, *Olea Europa* (Arabic *zeitûn*), is among the comparatively few trees which are not thorny, though in an uncultivated state the branches are stiff and spinescent. Degenerate trees are naturally found everywhere, but the truly wild olive tree exists, it is said, in Syria only, in the northern parts, while in Asia Minor, further north still, actual forests of wild olive trees are to be found. It has been called the char-

acteristic tree of Syria, as the palm is of Egypt; indeed it would be difficult to think of any Palestinian landscape without the sheen of its silvery leaves, beautiful and unchanging in appearance the whole year round. The blossoms, which are in their full beauty about May, have a rich sweet scent. Each flower has four petals, united into a tube with pointed lobes, of the same form as the lilac which, with the privet and the ash, belongs to the same family. Job must have observed a characteristic of the flower, that it very readily falls, when he wrote of the wicked man (Job xv, 35), " He shall shake off his unripe grapes as the vine, and shall cast off his flower as the olive." It is said to be the most prodigal of all fruit-bearing trees, casting off its blossoms like snow-flakes.

The olive tree has an almost sacred character in the eyes of the Arabs. It signifies for them food and warmth and healing, and, above all, light, and for light the children of the East have especial reverence and love. They live in the sunlight all day, and at night they seldom sleep without a light. A favourite greeting early in the day is " May the morning be light to you." It is for this quality of light that white things are much esteemed. " May your flag be white," says the beggar to whom one gives alms, in allusion to the white flag of rejoicing used upon return from war or pilgrimage, or at a wedding, or the birth of a son. The dove which returned to the Ark is spoken of as " the white one." Her reward for faithfulness is that she shall always have white feathers and that she shall have young ones every month. A follower of the Prophet begged that his son might have " a white house on the right side of Paradise." (*Mishkat* I, 95.)

This delight in white, the romantic aspect of white things, is prettily brought out by Baldensperger (*The Immoveable East*, 228-9) in describing the courtship of Sabha by the young fellah, Hassan of Adu Dis, a village beyond Bethany.

God, say the Arabs, swears by Jerusalem, Gethsemane, and the olive tree. They attach special solemnity to an oath " by the olive and the fig." The name of God must be associated with the use of oil. A woman was making oil after the fashion of the fellaheen, crushing the olives with a great stone, and pouring boiling water upon them. As the oil came to the top she skimmed it off, saying all the time *Bismillah er rahman er raheem*, " In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate One," in order to keep off the evil eye, for the devils were doubtless already near the door waiting to carry off the oil. It flowed like a spring, or like the oil of the woman of Sarepta, and she

rejoiced in her good fortune till a neighbour came in and looked upon it with the eye of covetousness, and her malice stopped the flow. Since that time everyone knows that when oil is made after this fashion, *zeit el jol* or *zeit el fah*, it is well to be alone and to shut the door, which was one of the conditions commanded by Elisha when he multiplied the widow's oil, " Thou shalt shut the door upon thee and upon thy sons. (II Kings iv, 4.) The same holds good of *semne*, which is melted butter, but not of *sirej*, which is the oil made from the remains of sesame, and which the people say is from India, and not an indigenous plant, and that it does not belong to their religion, and is not blessed like oil. It used never to be used for the lighting of churches or even of synagogues, much less of mosques. For all ritual purposes olive oil was invariably used, as pure. For the same reason wax candles were used by Christians as well as Moslems for all ceremonial purposes, to the exclusion of oil lamps. During the war, when petroleum could scarcely be bought, clay lamps exactly like those found in tombs, whether in Christian Palestine or heathen Egypt, were manufactured, and olive-oil with floating wicks was once more in common domestic use, " not the best to work by," said the peopde, " but a great blessing to the house."

When a bride was conveyed from one village to another olive branches were placed about her saddle, and about the head of the camel upon which she rode, as a prophecy of fruitfulness and as a general token of blessing. For the same reason olive branches were used in decoration at festivals, especially at Ramadan.

In the garden the people loved to sit under the shade of the olive trees rather than under the vine and the fig tree, according to the promise. The vine, as grown in the East, recumbent on the earth, affords no shade even to those who sit, as orientals do, for the most part, on the ground, while the fig tree is regarded with suspicion as injurious to the eyes. They said that the down upon the ripe fig caused irritation, the fact being probably that at the time of year when figs are ripe the Arabs slept much out of doors, often in the fruit gardens, and the extreme changes of temperature, so characteristic of the country, especially in view of the heavy dews morning and evening, produced inflammation of the eyes, and other ailments which are the results of chill.

The Prophet set great value upon oil—according to tradition—for very little is said about it in the Koran. The words which encircle the dome of S. Sophia's Mosque in Constantinople will recur to the memory of many readers. The dome is now vulgarised by the introduction of electricity so that the words below the

many windows and above the countless lamps which shed so soft and beautiful a radiance into the furthest corner of that wonderful edifice have lost much of the signification which they have borne for well nigh five hundred years.

" God is the light of heaven and earth, the similitude of His light is as a niche in a wall wherein a lamp is placed and the lamp enclosed in a case of glass : the glass appears as it were a shining star. It is lighted with the oil of a blessed tree, an olive, neither of the east nor of the west : it wanteth little but that the oil thereof would give light although no fire touched it " (*i.e.*, that the oil lights so readily that the slightest approach of fire suffices) " thus is light added unto light." (Koran Sura xxiv, 35.)

Some commentators think that the tree which grows neither in the east nor the west but in the middle of the world must belong to Jerusalem, where the middle of the world is shown by both Moslems and Christians, while others refer it to Mount Sinai, the olives of which place are referred to in another Sura (xxiv, 35) " We also raise for you a tree springing from Mount Sinai which produceth oil and a sauce for those who eat." The Jerusalem geographer Mukaddasi (that is the man of el Kuddes, the Arabic name for Jerusalem, born 946), tells us that " the Christians have a monastery in Mount Sinai and round it are some well cultivated fields and there grow here olive trees said to be those mentioned by Allah in the Koran where it is written concerning that blessed tree ' the olive neither of the east nor of the west '; and the olives of these trees are sent as presents to kings." (Mul 179.)

Olive oil from Syria has always figured largely among the gifts sent annually by the Sultan with the Haj train—the Mecca pilgrimage. It is destined to serve for the lamps in the holy places of Mekka and Medina. The Persian Ibn el Fakih, who wrote his geographical work about 903, tells us that Hims, now called Homs, the Emessa of Pliny, taken by the Crusaders in 1099, and still largely occupied by Christians, " was built by the ancient Greeks, and the olives of Palestine were of their rearing." The statement is again made by Yakuta, a Greek slave of Baghdad, who afterwards lived at Aleppo in Syria, and wrote about 1225, and who is recognised as among the first of Arabic geographical writers. If we have little in the Koran as to the use of olive oil, we have in the traditions the following passage : " Eat the oil of the olive tree and rub it on your body, because the oil is got from a tree which God has named ' the blessed tree,' that is, it

is very beneficial." The reader will recall many Biblical references to the same effect.

All over Palestine, especially in Jerusalem, there are remains of massive architecture of Jewish times, the stones of which are impossible to separate from each other, and almost indestructible. The people ascribe all such to Solomon, and refer their strength to the tradition that he mixed his cement with eggs and olive oil!

The early Christians seem to have had special reverence for oil. Saint Jerome (d. 420) writing of the recluses of Egypt at the request of the recluses of the Mount of Olives, tells again and again of cures wrought by the use of olive oil, always with a blessing and the sign of the Cross. Saint Anthony, however, according to Saint Athanasius, " was exceedingly careful not to anoint himself with oil, for he used to say that oil rendered the body soft, and made the members thereof effeminate, and for this reason he required young men to distil upon themselves from their inward minds, the oil of strenuousness." We shall have occasion to see that the modern Arab has always regarded the oil of the olive and the oil of strenuousness as having considerable relation to each other. It is said that Julius Cæsar, questioned as to the source of his strength, answered that it came from honey within, and oil without. Many a desert Arab would have given precisely the same answer.

When the Prophet died all the trees mourned and drooped and wept away their leaves except the olive, the pine, the oak, and the citron. The faithful were indignant at this, but a wise old man asked the olive tree what she had to say for herself. " How is it," he said, " that when all are weeping for our nearest and dearest you alone show no sign of grief? " " Ah! ", she returned, " it is not the deepest feeling which displays itself. I have no tears, my leaves are fresh and green, but my heart is broken. Break my wood and you will see." And in truth the heart was dead, the wood had turned black, and now everyone knows that the olive dies from the heart and not from the outside. So long as the heart is sound nothing else matters, and one often sees an old olive tree still green and fresh but of which there does not seem to be enough left below to support life; perhaps only a piece of bark seems to connect the living tree with the soil, but the wood is still in good heart, and life goes on. There has long been a wonderful specimen of this to be seen at Bethlehem, an olive tree said to have been planted in the Convent court by S. Jerome, of which the crown, year after year, has

been full of leaf, while nothing remained below but a few inches of bark.

It is not, however, this peculiarity only which has given rise to the saying that the olive tree never dies. The roots of the tree spread wide, and as the trunk decays new suckers spring out of them all round the parent tree, so that a group of young trees takes the place of the worn-out parent stem. There is little reason to doubt that the olive trees still in the Garden of Gethsemane are descended from those that shimmered in the moonlight, white beneath the Syrian stars " when none was nigh but God and one good angel," the trees " that saw their Master's agony." Stanley (*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 8), remarks that " their gnarled trunks and scanty foliage will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, most nearly approaching to the everlasting hills themselves in the force with which they carry us back to the events of Gospel history."

Gaza has always been famous for its olive groves, and though the old caravan traffic has for some years been almost extinct, it long remained an important market for the bedu, chiefly for figs, dates, lentils, and, above all, olives. It is noteworthy that there is here an old tradition that no olive trees have been planted since the Muslim conquest, in the middle of the seventh century. Those in the great avenue at Gaza are said to date from the time of Alexander the Great.

Certain critics, desirous, after their kind, of subtracting from these ancient trees the claims to reverence which have so long been theirs, have objected that Titus cut down all the trees to be found in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem for military purposes, seeking timber, it is said, for a distance of ninety stadia, four hours and a half. The Garden of Gethsemane, however, was so near the walls that it would have been extremely dangerous, if not impossible, to attempt to remove wood from its enclosure, for, as we know, the inhabitants watched day and night over the approaches to the walls. However, even if the trees then standing had been cut down the roots—which practically never die—would soon push out new scions.

Liévin, the Franciscan, whose observations during thirty years devoted to conducting pilgrims among the Holy Places are of great value, points out that after the Muslim conquest every tree planted was taxed, and says that the olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane have never paid taxes, which may be taken as evidence of at least twelve centuries of existence. They

are mentioned again and again by the early pilgrims. In the seventeenth century there were still nine standing. The ninth has now perished through the indiscreet zeal of pilgrims. Part of the last remains of it was presented to me in return for having planted the Garden with roses, violets, and various suitable perennials, for till 1902, it was enlivened mainly with stocks and African marigolds. As it was at a time when, on account of the prevailing phyloxera, it was not allowed to introduce plants into Turkey, the roses were smuggled in, mainly in umbrella cases by the help of friends visiting the country. The Franciscan gardener, an American, gladly welcomed all the help I was able to bring. The wood presented to me on the occasion was made into a cross and was sent to the late Father Allan Macdonald, for the altar of a Church in the Outer Hebrides, together with five stones from five Holy places to form a Cross over the door. The largest of the trees still standing measures over eight metres in circumference, and they still furnish a yearly harvest of fruit which is made into oil, naturally reserved for religious purposes. North of the Armenian Chapel, which commemorates the tradition that on this spot our Lord was questioned by Caiaphas, there are several small olive trees, said to be scions of the tree to which our Saviour was fastened while the priests deliberated as to His fate. This is said to have occurred in the garden of the house of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiphas.

It is often remarked that writers of the Bible seem to be as indifferent as most other orientals to natural beauty. In respect to the olive, however, the Bible references are full of exact observation. The phrase " thy children shall be as olive branches round about thy table " refers, of course, to the peculiarity of propagation just described. The young shoots upon the tree itself come out of a raised knot which, from its appearance, is known in Arabic as the breast, *el bisz*. The people of Bethlehem used to tell a story to the effect that some malicious person wished to destroy an aged olive tree which before the Occupation stood in the Shepherds' Fields, and is said to be that upon which the Angel sat when he brought glad tidings of great joy. He set fire to the remains of the trunk, he uprooted the young shoots which had clustered about the parent stem. It was all in vain. The far-travelling root had carried the life germs beyond his reach, the fertile breast had retained nourishment, and fresh sprouts soon waved anew, for " the olive is blessed, *mbarak* through and through."

This aspect of blessing is a reason, in addition to its value as

a medicament, why the new-born child was always wrapped in clothes steeped in salt and oil during the first fourteen days of its life. Salt is, of course, the emblem of life and a means of purification and preservation. The Arabs, both Christian and Moslem, always looked with disgust upon a European capable of kissing a child at so early a period of existence when for them it was still unclean. They looked upon salt as representing, moreover, courage and hardiness, and would say of a precocious or forward child that he had much salt in his early days. They said the same of a man lacking modesty of demeanour, who, for example, stared too much. The fourteen days ended, the child was washed in warm water and soap, the mother singing the while "*foule foule bitleb el suchne wa el saboune*," "*Foule foule* (mere baby talk) you like the warmth and the soap." After which, the days of uncleanness being past, the child was massaged morning and evening with olive oil.

The fellaheen made a tisane of the leaves of the olive tree and drank it for fever, as others, more modern, use eucalyptus. Oil was also used for various ailments, notably for indigestion. They called it *abu el sabeen*, the father of muscles. The resin from the tree was also regarded as very precious.

Various stories were told of the effect of oil as an article of diet as well as of external application. The people of Bethlehem who were herdsmen and ate much *semne* (butter) were said to be less muscular than those of the neighbouring village of Bait Jala, which was famous for its olive orchards, and where oil was used for every conceivable purpose.

I heard in this village the story of a man who had two wives, of whom one was more beloved than the other, though both had sons of about the same age. The favourite had charge of everything, and took advantage of the fact to feed her own boy with the costly semne, while the other had only oil. Nevertheless, the latter grew up healthy and strong, eating every day bread dipped in oil, and wiping his oily fingers on his shepherd's staff. As they grew older their sense of rivalry increased, and one day they fought in good earnest, the two mothers looking on. The favourite had no fear of the result, for her boy would surely justify his superior diet. Over and over again, however, he was thrown, and the stick with which he defended himself broke in his hand, while nothing seemed to hurt that of the other which had been constantly wiped with oil. The oil-fed lad was the victor, and the people from that day have quoted the saying "Semne for beauty, but the oil for muscle."

Another story, with much the same moral, was told in Urtas, said to be the valley in which David kept his flocks near Bethlehem. There were two shepherds, one of whom was hired by the other for a year, at the end of which time he was to be paid by being allowed to carry off a sheep if he could lift it clear over the wall, the walls of the district being, like those of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, made of rough stones without cement, and fairly high. The master's wife, in order that his strength might not ensure him the reward of a fat sheep, resolved to keep him down by a sparing diet, and he received only bread with butter-milk and onions. Soon he found himself daily weaker, and feeling that his strength was his capital, he betook himself to a wise man of great experience, who enquired after his manner of life and decided that his diet was in fault. "But what am I to do?" asked the poor lad. "I have nothing in my hand and must just be satisfied with the little that is given me. I must die." "That be far from thee," said the other. "Have you not the whole flock at your command? Every day you will milk a ewe and will put the milk into your *kirbiz* (the shepherd's leather bag) and you will add the pounded pods of the *kharoub* (locust-tree) in order to make *mkayka* (a sweet cheese made by thickening milk in this way.) Then you will say that the young lambs need oil, or any other excuse you like, and you will eat your bread with cheese dipped in oil."

At the end of the year the whole family gathered to see the athletic attempts of the shepherd, expecting only amusement from the results. The daughter, a big strong girl who was aware of her mother's tricks, was especially merry over the expected failure to lift even the smallest sheep over a wall, which would certainly give way unless the weight were thrown by a strong hand. The young shepherd stripped off his *abbaye* (the "garment without seam" of the Palestine peasantry) and without so much as casting a glance at the assembled flocks, walked up to the handsome girl, picked her up in his arms, and flung her clean over the wall. "That is my sheep," he said. "Of what use is a flock to me without a wife, and now you will endow her with a worthy sheep into the bargain."

Such a method of payment was by no means unusual among the fellaheen in remote places where cash was scarce. The camel herdsmen beyond Jordan would serve a year for their daily food, and a young camel. Moreover, a man who wanted a wife and had no dowry to offer, would serve for seven years, as Jacob did for

Rachel, and was often cheated in regard to her, as Jacob was by Laban.

Although the vine and the fig tree were the special blessings promised to the Israelites, the olive was perhaps more precious to the inhabitants of Palestine. Almost every village used to have its olive grove, and those of Gaza, Lydda, Ramleh, Nablus, Jifneh, and Bir es zāt, were specially productive and beautiful, with their rich grey foliage and the curious distortion of form which gives to every olive tree an individual character. The Mount of Olives, till a few years ago, little deserved its name, but during the first dozen years of the present century retrieved its ancient reputation, by reason of careful planting of olives by the Germans and Russians, and of certain resident Muslims upon its western slopes. The trees grew the better because of the protection afforded by the quick-growing pine so carefully planted in the large grounds of the Augusta Victoria Stiftung, the only Convalescent Home in Jerusalem, now converted into administration offices. There were also plantations upon the property of the late Sir John Gray Hill, of Liverpool, an indefatigable planter of trees now in Jewish hands.

Sir Richard Burton *(Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medinah)* points out that in spite of the assertion of physiologists that fat and grease are the food of cold countries, the general use of olive oil begins with countries on the Mediterranean, notably Italy, Spain and Greece. He might have added Syria, which is, above all countries, that of the olive in regard to quality and probably quantity. Nevertheless, Sir William Ramsay has somewhere made the unaccountable remark that the olive cannot flourish on Islamic soil. Nevertheless, Syria has belonged to the Muslims much longer than to any other religion since the coming in of the Israelites—Hebrew, heathen or Christian—so that the statement cannot be taken literally. It was perhaps a picturesque way of expressing the instability of governments and of property, for, as we have seen, the olive requires long to come to perfection, and may outlive very many generations of human beings.

Unhappily the exigencies of war-time led to the cutting down of many trees in Palestine, but much pains were taken to spare the olive trees. It is interesting to remember, on the other hand, that a large number of trees, notably between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, owe their existence to the consequences of the Crimean War. About that period a great deal of Russian gold came into Jerusalem; it is said as much as £3,000 a year was sent for the maintenance of the Sanctuaries, as well as other large sums for

various purposes, for this was about the time when Russia was beginning to see profit in entering into relations with the Holy Land. One of the commonest gold coins at this period was the Russian five-rouble piece, indeed no other coin of equal value was in circulation in the bazaars. Within the last few years samples of this coin have been offered to me as curiosities by the Jewish inhabitants.

Much of this money was sent through the hands of a certain Greek Archimandrite, Nikophoros, known for this reason by the peasantry, who delight in nick-names, as Abu-Dahab, the "father of gold." The Greek Convent, a phrase which refers not to any particular institution, but to the jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch, turned its attention, most usefully, to the purchase of land and the planting of olive orchards. A large tract of land so planted and among the most picturesque cultivated sites in the district, was known as Nikophorieh, from its founder, but is now already " improved " almost out of existence. Its many acres of well sheltered ground with its wealth of wild flowers, and its trickling springs, were a great centre of the out-door life in which the inhabitants of the town delighted, and was famous for picnics. However, towards Bethlehem and Beit Jala, the Greek olive grounds may still be readily distinguished by the greater regularity of their planting. Stanley relates in 1853 that the Kedron had lately flowed " for the first time in a copious torrent, in consequence of the planting of olives by the Greek Convent." As to cause and effect it sounds like the relation of Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands; moreover, the annual over-flow of the Kedron—which is not really of the Kedron but of a spring beside its course—is a well-known event of Jerusalem life, and for hundreds of years has been the occasion of a religious festival, when the people come from all directions to take home bottles of the water, which is regarded as sacred.

Another group of historical olives, interesting also as evidence of the duration of the tree, is the plantation at the foot of Mount Carmel, said to owe its existence to the Roman colonists sent thither by Titus.

Another spot which has its associations, is a fine olive garden on the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem, just beyond the third watch-tower, which is now probably in the hands of Jews. It is the remains of a farm which was the property of Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV, and was specially visited by Napoleon on his way to Acre, when he encamped under the shade of the trees.

Marcus Aurelius uses olives, among other things, in illustra-

tion of the idea that beauty exists in the fact of harmony with circumstances.

" Figs," he says, " when they are ripe gape open, and in the ripe olives the very circumstances of their being near to rottenness adds a peculiar beauty to the fruit . . . because *in the course of nature they have a beauty in them and they please the mind.*"

Many readers would perhaps be more interested in details as to the commercial profits of the olive tree rather than in old stories of historical associations and old memories of the Arab peasantry who have tended them for nearly thirteen hundred years. Even in these days, however, there are happily still a few choice souls who care for such things as " please " rather than improve " the mind."

CHAPTER XXII

About the Care of the Olive

The joy of harvest. Irrigation, grafting, ploughing, habitat. Taxation. Wood-carving. Fruit gathering. Pruning. Slow growth. Oil-making. The old methods. Olives as food. Sayings as to the olive. The women's perquisite.

The olive harvest in Palestine was always very picturesque. It had its own songs and its own customs, and was a time of universal rejoicing. Members of the family, scattered about the country, were reunited, and when all was over the season of weddings came next, more or less numerous according to the degree of prosperity of the harvest. The use of the old mills and the old presses, many of them a thousand or two thousand years old, was an essential part of the picture, and a part of the revival of associations—religious, historical, and archæological; of much that was full of beauty, moral and material, which, once swept away by the engineer and the chemist, will carry with them what nothing, not even the great god Cash, can ever replace.

The limestone soil of Palestine is particularly favourable to the growth of the olive, but it requires frequent ploughing, which it did not always receive, unless with the intention of utilising the space between the trees for the planting of grain, which naturally robbed the soil of some of the essentials for prolific bearing. Moreover, this was seldom atoned for by extra feeding, though of late years the people began to understand the necessity, and the rubbish of the town, containing much organic matter, which for centuries had accumulated outside the walls, was systematically removed on to the fields.

It is only of recent years also that irrigation has been practised, and it was indeed alleged that water would not be of value in the case of press-olives, though it undoubtedly improves the quality of eating-olives, as has been shown in Cyprus. Conditions in Palestine are not, however, to be compared with those of other countries, for perhaps nowhere else has the phenomenon of dew so important a bearing upon all questions of agriculture. Irrigation is very successfully practised in Greece, in the province,

especially of Parnassus, which exported formerly large quantities of very fine olives, especially to Russia.

The measures taken for the grafting and perpetuation of the olive were of the simplest. As the time required for maturing of the tree is in proportion to its great length of life, propagation by seed is so slow as to be out of the question. We have seen how the new shoots grow upon the old roots around the parent trunk. When the tree is in blossom one or more of these is selected, of promising growth, and a rectangular piece is cut out of the bark. A piece of equal size, having good eyes, is taken from the fruit-bearing stock, and bound to this bared place with bast. When the graft seems to have " taken " well, which may be in about twelve days, the young sprout is cut away from the parent stem with an axe, leaving it attached to a good-sized piece of the main root. The twigs upon the new plant are cut off, so that all the rising sap may find its way to the new graft and it is then transplanted. In about three years it will bear fruit. These young trees, ready grafted, might be seen exposed for sale in the *suk* (market), and were known as *tanakeel*. They cost about a medijie each, the fifth of a pound. Another method was to graft upon a wild olive tree at a point about five feet from the ground. A ring of bark was then cut away above the new graft. The flowers would remain longer than upon the wild or half-wild stock, and the quantity of fruit was much increased. After the harvest the branches were cut away above the ring with an axe. The fellaheen said that they must not be cut with a saw. In the same way they believed that cuttings from a plant should always be broken and not cut. They are quite successful in raising roses from cuttings by this unpromising method, and I have seen such rose plants bear blossoms the first season, the branches having been simply broken off, and stuck into the ground. Another method, largely used, is as follows. The trunk of the tree, like the overground roots, bears many round knobs or excrescences, which the Arabs call *bisz*, " the breast." One of these, having a branch springing from it, growing higher up than the spot where the tree had been grafted, was cut off, planted in good soil, and watered until it was well rooted. No grafting was required, and any scions taken from it were also good. Such trees were, however, longer in coming to maturity than those taken from the roots.

The degree of care taken of the young tree had also much to do with its development. Although the olive tree will endure much neglect and ill-usage, and in the long run seem little the worse,

nevertheless much time is saved if the tree be well cared for and looked after. No watering, except in the case described, a matter of a few days only, was required, but the ground about the tree was hacked up or ploughed at least three times in the course of the winter and early spring. In some cases it was also desirable that the ground should be manured, goat's dung being the best for the purpose, but it was not applied more than once in three or four years. The people say that a self-sown tree is practically unknown. Nevertheless, as we have seen, it propagates itself by suckers, if not rapidly, at least very effectively, and to a prolific extent. The man whose children are " as olive branches round about his table " is likely to have a much larger family than he " who has his quiver full of them," for I have counted young shoots to the number of twenty or more, whereas the quiver of the ancients is reported as holding from five arrows to eight.

The prophet Habbakuk, looking about for an extreme illustration of the endurance of faith in God, says, " Although the labour of the olive should fail yet will I rejoice in the Lord." And indeed what is there among the fruits of the earth so permanent, so persistent, as the much-enduring olive tree?

Although the finest olive gardens were found in the Plains, nevertheless the tree flourishes up to the height of three thousand feet. The process described by S. Paul (Rom. xi, 1) of grafting wild branches upon a fruit-bearing tree seems to be unknown in Palestine. I have made careful enquiries, in many districts, and can only suppose that he invents the case solely for the sake of argument, since he says (verse 24), "If thou wert graffed *contrary to nature* into a good olive tree . . ." The wild olive, that is, the tree not ennobled, is easily distinguishable by its stiffer growth and consequently higher stature, for the habit of the fruit-bearing tree is very drooping, and the Arabs say that when well pruned it should resemble a tent.

Unfortunately fruit trees were among the few things taxable under the Turkish Government, for the peasant lived the simple life, and even the townspeople had no income-tax, death-duties, dog-tax, gun-licences, game-tax, carriage-tax, armorial-bearings tax, hawker's tax, or the like, and it was not easy to find anything upon which the Government could make a profit. The trees grew mainly on common ground so that even a land-tax was not applicable. However, the land, and the tree, and the fruit, were regarded separately, and the tax on the tree and its produce amounted to about a tenth of the average yearly profit. It is notable that this custom of regarding trees apart from the land

they grew on, dates from earliest times, for when Abraham bought the Cave of Macpelah he paid " for the field, and the cave in the field, and the trees in the field, and the trees that were in all the borders round about." (Gen. xxiii, 17-18.)

In a bad harvest year it was therefore not surprising that the improvident fellah would often cut down his trees to avoid the tax, though such proceeding was strictly forbidden, and often led to imprisonment. The Turkish Government viewed with great disfavour the de-forestation of the country, but the Turkish officials in Jerusalem did not amount to a score in number, the Arabs winked at many things, and in spite of alleged vigilance thousands of trees were cut down yearly. The felled tree paid no tax, and could always be sold for the manufacture of the monstrosities purveyed to tourists, and which contrast so lamentably with the wood carving of Central Europe.

In Bethlehem there was a special industry of rosary-making, and both the wood and the seeds of the olive were used for this purpose. It was here, too, that, for the most part, the olive-wood industry was carried on. This was founded some fifty years ago by a worthy German carpenter, named Vester, whose family, still living in Jerusalem, profited much by the German occupation. He was a really good workman, as the olive-wood fittings in the Collegiate Church of S. George's, built by Bishop Blyth, remain to testify. He employed many workmen who were well trained as to workmanship, if not always as to taste. I have, however, been often assured by the workmen who survive of the old school that the good work which they are perfectly capable of doing has ceased to pay, and such as have not emigrated elsewhere continue to produce articles inartistic in design and miserable in execution, as compared with objects in the same woods which one finds among the Swiss or Italian peasantry, or in Bohemia and the Black Forest. A few good specimens may, however, be found made to order for churches and convents, for the trade is exclusively Christian.

The olive is impatient of neighbours. The wandering roots collect all the moisture from the soil, and the wide-spreading branches rob other plants of their sunshine. The older cultivators would often rebuke the desire of the younger men to get as much out of the soil as possible, planting trees too closely, with grain and roots below, by quoting the saying that the trees beg of each other, " Take away thy shade from my shade and I will bear thy burden with mine."

The careful proprietor gathers the fruit direct from the tree

before it becomes too ripe, and when but one side of it is black, as at this time the olive contains most oil, and that of the best quality. This is the method that was known to the ancients, and Pliny tells us that the beating of the trees was in his time forbidden. *Oleam ne stringito neve verbrato.* Apuleius also gives the rule, " When you see that the olives begin to blacken, order the boys or the labourers to gather them from the trees by hand, taking care that none fall on the ground. . . . Having been gathered, spread them on mats, for the double purpose of letting the water contained in them evaporate and preventing any damage from fermentation."

It is towards the end of September that the fruit begins to darken, and then the joy of fruit harvest began, for the harvest of grain was already past. Men, women, and children could all earn something. Life was cheap and easy, and the possibility of gaining, the men eighteenpence a day, the women and children about half that amount, was long looked forward to as a season of exceptional prosperity. A certain amount of fruit, especially in the Lebanon, was allowed to grow thoroughly ripe and to fall. This was then carefully collected and cleaned for table use, and such olives, called *jargir*, were of exceptional quality. Sometimes the workers were paid with a share of the fruit, seven or eight per cent. an advantage to those who had no trees of their own.

The people used to say that two good years of olive harvest never came together. The statement is true in relation to many stone fruits, but in regard to the olive in particular they had themselves very much to thank, as it was largely the result of their own careless methods. The fruit was knocked down by men with long poles, or by means of stones thrown at the branches. Still worse, boys would be sent into the trees to shake them, no care being taken to protect the tender twigs, the bearers of next year's fruit. Moreover, the law of Moses still held good for those of every creed. " When thou beatest thine olive tree thou shalt not go over the branches again. It shall be for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow." Unhappily, the fatherless and the widow had even less care for the tree than the owners themselves, and one saw boughs broken and young shoots trampled, till it seemed a miracle that the poor trees should ever recover at all. Modern Jewry, more enlightened agriculturally, will doubtless put an end to Mosaic socialism, unless in the extremely attenuated form in which we have seen it practised in the Jewish colonies of the Plains.

Pruning should take place in mid-winter, after all fruit has

been gathered. All damaged branches should be removed and the inner branches cleared away—according to fellaheen experience—so that looking down from above the tree should present the appearance of a well pruned gooseberry bush leaving the head of the tree well ventilated. It was also important to keep down the growth of the tree as, beyond a certain height, the sap was wasted in the production of useless wood. The branches should begin at a height of five or six feet from the ground. As already said, the wild olive tree is taller and stiffer in appearance than one that has been pruned after the traditional fashion.

An olive tree is not in its prime until forty years old, although it gains maturity at from ten to fifteen, so that so improvident a people as the fellaheen find little encouragement in planting. Miss Rogers (*Domestic Life in Palestine*, p. 285) who travelled in 1855-6, speaks of a tree in the Nablus Valley, below Mount Gerizim, of which it was said that the trunk was so thick " that if four tall men joined hands they could not entirely embrace it." Large trees, in good seasons, will yield from ten to fifteen gallons of oil; the harvest of an acre was said to produce, on the spot, not to speak of export which was more remunerative, from twenty to thirty pounds sterling, and the trees would last for countless generations. There are thus other reasons among the fellaheen beyond that of its value in anointing the sun-burned, wind-roughened skin, why " oil should make the face to shine," and why the Scriptures should speak of " the oil of gladness." They have the saying that bitter and sweet cannot come together, and say that this is why the Bible always mentions the olive alone, and never together with the fig and the vine.

A large proportion of the olives was always reserved for table use, although it was admitted that oil-making was more remunerative. It was, however, a tedious process on account of the exceedingly primitive nature of the methods known to the villagers, although the Germans and Jews introduced hydraulic presses in their own factories. The oil should be crushed out as soon as possible after gathering, and the simple fellaheen method, as used in their own homes, was to wrap the fruit in a woollen cloth and to crush it with stones. Boiling water was then poured upon it, and the oil was skimmed as it rose to the top. This produced a most delicious oil known as *zeit el jol*, of a delicate flavour, entirely unknown to the export market.

This manner of preparation, however, can be practised only on a small scale. Moreover, the Occidental seems to prefer, for eating purposes, oil which a palate, trained in the East, would

reject, probably as a near approach to the cotton-seed preparations of the ordinary cruet. I have found it difficult, though not impossible, to find in London either oil or olives acceptable to one habituated to the less sophisticated productions of the Near East, or even, though in less degree, to the Mediterranean countries. Immense quantities of cotton-seed oil are, however, imported into Spain and Italy. The Director of Agriculture in Cyprus has reported that " by completely grinding, and pressing, and consequently breaking the stones, and by the help of water and filtering, we obtain eating oils of second-rate quality which are the ' genuine ' eating oils to be found in the markets of Europe, and which are seldom made by oil-makers in the East." In the East, indeed, there is no point to which more attention was given than that of avoiding the breaking of the stone, which gives a peculiar flavour which spoils the oil for the connoisseur. The destruction of home-industries which is the usual result of the advance of commerce is, of course, sweeping away such methods of old times, which have now an interest only for the antiquarian and the archæologist.

The people used to say that the best test of purity in oil was that when lighted the wick should continue to burn until the vessel was quite dry—that is, that it should burn to exhaustion.

Oil-making on a larger scale was carried on according to the picturesque methods practised by the Israelites at the time of their earlier invasion and by the inhabitants of the country long before. Their old stone mills are to be found in every village and in many spots where villages no longer exist, testifying to a population long since swept away. The gutters and troughs to receive the oil are hewn in the solid rock, as well as great cisterns to receive the permanent stores. Far in the south, where not an olive tree has existed for centuries, or among the thickets on Mount Carmel in the north, where no other trace remains of any sort of human habitation, these presses may be found. The machinery consists of a large stone basin, and of a stone wheel which followed a path along the edge of the basin and working its way round and round reduced the olives to a pulp. Some of the ancient basins are eight feet in diameter. Others, probably still more ancient, are found, smaller and deeper, and not adapted to the use of the wheel. It has been suggested that they were intended for the process of " treading " the olives, referred to by Micah (vi, 15). This could have been done only when the olives were in a soft condition, and could hardly have been very satisfactory. It has been nowhere practised within the memory

of man. After the olives had been crushed by the wheel they were again crushed in presses. These consist of two upright posts, having a groove on the inner face within which moved a plank forced down by a beam acting as a lever, against the great stone which lies across the top of the two columns like the architrave of a doorway. This press is called the *m'aserah*. Some of them were later worked by a screw instead of the ancient beam. There was another method also ancient, more largely in use, with certain modifications. This was the *mutruf*, which is like an ordinary mill. A cylinder is made to revolve in a hollow tube of stone work, into which the olives were thrown from above, and in which they were beaten rather than crushed, by means of cross bars within the cylinder. The great drawback to all these processes is that they are slow, and that the fruit quickly spoils in waiting, consequently there is always waste, and a great deal which, dealt with more expeditiously, would be of high quality, had to be used up for the making of soap. The second quality of oil, that which is taken from the fruit after the first pressing is finished, or, when the simpler process is used, that which rises after the first skimming, was abundantly sufficient for manufacturing purposes, so that it is clear that the oil-making of this country was attended with much waste.

For a year at least the oil, when quickly and cleanly made, retains the flavour of the fruit, and those who have not eaten olive oil under such conditions and who think of all oils collectively as "grease," have not the slightest idea how infinitely it differs from the compound which we endure sparingly in our salads, and tolerate in a mayonnaise.

As an article of food in Syria the olive comes next perhaps to bread. The shepherd or the workman was provided for the day if he could wrap a few olives in his barley-cake when he left the house in the morning twilight. They were necessary to every well-furnished table and the accompaniment to a great variety of dishes. It is perhaps because it is for some reason valuable to the constitution in a hot country, that in spite of former terrors of continental cooking on account of an unaccustomed use of oil, the appetite for olive oil with its absolute freedom from grease grows upon one here in the East, as part of the process of acclimatisation. Oil is not merely necessary to the cooking of fried dishes in a country where butcher's meat is entirely lean, and lard barely exists, but pastry and cakes were made with it, and it entered into the service of the many forms of dough which were freely used in Palestine, and which are of the same family

as macaroni, variously made—the *burghl*, *kuskum*, *jarusha*, *trishe*, and other varieties. The oil keeps its flavour for a year, and is still good for longer, and the olives can be kept from harvest to harvest with the aid of salt and the addition of flavourings at will, pepper-pods, lemons, bay-leaves, and various herbs.

More than half the olive harvest went to the making of soap, much of this, especially that known as " Carmel Toilet Soap " made in the German colony, being of the highest quality. The ordinary soap was of the class which we know best as "Marseilles" soap, and came mainly from Nablous, from which town, according to the Consular reports in the year 1913, something like three hundred thousand pounds worth of oil, olives and soap were exported. Nablous, the ancient Shechem, the chief town of Samaria, was inhabited mainly by Muslims, and contained forty-five oil-presses and twenty-eight soap factories, mostly of the most rudimentary description, so far as machinery is concerned, but producing excellent and abundant results as we have seen. Well-made, with a vegetable alkali, the soap of the country lathered delightfully. I think that it was Anthony Trollope who, after a real oriental bath, remarked that " true saponacity is known only in the East." There is a good deal of so-called " oriental " soap now in the market, of which the main characteristic is that it refuses to lather.

The people had various sayings in regard to the olive. The oil was regarded as one of the elementary essentials of life : it was food, light, and medicine. Hence an expression of extreme poverty was " neither a house nor a bottle of oil." A variant was " neither carpet nor lamp," or, again, " he even passes the night without a lamp," for nothing but utter necessity would induce even the townspeople to sleep without light. They say, " The light is not extinguished in a company unless God forgives its sins." This is said when the light goes out without obvious cause and is a sign of good to those present. The sentiment that "we are members one of another" was expressed in the saying, " That which falls on the olive falls on the trunk." " Riches are in the olive " was equivalent to our " Mony a little mak's a muckle." In regard to the care of the olive, they said, " The rain of May is a blessing," also " What makes the olive-grower pale? Little rain in March and storms in April " (that is, when the fruit is setting). "The olive tree says 'It is better for me to be the victim of fire than to have rain in February ' " (the flowering time).

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